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PRISON FACTS

BY FRANK TANNENBAUM

I

'THIS is a very nice view, is n't it?' The warden was speaking — a tall broad-shouldered man in the early forties, with a rugged complexion, powerfully thick hands, and an open face with twinkling eyes. A self-made man, who had risen from the rank of a guard to his present position of responsibility in one of the largest prisons in the country. He had taken me to the old prison, and pointed to the place on the wall where, twenty years before, he had started his career, pacing the wall with a rifle on his shoulder. He was proud of his newly won responsibility and conscious of it — it was a new thing.

We sat on the porch facing the prison. A broad, quiet river flowed by the house, with a distant range of low hills, green and bright. It was a wonderful summer morning! The sun barely rising above the tree-tops, the dew still glistening in the shade, the birds singing in their varied, joyful, and madly hilarious moods, all gave the setting a cheerful atmosphere that filled every fibre with the love of life. In front of us was the prison — long gray walls partly covered with ivy, the ground round about planted with flowers, and the green grass neatly kept. The sun, driving the shadowed curtain of early dawn from the upper turrets of the inside building, made everything vibrant and happy.

We were sitting in soft chairs, smoking our pipes, looking at the prison, and talking about its manifold problems. The warden was a very good fellow, kind-hearted and well-intentioned. He was, however, a man of no learning, almost illiterate. His whole training was the training he had received in the prison; his equipment was that which the prison environment provided. A varied contact with many men who had come under his observation, combined with a natural exuberance and intelligence, with a background of good-will that had remarkably well escaped the corroding influence of the prison atmosphere, had given him a really unusual personal equipment and power. He was telling me that he had been trained under the greatest of prison men, and considered himself a good disciple. 'These men can only be treated in one way — that is, strict and steady discipline. Always be just to the men, but punish them quick and sharp when they break the rules.' This completed his philosophy of life — strictness, justness, treat all men alike, and let punishment follow the breaking of a rule as

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the night follows the day — without exception, without fuss, constant and inevitable. He liked to talk about himself, his experiences, the men he had met, the characters he had handled, and was proud beyond words that the men considered him 'square.'

We sped the rising sun into the upper sky by exchanging stories and adventures. Once, years ago, he had visited New York City, and the marvel of it still dwelt with him. He told me how he had been taken down the subway, had watched the crowds on Broadway, and stood bewildered before the 'crazy, shrieking, hair-tearing lunatics' in front of the Stock Exchange. The tall buildings impressed him, and the rumbling Elevated; but, most of all, the crowded East Side. 'I did n't tell my wife and children half that I saw, because they would n't have believed me anyway; and would you think that people would live like a lot of pigs, when they could come out here in the open and free West? But man is a funny creature, ain't he? and there is no explaining him.'

It was Sunday, and chapel-time came. He turned us — my wife and me — over to the assistant warden, with instructions to take us to chapel.

The assistant warden was a smaller man, stocky, a little gray, quiet, answering questions in monosyllables, and watchful. As the gates swung open, we followed him into the prison. This is one of the new structures, a model of the Auburn type — probably the best of its kind in the world. Everything was spick and span: the yard, the buildings, the halls, the brass, the marble floor — all looked shiny. It would have been difficult to find a speck of dust. In answer to a question, the assistant warden said, 'We make 'em spruce 'er up.' The halls were strangely silent. We could hear the echo of our steps go rumbling down the line. Nothing was visible but an occasional guard in his blue uniform and yellow buttons, standing in a corner, and saluting with his club as we went by.

The chapel, a half-circular room with something like fifteen hundred seats, was empty when we walked in and seated ourselves in the last row, the assistant warden standing at our back. The stained windows with their steel bars, the gray walls, heavy and barren, gave the whole chapel a sombre and dull setting. After a few silent and restless moments, a door opened. The assistant warden nodded his head, and a second later a brazen gong struck upon the air. Suddenly, we heard the shuffling tramp, tramp, tramp of a thousand prison feet, marching on us from all sides. They came down four aisles — in single file, dressed in gray suits, their heads bare, their arms folded, shoulders stooping, bodies bent a little forward as if they were falling into the chapel rather than walking, eyes to the ground and faces turning neither to the right nor to the left. There was a listless weariness about these spiritless men, a kind of hopeless resignation, an acceptance of an unrelenting fate and a broken submission, that made the metaphor of 'being broken on the wheel' seem a real, stalking, ghost-like apparition. About every twenty feet a guard in blue uniform and Sunday suit, with shoes nice and shiny, and armed with a heavy loaded cane, kept company.

As they reached the end of the aisle, the guard struck the marble floor with his loaded 'butt,' and the men turned half around, and filed in front of their seats. He struck the ground again, and they faced the platform. Another rap from the stick, and this sound seated the men. This continued row after row, until all the men were in their seats. When the doors were closed, the guards placed at their proper distances, facing the men, with their sticks in front of

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them, another rap on the ground and the hands of the men dropped to their sides. In all this time not a head had been turned, not a sound, not a whisper, not a word, nothing — not even a verbal command — had escaped the thousand men in the room. Nothing but the tramping, shuffling feet, the iron clang against the marble floor — and the stooping forms dressed in gray.

A few minutes later, a signal from the watchful master of ceremonies at our back, and a side door on the stage opened. A man dressed in black was ushered on to the platform. He was a little man, bald-headed, with thick eyeglasses and a red puggy face. As he crept across the platform, he kept pushing his hands into his pockets, pulled out a yellow paper folded many times, and began to open it. He placed the paper on the speaker's desk in front of the platform, pulled out a red handkerchief, mopped his face, cleaned and adjusted his thick glasses, hemmed and coughed a few times, stuck the paper against his nose, and began to read. He had a thin, squeaking voice, which did not reach half across the room.

It is difficult to describe the setting and the bearing of the spiritual leader of this silent and subdued flock without seeming unkind and ungenerous. I write without prejudice and without bias — but one must tell the truth. He was an ignorant man. He stumbled over the big words, would get half-way through them, only to turn back for another start. There was nothing inspiring about him, nothing cheerful, nothing interesting. It was dull, stupid, insipid. The men could not hear what he read as he read to himself, and could not understand him as he swallowed his words. The whole performance lasted some fifteen minutes, including a few prayers; and then the little man on the platform folded his yellow paper and scuttled off through the side door.

As the door closed, the first sound of the keeper's stick against the marble floor roused the men in the last row. They stood up, folded their arms, faced half-about and began to shuffle out, followed by the next row and the next, and so until the end. Each movement was determined by the sound of the keeper's stick.

As they came out, we got a better look at the men. Most of them were young and tall, broad of shoulder and well built — men reared in the West, on farms, who had come into the cities and been dragged into the whirlpool of undercurrents that brought them to prison. Their faces were gray, their eyes sunken, dim, dull, and moody. As they noticed us sitting in the last row, their eyes shifted a little in startled surprise, — it was unusual for visitors to be seen downstairs in the chapel, — but hastily, fearfully, their eyes turned to the ground again when they noticed the little silent and grim figure at our back.

The tramp, tramp, tramp of the men could be heard as they crept down the distant halls. Silence fell upon the chapel — a hard silence, a feeling of horror, suppression, and distortion pervaded the air and filled it with something of infinite sadness. I turned my head to look at my wife, and the tears were running down her cheeks — tears that would not be controlled. When the last sound had died down, a keeper appeared at one of the doors, nodded his head, and the guardian at our back said, 'We can go now.' I asked if the men had to attend chapel. He said, 'Yes, prayers is good for them.' I have been haunted by the chapel service. Never before had I seen anything quite so humiliating, inhuman, and sterile.

Is this a typical Sunday morning service? No, I have seen others more cheerful, less grim — places where laughter and applause could be heard, where

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prayers were intermingled with other things. I have seen services where there was some eloquence and a manly voice; but this picture is typical of the spiritual stagnation in prison. It is typical of the order and the discipline in prison — of the system, regularity, formalism, and, too frequently, of the silence. There is no spiritual life in the average American prison. There is no hope, no inspiration, no stimulus, no compulsion of the soul to better things. It is hard, cold, frozen, dead. This is so true, so general, so all-pervading, that one might describe the whole prison system in these few words — and I say this after seeing something like seventy penal institutions this summer.

II

The little Ford engine labored mightily as we barely climbed the steep hill to the State Reformatory at Y——. As the car reached the top of the hill, I could see, about a quarter of a mile away, a massive building with many towers, surrounded by most beautiful grounds. An uninitiated person would have taken this for some strange mediæval castle magically transplanted to this most favored spot, set off against many hills, with a clear blue sky above and mile upon mile of smiling rich fertile farm-lands below. This, however, was no castle of an ancient knight — it was the stony home of many a poor lad who had been placed there for the good of his soul and the safety of the community. This, at least, is what the kindly people would have said. This was a reformatory to make bad boys good.

As I rang the bell and presented my credentials to the keeper, he looked at me doubtfully. 'Whom do you want?' said he, with the sharpness of a rasped temper.

'The warden,' said I.

'The warden is busy.'

'Yes, I know he is busy; but as I shall have to see him before I leave, you had better take these in to him now.'

After a while I was presented to the warden — a tall, bony, straight-backed old man, of about sixty-five or seventy; gray, thin-lipped, sullen, and obviously displeased. As I came in, he motioned me to a chair and then turned suddenly on me. Pointing a long sharp finger in my face, he said: 'I know you. You are from one of them damned reform committees who believe in coddling the prisoners. Well, I don't. I have been in this business forty years, and know what I am talking about. You can't coddle these fellows — you can't do it. Let me tell you. I don't like these sniffling committees that come around and investigate — that come around and tell a man like me, who has been in this business forty years, how to run his prison. It is just like telling a general how to run his army. But I don't care; I will show you everything. [I was shown the sum total of nothing. But in his blustering way, he told me everything I wanted to know.] I have nothing to hide. I treat the men right; they can learn a trade, and if they are willing workers, they can earn some money — and work is good for them. This is not a bad prison. Men who are here from other prisons always tell me this is better than most. But I run this prison. No rough-neck can come here and think he is going to rough-house it. If he tries to, I fix him. *I fix him.* This is my job. A little while ago they transferred a fellow in here who said that this place was like a kindergarten, and that he would show everybody how to eat out of his hand. Well, I fixed him. He started by getting into a fight with one of my officers. I took him out into the yard, put him over a barrel, stripped him the way his father used to do, and put the cane to him — I have a good

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birch cane. I fixed him good and fine. No bones broken, no rough stuff, no permanent marks. It will wear off in good time. And when I had given him plenty, I riveted a seventy-pound ball and chain round his ankle and put him back in the shop from which he came. It did n't take long, only a little longer than it does to tell. But I fixed him. He has been a good dog ever since.'

The warden stopped; his face relaxed a little, he looked at me as if he were well pleased, wiped his thin lips with the back of his hand, reflected a minute, and then said, 'Would you believe it — I told this story to a bunch of women the other day when they asked me to speak, and they hissed me for it.'

He was sincerely perplexed, and naïvely thought that the women must either have been 'crazy,' or affected by the 'new-fangled' ideas.

III

This story brings me straight to the question of prison discipline in the United States. There has been so much agitation about this particular question, — and it is a crucial question, — that a survey of how things stand at present is bound to be of interest as well as significant. I must begin by saying that the agitation has mainly been outside of prison — that those affected by it were mostly people who have little or nothing to do with the prison situation. There are a few exceptions, a few indications that all the agitation has not been entirely in vain: a few changes in method, a possible reduction in the number of men punished, a relaxing of the rules a little in regard to talking and the lock-step, the abolition of such things as the strait-jacket (I am not so sure about this: rumors of its existence reached me in more than one place, but I did not actually see it), and the abolition of what was once a common practice, of hanging men up by their wrists and swinging their bodies off the floor.

Let me introduce into this discussion of the situation the following quotation from the Detroit *News* of January 27, 1920: —

'Harry L. Hulburt, warden of the prison, explained to the committee how the flogging apparatus is worked. The man to be flogged is blindfolded, handcuffed, and shackled at the ankles. Then he is stretched out on a long ladder, which is made to fit snugly over a barrel. The prisoner is blindfolded, the warden said, so that he will not see who is flogging him. [The warden told me, when I visited the institution, that he did it himself, as he thought that no one else should be allowed to do it.] His back is bared and a piece of stout linen cloth is placed over the bare spot. The instrument used in the paddling is a heavy strap about four inches in width, punched with small holes about an inch apart and fastened to a handle. The strap is soaked in water, according to the warden, till it becomes pliable; Dr. Robert McGregor [one of the best and most conscientious prison doctors that I met on the trip], prison physician, holds the pulse of the man being flogged and gives the signal for the flogger to stop.'

The article then goes on to detail three different cases of flogging. We will quote only the first.

'Thomas Shultz, boy of twenty-one years old, seven months after being sent from the insane asylum, was given 181 lashes and kept in the dungeon during the period of the flogging for nine days and fed on bread and water. . . . Nov. 3, assaulted guard. For this and other minor offenses, none of them serious, he was sentenced to receive 181 lashes. Nov. 4, he received 40 lashes. . . , Nov. 5, he received 35 lashes. Nov. 6,

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he received 26 lashes. Nov. 9, he received 40 lashes. Nov. 13, he received 40 lashes. Total, 181 lashes.'

Now Jackson, to which this refers, is a comparatively decent prison (I had started to use the word good; but there are no good prisons, any more than there are good diseases). If I were asked to pick the least objectionable prisons in the United States, after seeing something like seventy, I should have to include Jackson among the first ten, or possibly even among the first half-dozen. The warden is unusually intelligent, interested in his job, an advocate of the honor system, who also practises it on a large scale. He is certainly among the most humane of the wardens in the country; and, by and large, his prisoners have more freedom inside the walls than is common. I do not repeat this quotation to give it extra publicity. I repeat it to show what happens even in those prisons which are least antiquarian and hide-bound. This does not mean that all prisons have whipping. A large number still do, — more than I expected, — but old methods of punishment are still prevalent in practically all prisons.

There is hardly a prison where solitary confinement is not practised. In some cases solitary confinement is for a few months, in some cases for a few years; and in not a few there is such a thing as permanent solitary. Some prisons have a few men put away; some have as many as twenty; and in one case there are about fifty men placed in solitary for shorter or longer periods.

Why do the wardens do it? Well, they do not know what else to do. They run to the end of their ingenuity, and do that as a last resort — that is, the best of them. Some do it as a matter of common policy. I recall climbing a flight of stairs with a good-natured warden in a Western prison, and being shown a specially built courtyard with some dozen solitary cells. There were four men put away there permanently — one had been there for three years. They were not even allowed to exercise. They were not allowed to talk, they had no reading-matter, they could not smoke. There had at one time been only one man in the place, and the warden permitted him to smoke; but when the others were put in, he told him not to pass any tobacco to them. This is, of course, an impossible demand. The insistence for a share of that mighty joy in solitary — a smoke — is irresistible. He did what was inevitable, — passed his tobacco and a 'puff,' to the other fellows, — and the warden deprived him of the privilege. 'He should have obeyed what I told him if he wanted to hold on to his privilege,' was the reason given.

What is true of solitary confinement is true also of the dark cell. Practically all prisons have and use dark cells. It is common to find from one to a dozen men put away in the dark cells, kept on bread and water — that means a little bread and about a gill of water every twenty-four hours. In most prisons — about ninety per cent — this punishment is added to by handcuffing the man to the wall or the bars of the door during the day, that is, for a period of ten to twelve hours each day that he is in punishment — the time varying from a few days to more than two weeks. In some institutions the handcuffs have been abolished and replaced by an iron cage made to fit the human form, which, in some cases, can be extended or contracted by the turning of a handle. A man put in the dark cell has this cage placed about him and made to fit his particular form — and it is usually made so 'snug' that he has to stand straight up in the cage. He cannot bend his knees, he cannot lean against the bars, he cannot turn round; his hands are held tight against the

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sides of his body, and he stands straight, like a post, for a full day, on a little bread and water — and for as many days as the warden or the deputy sees fit. I was always asked to observe that they did not use handcuffs: this was the reform. Remember, a dark, pitch-black cell, with your hands pinned against your sides, your feet straight all day, unable to move or shift your ground, for ten and twelve hours a day, on bread and water, is the reform!

In one or two institutions where the cage is used, but is not adjustable, — the man having to squeeze into the flat space as best he can, — they added the handcuffs. In one institution, — a commendable institution, as such things go, in some ways, — in one of the states that has always prided itself on being progressive, I found that they added to the dark cell the handcuffing of the man while he slept. In the particular institution I have in mind the arrangement was as follows. A bar was attached to one of the walls, and slanted down until it reached within about three inches of the floor. On this bar was a ring. At night, the board on which the man slept was placed near this slanting bar; one pair of handcuffs was put on the prisoner's wrists, another pair connected with his hands was attached to the ring on the slanting iron bar. This means that he had to lie on one side all night long, handcuffed and pressing on this board, which served him as a bed.

This does not complete the list of prison punishments as they are now practised. The underground cell is still in existence — probably not in many prisons, but I saw it in at least two different institutions. In one state prison, — an old prison, dark and damp inside, — I found a punishment cell in the cell-block. It was built underground. In the centre of the hall there is an iron door, flat on the ground, which one lifts sideways — like an old-type country cellar-door. It creaks on its rusty iron hinges. I climbed down a narrow flight of rickety stairs. When I got to the bottom, I had to bend double to creep into a long narrow passage. It was walled about with stone, covered with a rusty tin covering. It was not high enough to stand up in, hardly high enough for a good-sized man to sit up in. The warden above closed the door on me. I was in an absolutely pitch-black hole — long, narrow, damp, unventilated, dirty (there must be rats and vermin in it); and one has to keep a bucket for toilet purposes in that little black hole. As I came out, the warden said naïvely, 'When I put a man in here, I keep him thirty days.' Let the reader imagine what that means to human flesh and blood.

I do not want to make this a paper of horrors. Just one more case. On my way back I stopped off at a certain very well-known prison that I had heard about since childhood. For the last ten years it has been famous as one of the great reform prisons of the country. I remember seeing pictures of the warden with prisoners out on a road-gang. The article in which these pictures appeared gave a glowing account of the freedom these men had — they guarded themselves away from the prison proper, out in the hills, building roads. The state in which this prison is situated has constructed many miles of prison-built road — and in fact it was one of the first in the country to undertake to build roads with convict labor, without guards. When I knocked on its gates, I thrilled with expectancy. Here, at least, would I find a model prison, unique, exceptional, a pride to the state and an honor to the man who was responsible for it. In fact, I had heard that the warden was being considered for political advancement to the office of governor because of his remarkable

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prison record. I found a remarkable institution — remarkable for its backwardness and brutality.

The first thing that I saw as I entered the prison yard was a strange and unbelievable thing. Nine men kept going round in a circle, wheeling wheelbarrows, while a heavy chain dangled from each man's ankle. As I came nearer, I noticed in each wheelbarrow a heavy iron ball attached to the chain. In the centre stood a guard; and the men kept circling about him all day long, wheeling the iron ball in their barrows, their bodies bent over, their faces sullen, their feet dragging. They did that for ninety days each, I was told by my guide. At night they carried the ball to their cells, and in the morning they carried it to the dining-room. For three months this iron ball and chain stayed riveted about their ankles — a constant companion and, I suppose, from the warden's point of view, a stimulus to better things — one of the ways of making 'bad' men 'good.'

There, too, I found all the other characteristics of the average prison — dark cells, bread and water, solitary, handcuffs, and, in addition, a hired colored man to do whipping when that was called for — as no one else could be got to do it. This negro was never permitted in the prison yard for fear that the men might kill him. The report that I sent to the National Committee on Prisons and Prison Labor, for which I was traveling, reads as follows: —

I have just visited the famous reform prison at C—— and this is what I found: —

Nine men going around a circle, wheeling ball and chain.

Whipping-post, with special colored man to do the task.

Dark cells.

Solitary.

Men handcuffed to the doors.

Bread and water.

No work for the men.

In addition to loss of privileges and good time, which is usual as a means of discipline.

A traveling prison chaplain had visited the institution the Sunday before I came, and made a speech to the men. In beginning his speech, he remarked upon the fame of the warden with the world abroad, and upon the fortune of the men for being under such humane treatment. Some of the men hissed. For that the moving-picture machine had been torn out from its place in the chapel, and the men were to be deprived of their weekly prison 'movie.' I was told also that Sunday yard-privileges had been rescinded. In telling me about it, one of the guards remarked: 'We will show them [the prisoners] that this can be a real prison.' I wonder what they think it is now — and what else they can add to make it one. Let this conclude the description of current disciplinary methods.

IV

The use of man by man is the basic test in the evaluation of any institution, especially one designed to make the 'bad' 'good,' the 'hard' 'soft,' and the 'unsocial' 'social.' The test of a penal institution is its disciplinary methods.

The picture I have drawn is one-sided and not sufficiently comprehensive. If one desires to secure a general view of the technique of penal administration as it is at present practised, he must look at other elements of the picture. There is the problem of labor. The opportunity to keep busy during the day, — to do something that will hasten the passing hours, that will give a sense of contact with the world of reality, that will exercise one's fingers and use one's body, — this simple craving of the human organism is denied on a much larger scale than one can imagine unless he is actually brought in con-

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tact with the fact. I should say that at least one third of the prisoners in the American state prisons are unemployed. That means that in some prisons all men are working, in some practically none, and in others only a part.

The warden was an aggressive, opinionated, ignorant, and coarse individual. He had grown stout, his lower lip had hardened, his jaw jammed against his upper teeth as he talked, and at every second sentence he banged the table for emphasis, stopped, looked at you to see if you agreed with him, and if there was any doubt in his mind about this, he repeated what he had said, adding, 'I am talking straight fact.'

I first saw him in the evening, swinging in a soft hanging rocker on the porch, supported by small couch cushions, dressed in an immaculate white suit, with a silk handkerchief in his coat-pocket, and smoking a big cigar tilted at the proper 'politician's' angle. He was round-headed, his face shiny and smooth-shaven. I felt uncomfortable sitting there in front of him and talking about the men inside. A feeling of disgust crept over me, as if he were some fat over-dressed pig — and self-assertive.

'I run this prison by psychology; if you want a lecture on psychology I will give it to you; it is all in psychology,' he told me.

I begged to be excused that night. I was tired. I had driven all day; and perhaps I would enjoy it better after I saw how he managed the prison.

'All right; but remember the whole trick is psychology — it is as simple as that.'

It was a typical prison — only it had an 'idle-house.' The 'idle-house' is so called because it houses the idle men — men who do nothing all day long but sit on benches, crowded together, all day, every day of the week, every week of the year, and every year of their prison term — a term that may range from one year to a lifetime. It is a large bare loft. There I found four hundred men, dressed in their prison suits, sitting, all facing one way. Around the room there were keepers, seated on high stools, watching these idle men. In the morning after breakfast the men were marched to this idle-house. At noon they were taken to the dining-room; after lunch they were marched back to the idle-house. They were being made good by sitting. This is better than in some prisons, where the men who have nothing to do are kept in their cells. And yet — how little ingenuity it would have taken to put most of these men to work at something useful, if not remunerative. It would not have been difficult to find enough public-spirited citizens who would have provided a dozen old and broken-down automobiles and typewriters, and thus put a number of them to work taking them apart and putting them together — learning something and keeping busy, doing something. It would not have been difficult to put a number of these to studying Spanish, French, Italian — every large prison has men who would like to teach these languages and others who would like to learn them. There are a hundred ways in which these men could — at least, most of them could — have been occupied in doing something: learning how to draw, to box, to play an instrument, to typewrite — anything that would have taken the burden of eternal idleness off their hands. All it needed was a couple of days' use of the imagination. But the warden lacked the imagination. He was not really vividly conscious of the problem. When I had seen the prison and was ready to go, I asked him if he would give me that lecture on psychology, and he said with an emphatic bang on the table, 'My boy, psychology is common sense.'

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What is true of work is true of other things. There is no imagination in the American prison field — or so little that one has to look far and wide to find it. Take the question of housing. Practically all American prisons are built on the same plan. That is the Auburn type. The best way to describe it is to begin from the outside. The first thing is the high stone wall. After you get into the prison yard made by this wall you come face to face with a large square building about five stories high. It has narrow windows, heavily barred — in some cases these windows are so narrow that it would not be possible for a man to get through them. When you enter the stone building, you find another building inside. This inside building is the cell-block, a square stone structure standing four stories high. Each tier, or floor, is divided into a large number of little cells — each cell looks like every other. Each floor is like the one below it. The cells vary in size, but not much. In the older prisons — and most of the prisons are old — the cells are about three and a half feet wide, seven feet long, and seven feet high. Some, as in Sing Sing prison, are even smaller. In the newer prisons they are larger — in some cases more than twice this size. The cells are set back to back.

The space of a cell is so small that it is inconceivable for one who has not been in it. You cannot spread your hands, you cannot lift your hand above your head, you cannot take more than three steps without hitting your toe against the wall. A cell is not larger than a good-sized grave stood on end. It is dark, half-dark, all the time. There is no window in the cell. The windows are in the outer wall and the cell is set about thirty feet away from the outer wall. The windows in this wall are generally narrow, and are always heavily barred. The sun must first get into the prison before it can get into the cell.

But the cell is not made to receive the sun. In the older prisons one half of the front facing the window is walled up. The other half has a door. In the very worst prisons, this door is completely closed at the bottom — that is, the lower half is made of solid steel. To get around this, as in Sing Sing, they have drilled holes in that part. The upper half is closely netted with heavy bars, in some cases leaving only little square holes for the sun and air to get through after it finds its way into the prison. In the older cell-blocks these cells have no internal ventilation at all! All the air must come in and out through the limited space of the front door. In others, more modern, there is a ventilator in the cell — a hole going up through the wall, about six inches square. In all the old prisons the cells have no toilet system; buckets are used for toilet purposes. These buckets are generally numbered, so that each man can get his own back; but not always. As the men are put into their cells at about five in the afternoon, and taken out again at about six in the next morning they are in this cell-block for at least thirteen hours. Think of what it means to have eighteen hundred men in a prison under such conditions. Think of a hot July night, and picture the air on the top tier. No words can describe the pollution of the air under these conditions. Add to this the fact that, in most prisons, the men are kept in practically all day Sunday, half a day Saturday, and, if Monday happens to be a holiday, all day Monday, and you will have a sense of the torture that life under these conditions imposes upon the sensitive, and of the callousness it implies in those who have ceased to be sensitive.

This, however, is not all. The prisons cannot be kept clean, — certainly not the old prisons, — even if there were consciousness that this ought to be done.

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These old stone structures, standing in half-darkness for a hundred years, never having proper ventilation, never proper airing, are infected with bugs and vermin. In my own case — and this is typical of the old prison — the old cell-block in Blackwell's Island was bug-ridden. In my day there were thousands of bugs in my cell. I struggled valiantly, constantly, and industriously. But it was a hopeless fight. I had some books, and the bugs made nests in them. They crept over me when I slept — they made life miserable. I am not blaming the warden for this. I am describing a fact that we might as well face. But the sense of sanitation is not very keen among prison officials taken as a whole. There are a few exceptions, mostly in the new prisons.

The meaning of cell-life under these conditions cannot be conceived. I recall the day when I was first put in a cell. I stepped into a little yellow space — the walls seemed drawn together, and I halted at the door. A little yellow half-burned bulb was stuck up in the corner; there was a narrow iron cot against the wall. I heard the door behind me slam, and I felt myself cramped for space, for air, for movement. I turned quickly after the retreating officer, and called him back.

'What do you want?'

'Will — will I have to stay in this place all night?'

He laughed. 'You will get used to it soon enough.'

I turned back to my cell. The walls slowly retreated and made more room for me, so that I crept in and away from the door. The yellow glimmering light hurt my eyes. It was fully half an hour before I adjusted myself to the fact that I was there for the night. On my little narrow iron cot, I found two dirty blankets. I rolled them up, shoved them against the wall beneath the light, and took out a little book that I had with me.

When I came into the prison that morning, I had some books, but they were taken away. I protested that I had to have something to read — I simply had to have something. The keeper objected that it was against the rules. He looked at my books carefully, and then picked out a little paper-covered volume, which he gave me with the remark, 'You can have this. We permit men to bring in anything that is religious.' It was William Morris's *News from Nowhere*. The little glimmering light on the yellow page, and in a few minutes I was off in dreamland — I followed Morris's idyllic picture and perfect beings into a world where there were no prisons and no unemployed.

This happy setting was interrupted by the sobs of a boy next to my cell — he too was a newcomer. He sobbed hysterically, 'My God, what shall I do? What shall I do?' I climbed down from my cot, knocked on the wall of his cell, and tried to talk to him. But he paid no attention to me. He just sobbed and cried like a child torn from its mother, as if his heart would break.

Finding no response, I clambered back to my place, and was soon off in dreamland again. I did not wake until the lights were turned out at nine o'clock. I looked out of my cell and saw, through the far-off window in the outer wall, a star glimmering; then, without undressing, straightening my blankets, I fell asleep and, in my sleep, dreamed of the free fields of early childhood.

I mentioned the dirty blankets on the cot. I used that word deliberately. It is not uncommon for the blankets which a man gets in prison to be dirty. They are rarely cleaned or fumigated. One man goes out and another goes in — receiving the blankets the other used, without any attempt to

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clean or wash them; and of course there are no sheets. I have seen blankets so dirty that the dust actually fell out of them when you moved them. This is not true of all prisons, but is of many.

It is not uncommon to find a prison where the men have not their own individual underwear. The underwear is sent to the laundry, and a man gets what luck will bring him: some is too long, some too short; some has been used by healthy men, some by men who were sick with contagious diseases. In some prisons the small cells have two men to a cell. There are two cots, one above the other; and these men live in this narrow cramped place — and at times the health of the men so crowded is not examined. They use the same bucket and drink out of the same cup.

Practically none of the prisons pay the men for their work. A few places make it possible for a few men to earn what might be considered a fair wage, but the mass of the prisoners earn little, in many cases nothing. Just at random: New York pays its prisoners one cent and a half a day; California and Massachusetts pay them nothing. And yet, it is asked why the men are not interested and ambitious!

Practically none of the prisons make a serious attempt to educate their prisoners. The eight grades for illiterates are in use in places — but as a rule they amount to little, both the system and the method being antiquated and the spirit poor. In only one or two places is there a real attempt to use for educational purposes the extraordinary advantages of time and control which prisons imply. San Quentin is conspicuous by the fact that it is making a real attempt in that direction. What I have said about education is true of health. Health is neglected. Here and there the fact that crime and health, both physical and mental, have a relation to each other, is gradually being recognized, but not as much or as fully as one would expect.

This rather sketchy description of American penal conditions is unfair to the exceptions — but the exceptions are few and far between. There is not a prison in the country, in so far as I have seen them, that does not fall into this general picture in one or more of its phases. Of the worst prisons, all that I have said is true. Of the better ones, some of the things I have said are true. For the casual visitor, who is taken around by a guard or by the warden, who is told all the good things and not permitted to see the bad ones, whom lack of experience and knowledge makes gullible, this may seem a startling story. If it is startling, it is not more so than the facts are.

There are other things about the prison — developments of parole, education, self-government, farm-labor — which are more hopeful than the picture painted here. These, however, must be left over for another time. I have separated the hopeful things in the prison situation from the outstanding shortcomings, deliberately. To combine them is to give the optimist — and we are all ready to hang our optimism to the most fleeting excuse — an opportunity to rationalize and escape the burden of present evil. The present prison system is bad. I have hardly described all its evils. Some cannot be written about without greater finesse and literary subtlety than I possess. Others were hidden from me. There are indications of a possible way out, of better things, of more hopeful use of human intelligence; but to date, all of these are negligible and limited, even if a significant contribution to penal methods.

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THE PURITAN HOME

BY GEORGE HERBERT PALMER

I

This year we are celebrating the third centennial of the landing of the Pilgrims, and our people are making an effort gratefully to recall the tremendous event. To do so requires considerable effort; for to any but themselves Puritans have generally been a distasteful folk. Especially was the last century for them a time of bitter and almost continuous attack, caricature, and denunciation. Now, however, when the gaunt figures no longer walk our streets, feeling has grown kinder and aversions less clamorous. Not unwelcome now will be a dispassionate estimate of what the Puritan actually was.

To understand him, we must study him in his breeding-place, the Puritan home; for that was the most fundamental of Puritan institutions. Its effects were prodigious. It formed New England. Out of it came much of the mind and character of the entire country. Many of the older among us have felt its invigorating influence. Yet it is now in decay, where it has not altogether disappeared. Its usages are largely unknown, its strength and weaknesses have seldom been coolly studied. Often has it served as picturesque material for our novelists; but only to be held up to scorn as an oppressor of youth and a fosterer of gloom and hypocrisy.

I was brought up in it, am profoundly grateful for its discipline, and feel that I owe to it more than half of all that has made my life beautiful and rewarding. To-day I would come forward as its eulogist. And while not blind to its defects, — aware indeed that its sudden passing has been inevitable, — I would insist that American civilization will have a hard task to find a source from which to draw an inspiration so bounteous and so constructive.

To fix the worth of the Puritan home I shall endeavor first to give a clear account of the facts usually found in such homes, and then proceed to trace the setting and influence of those facts.

What was the daily current of life in a Puritan home? All recognize that its distinctive feature was its elaborate religious training. But how did that training secure its hold on the young? To be of any worth, this depictive side of my subject should be minute and well authenticated. I will base it on a description of my own childhood, and thus will show in some detail what were the assumptions, the practices, and the ideals of a typical Puritan home.

II

My father was a Boston merchant, who had come from the country and by diligence had climbed to a competence. In our home all was plain and solid. There was no luxury. Expenditure was carefully studied, and waste incessantly fought. But we had all that was needed for comfort and dignity, and on all that we possessed and did religion set its mark. To exhibit that ever-present influence, I trace the course of a single day.

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On rising I read a chapter of the Bible and had a prayer by myself. Then to breakfast, where each of the family repeated a verse of scripture, my father afterward asking a blessing on the meal. No meal was taken without this benediction. When breakfast was ended, the servants were summoned to family prayers, which ended with the Lord's Prayer, repeated together.

Then we children were off to school, which was opened with Bible-reading and prayer. Of school there were two sessions, one in the morning and one in the afternoon; so that our principal play-time was between four-thirty and six o'clock, with study around the family table after supper. Later in the evening, when the servants' work was done, they joined us once more at family prayers; after which we children kissed each member of the family and departed to bed, always however, before undressing, reading a chapter of the Bible by ourselves and offering an accompanying prayer. Each day, therefore, I had six seasons of Bible-reading and prayer — two in the family, two by myself, and two at school; and this in addition to the threefold blessing of the food. No part of the day was without consecration. The secular and the sacred were completely intertwined.

Permeated thus as was every day with divine suggestion, it may be said that on Sunday our very conversation was in the heavens. On that day the labor of the servants was lightened, so that they too might rest and attend church. Many household cares were then thrown upon us children, and it was arranged that there should be little cooking. But while play and labor ceased and solemnity reigned, it was an approved and exalting solemnity; for then occurred two preaching services and a session of Sunday School.

To me the day was one of special happiness, because my father was then at home, and during almost every hour of the day was his children's companion. We gathered about him for cheerful talk after breakfast, and after the noon dinner he usually read to us from *The Pilgrim's Progress*, or some other benign and attractive book. After supper the whole family assembled in the parlor, and when each one present had repeated a hymn or poem, we had an hour of music — solos on the piano by the girls, and familiar hymns sung without book by the entire company.

Toward the end of the evening my father was apt to put his arm around one of the children and draw him into the library for a half-hour's private talk. Blessed and influential sessions these, serving the purpose of the Roman confessional! As frank as that and as peace-bringing, but freed from its formality, with no other authority recognized than a common allegiance to a Heavenly Father, the independence of us little ones guarded by the abounding wisdom, tenderness, trust, and even playfulness of our adored companion.

III

Such unceasing presence in the Puritan home of the religious motive might easily have become unwholesome and enfeebling, had it not been attended by several other powerful influences, which diversified it and enriched the nature to which religion gave stability. As these supporting interests are generally overlooked by those who censure the Puritan home, I name a few of them.

To the family tie the Puritans gave great prominence. Marriage was a sacrament, and the family a divine institution, where each member was charged with the well-being of all. In my own family there was little authoritative restriction. With father and mother we children were on terms of tender and

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reverential intimacy. They joined us in our games, were sharers in our studies, friendships, and aspirations. To them we expressed freely our half-formed thoughts. If one of them took a journey, one of us was pretty sure to be a companion.

In a family where there were few servants, each of us took part in household duties. There were rooms to be set in order, wood to be split, errands to be run. The older children must wait on the younger. In this way all were drawn together by common cares. Brothers and sisters became close friends. Affection was deep and openly expressed. With no fear of sentimentality, we kissed one another often, always on going to bed, on rising, and usually when leaving the house for even a few hours. We were generous with our small pocket-moneys, and wept when the ending vacation carried away to boarding-school a member of our group. The Puritan home cannot be rightly estimated without noting the tenacity of family affection, which its devout atmosphere directly contributed to induce.

IV

Furthermore, there was the insistence on learning, fostered by the presence of abundant books, by the studies around the centre table in the evening, by the reading aloud that went on wherever three or four could be gathered together. My father was not a college graduate, eagerly as he had desired to be. He sent his brother to Yale and accepted a business life for himself. But he more than made up the regretted loss by diligent reading, and to all his children he gave the utmost education they would accept.

I think this insistence on education was usual in Puritan families. Lavish expense was incurred for it when stringent economy was practised elsewhere. The foundation of Harvard College in the early and poverty-stricken years of the Puritan colony was characteristic of Puritanism everywhere. It set great store on intellectual vigor and filled its homes with books. Our public libraries have done us one disservice. They have checked the habit of buying books. The libraries of my father and grandfather were considerable, containing most of the important books in history, biography, divinity, and poetry. Physical science was then just starting. Of fiction there was little; until the beginning of the nineteenth century, novelists were few.

V

There is a widespread impression that Puritanism was hostile to the Fine Arts. I believe it to be untrue, or, at most, true only with reference to the lighter, more ornamental and vivacious of the arts. In the view of the Puritan life was not meant for amusement. Whatever fostered self-indulgence or heedless gayety was certainly frowned on. But in my childhood several of the Fine Arts, notably poetry and music, were cultivated with an ardor and general approval infrequent to-day. From our family library none of the great English poets was absent. My grandfather loved Pope, my father Shakespeare and Byron, my mother Cowper. All three wrote respectable verse, as did several of the children. Most persons did. No one of us ever doubted that to be a poet or a composer of music was the highest attainment of human faculty, unless indeed that preeminence might be challenged by the minister, to whom these artistic seers were thought to be near of kin. We studied our poets, therefore, as those who brought us messages of importance. We committed their verses to memory enormously.

A clerical uncle begged that I might

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be named for his favorite poet, George Herbert — a rich endowment! By the time I was twelve, I knew by heart about half of all Herbert wrote, and that not to the prejudice of Chaucer, Pope, Wordsworth, and Tennyson. It should be remembered that among the English poets Puritanism had rather more than its fair share, — Milton, Marvell, the Wesleys, Watts, Cowper, Montgomery, the two Brownings, — sufficient to make poetry a natural inmate of most Puritan homes. Burns's poems were printed in America two years after they appeared in Scotland, and the *Lyrical Ballads* of Wordsworth but four years after they had been laughed at by Englishmen.

So far from any natural antagonism between the greatest of the arts and Puritanism, it may well be urged that the constant sense of the infinite in which the Puritan was nurtured was the very soil most favorable for developing the poetic spirit. Certainly, among the friends of my youth I came upon enjoyers of poetry twice as frequently as I do to-day. The number of great writers was smaller, but the study of those few was more serious and general.

And something similar may be said of music. Few indeed were the Puritan homes where music of a high order was not cultivated. As a rule, girls were expected to master the piano. Three of my four sisters played, and played well, Bach, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn — the last especially in his sacred settings — being accounted sovereign. Mozart, Schubert, and others of a lyrical vein were, I suspect, counted somewhat too sportive and spontaneous.

In almost every family there were seasons of song in which all were expected to join. The meagre conditions of that primitive day could not afford the many concerts that we now enjoy. Populations were not large enough for that. But it is worth noting that, in Puritan New England, the first scholarly Journal of Music, and the first carefully trained orchestras — the Musical Fund and the Germania — found strong support. My father was by no means rich, but he supplied us children with season tickets each winter to the symphony rehearsals of the Germania Society.

It is true that to several of the arts — painting, sculpture, and the drama — Puritanism was unfriendly. But the grounds of this aversion were historical and not to be explained by any supposed sourness of disposition. The first and the last pieces written by Milton were dramatic, and the eulogies of Shakespeare by him and by Marvell are among the warmest in our language.

But there came a change. By the time of the great migration, 1640 to 1650, the English stage had reached such a pitch of degradation that it became necessary to close the theatres; and when they were again opened, on the coming of Charles II, they exhibited an indecency unparalleled before or since. No wonder that the horror of that foulness became fixedly associated in Puritan minds with the theatre itself, and that, even as late as my childhood, self-respecting people pretty generally kept away from stage-plays. No doubt that absence encouraged the very vices against which it protested, and the Puritans lost an ingredient of character of utmost worth in training the imagination. But when an art has been so captured by the forces of evil, abstention from it becomes a necessity, and confidence in it is only slowly established.

In less degree a similar defense may be offered for the Puritan attitude toward painting and sculpture. Representations of the saints in stone and glass did not then merely stir æsthetic emotions of beauty, such as we expe-

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rience to-day. They excited, and were intended to excite, feelings closely akin to idolatry. Mourn, as we must, over the image-breaking which, during the Civil War, damaged the loveliness of many cathedrals, it is only fair to recognize it as a stage, perhaps a necessary stage, in the emancipation of the English mind. Since sculpture was employed at that time almost exclusively to further superstitious ends, it naturally bred repulsion in men of clearer faith. They felt the dangers against which the Second Commandment warns. Personal busts were not counted objectionable, nor painted portraiture. Something like a dozen contemporary portraits of Milton are known, and ancestral portraits were fairly common in Puritan homes. Except for these, Puritan walls were generally bare. Pictures were rare and expensive, and distasteful associations connected with their superstitious use did not readily pass away.

On the other hand, Puritans were strong in the arts of design. Their furniture, silver, china, and the many articles of comfort and beauty for the home, were admirable. They are sought to-day as superior in taste to those of later years. There is solidity in them, durability, freedom from caprice, and an expression of that sober rationality everywhere characteristic of the Puritan genius. On entering an old Puritan home, I have often wondered how a family of modest means could acquire furniture of such excellence. They apparently bought slowly, either went without or got the best, and provided for their children no less than for themselves. For temporary convenience to accept an article of inferior workmanship or design was reckoned a kind of moral obliquity. Standards of quality had been established in most things, from which individual fancy did not readily depart. Such standards give quiet dignity to Puritan architecture, making the three or four types of Colonial house worth preserving. For adaptation to climate, wise use of accessible materials, inner convenience obtained at low cost, for modest stateliness and freedom from discordant lines, Puritan domestic architecture deserves high praise.

It has seemed worth while to examine thus minutely the artistic attitude of the Puritans because it has generally been so grossly misrepresented. Since these lovers of purity and righteousness held themselves aloof from the debauched representative arts of painting, sculpture, and the drama, they are charged with an indiscriminate hostility to all beauty, their exceptional devotion to the nobler arts of poetry, music, and the home being quite overlooked.

It is true that, even in these regions, Puritan taste was severe. Whatever a Puritan loved must be rational, thorough, and marked with deliberate purpose. These are fundamental qualities in all the arts. But they are best attended by a light touch, spontaneous gayety, and superficial grace. Hence arise two types of beauty: the one intellectual, where the beautiful object is an embodiment of law and is stripped of all that is not called for by its purpose; the other, exuberant, expressing freedom, play, ornament. In the former Puritan art is strong. On the latter it looks askance. Because the latter, the easier and prettier, is at present in favor, Puritans are apt to be denied all sense of beauty.

VI

Such, then, was the constitution of the Puritan home, such its central religious ideal, and such its three supporting influences — education, family affection, and the nobler Fine Arts. In

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dealing with so controversial a subject, I have thought it safest to record the actual facts of a personal experience. The subject is one which readily lends itself to picturesque treatment, whether of eulogy or scorn. Both of these I would avoid. On the basis of sifted fact I would ask a dispassionate estimate of the training which fashioned New England's character during three centuries. My experience, I think, is fairly representative, though late. My life began in 1842, when the Puritan régime was drawing to its close. But on both sides my ancestry was purely Puritan and American for nine generations, my father a deacon of an Orthodox church, four of my uncles Orthodox ministers.

Living, too, as I did throughout my boyhood, as much in the country as the city, I caught the Puritan traditions of creed and practice where they lingered longest. The habits of the many other Puritan homes familiar to my boyhood did not differ materially from mine, except in the matter of temperament. Wherever the head of the house was sombre, disappointed, or unapproachable, I have found an atmosphere far removed from that of my cheerful surroundings. A bad temper will spread gloom anywhere, and spread it the more readily when life is regarded as a serious business. I would not assert that Puritanism is an antidote for every infelicity of temper. I merely maintain that it provides ample room for men of good-will, and I think it unjust to hold a special faith responsible for evils incident to all mankind. Out of a happy experience I am certain that Puritanism was no check on well-made parents, but that it helped them to lead an honorable, richly fed, and lovable life, with great contentment and blessing to all around them. Yet while acknowledging myself fortunate in the well-governed temper of my companions, I cannot fail to see how that companionship was fostered by the desire on their part to imitate the patient bounty of the Father of us all.

VII

In turning from this description of the Puritan home to emphasize its worth, I would put forward prominently the literary power its training gave. Puritan children, we have seen, were likely to read or hear six passages of the English Bible every day. That book, without regard to its religious value, is acknowledged to be the consummate masterpiece of our language. Here are primitive folk-lore, national history, personal anecdote, racy portraiture, incisive reflection, rapturous poetry, weighty argument, individual appeal, the whole presenting a wider range of interests than any other book affords. Throughout our version, too, runs a style of matchless simplicity, precision, animation, and dignity — a style exquisitely changing color to match its diverse subject-matter. What school-training in English can compare with the year-long reading of this volume?

Literary taste cannot well be directly taught. It comes best unconsciously, while the attention is given to something else. The Puritan child went through his many Bible-readings with a religious aim, the extraordinary beauty of the literature affecting him incidentally as something which could not well be otherwise. In that holy hush it was most naturally incorporated into his structure.

I understate the case, however, in saying that the matchless English was daily read. Almost every week considerable portions were committed to memory. Before I was fifteen I had learned half the Psalms, the whole Gospel of John, three of Paul's Epistles, and large sections of Job and Isaiah. And this personal study was undertaken, not in obedience to commands,

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but because frequent contact with noble thought begets of itself a desire for more intimate acquaintance. Any man with half an ear, living in the company of musicians, is sure to think music beautiful and important. Just so the Puritan youth was drawn, not driven, to the study of the Bible through association with the biblically minded. Before he was aware what processes were going on, he found himself in possession of something priceless. He understood good English, and pretty generally spoke it.

VIII

Of the doctrines which the Puritans derived from their sacred volume, or read into it, I have no need to write at any length. Their general tenor is well known, and this paper is not a treatise on theology, but an exhibit of Puritan methods of domestic training. Still, since that training was based on certain religious conceptions, I must briefly summarize these. But it should be borne in mind that there was much diversity among the Puritans, and never any such thing as a Puritan Church or creed. Each little group of believers had an independent existence, and formulated for itself its understanding or creed about things divine and human, changing this whenever it could be brought into closer conformity to the mind of the majority. During my life my country church has rewritten its entire creed three times.

The distinctive feature of Puritan religion is the stress that it lays on personality, the duty of preserving it and keeping it clean. A person is the one sacred being in the universe to whom all else is subservient. God Himself is a person, having intelligence, will, love and aversion, communicability and, above all, righteousness, or respect for other persons. He is no mere abstract mind, force, love, or law. Behind all these there is a He, their possessor and director. We too are persons, made in God's likeness and therefore able to have thoughts about Him which are true, however inadequate. Human relationships are our best clue to an understanding of Him and his government. Indeed, so near is God to man, that a finite person, perfect within his human limits, would be the fullest possible revelation of God and a fit object of worship. Loyalty to such a being saves us from sin and vicariously redeems the sinner. Vicariousness is a principle throughout the personal universe. The modern Socialist finds that my wrongdoing afflicts my group and by it must be healed. Individualistic Puritanism puts perfect manhood, the suffering Christ, in the place of the redeeming group.

Puritan religion is thus essentially personal religion. The Spaniard is highly religious. So is the Russian, the Hindu, the very English people from whom the Puritans came out. But the religion of all these is preëminently social, embodying a group-consciousness and largely concerned with the performance of sacred ceremonies. Puritan religion is experienced, not performed. It needs no church, no ritual, no priest. Each believer stands face to face before God, responsible to Him alone, and through his witnesses — conscience, right reason, the Bible 'as spiritually discerned' — is directly instructed what to do. Obligation is minute and perpetual. All things are full of duty. Each situation in life presents a best way of acting, expressive of God's will, and a worse way, expressive of our childish and temporary will. We are incessantly tempted to some partial good through stupor, slackness, caprice, or bodily allurement.

Human life is a daily strife with sin, and drill in duty, bringing home to us the futility — the suicide, even — of

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following any other will than that of our exacting Father. The restrictions, the disappointments, the sufferings of our existence here become comprehensible when viewed as preliminary education for a perfected existence hereafter. A wise father sets his child tasks somewhat beyond his powers. Our athletic trainers fill our sports with difficulties and dangers, and forbid us to shrink from bodily harm. Just so God plans his world. He makes it a preparatory school for those destined ever to remain individual persons, unmerged in anything so meaningless as universal being. The consequences of such discipline, either in enlargement or shrinkage, go on forever.

I hope the brevity of this statement still does sufficient justice to the Puritan faith. Possibly I have over-rationalized it through the attempt to give unity to a complex body of doctrine. Wise beliefs are seldom free from incongruities. At almost every point, too, the utterance of some eminent divine can be quoted, giving to this or that doctrine a coloring different from that given here. I have said that Puritanism held no authoritative creed. Its fellowship was based on general consent, with room left for individual divergence. A faith that included Princeton and Andover, Jonathan Edwards and Samuel Hopkins, permits no exact formulation. But I believe my sketch will be sufficient to show where lay the strength of Puritanism and to make plain its hold on the realities of life. It fitted its followers to fight Indians, endure the hardships of New England, found a democracy, and send forth throughout the land a sturdier folk than any other single stock can boast.

IX

But, if Puritan religion was able to give weight to character, dignity to speech and bearing, promptitude to duty, and such excellence to educational and political institutions that the world has taken pattern from them ever since, why did it decay, and why, even in the days of its power, did it awaken animosity? Because each human excellence involves some special limitation, danger at least, and the unavoidable limitations of Puritanism are peculiarly obnoxious to the common man. They stifle him and make him after a time clamor for ampler air. One needs to be already strong before he can draw strength from Puritanism. For it looks on all things *sub specie æternitatis*, and takes altogether seriously the saying that in God we live and move and have our being. In the disorderly and changing world, the Puritan is ill at ease. Things of earth are of slender consequence compared with those of Heaven, and are to be dealt with only as they prepare us for the divine life. In this extreme idealism there is danger for weak natures. They are apt to grow morbid about themselves, about others, and even about God.

The miseries attending too great self-consciousness are widely felt and are peculiarly difficult to cure. To be constantly analyzing our motives, in order to be sure that they are not the promptings of a temporary impulse but the veritable voice of God, is safe for not many men, for still fewer women. Of course, we should know what we are doing. Blind action is as disastrous as excessive introspection; but not being painful, it escapes with less censure. The wise man keeps control of himself while still looking without more than within. So long as we inhabit this complicated planet, we must give it a large share of our attention and enjoyment. How large that share shall be and what proportion it should bear to spiritual interests can, fortunately, never be determined. The difficult task of keeping

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the two on terms of mutual aid is for each one of us an important part of life's discipline.

It is often charged that Puritanism was lop-sided, other-worldly, over-emphatic in the care of one's own soul; and that through this tendency it exposed its followers to self-deception and hypocrisy. That there was danger in this direction is obvious. But danger that leads to such high results is worth while. I believe the danger grossly exaggerated; and it is only fair to remember that the Puritan world was a far less interesting, a less spiritual place than it has become since the rise of modern science and the study of the conditions under which mind and morals are planned to coöperate.

On account, too, of its slender comprehension of the relation between persons, Puritanism has been badly shaken and now looks a good deal out of date. Its insistence on personality and the eternal worth of the individual, we have already seen. Self-respect might be called the central Puritan virtue. Certainly the omnipresent sense of sin that brooded over Puritanism concerned itself far more with personal stain than with social damage. Society, with its obligations, is something almost accidental. God has seen fit to create a multitude, each a person, and has called on us, as we respect ourselves, to respect others. Equality is the highest point reached by Puritan sociology, with democracy as its natural expression. But the thought of our time has taken a lurch in a different direction. Individualism, the liberal creed for at least four centuries, is now disparaged, Socialism is exalted. Instead of viewing society as formed by the addition of individuals, we now incline to look upon society as primordial and an individual as its derivative. Socialism, though by itself no less false than its opposite, has at least shown that a single detached person, complete in isolation, is inconceivable. We exist in relations and are essentially conjunct. But while society and the individual are mutual factors, meaningless apart, I think Puritanism drew attention to that side of the dual fact which is the more important for human welfare. The initiation of action is an individual function. Too often it is forgotten that society has no central consciousness. That is lodged in individuals, who alone, therefore, have the power to criticize, on which power all progress is dependent. Without personal goading, society remains blind and inert. It cannot reform itself. A Garrison, a Phillips, a Mrs. Stowe, a Whittier, a Lincoln must first appear, before American slavery is overthrown. While then the meagre Puritan conception of personality was destined to perish and to carry with it a pretty large superstructure, it trained strong men as the equally one-sided philosophy of to-day cannot. Socialism begets enthusiastic followers. Leaders are fashioned where honor is paid to personality.

If the Puritan notion of personality, however, was too small for man, it was doubly belittling when applied to God. Yet He, too, was imagined as an individual, contrasted, on the one hand, with physical objects, and on the other, with human beings. He easily became pictured as an old man in the clouds, trying, not very successfully, to manage his obstreperous world. It is true, such concrete representation has its uses and is unhesitatingly employed by the Psalmist and most religious teachers. Stated baldly, it seems irreverent to speak of God as a hen. But when we read that 'He covers us with his feathers and under his wings we may trust,' how true and comforting is the comparison!

Just so with the Puritan humanization of God. If we are to speak to Him

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in prayer, hear his voice in duty, find Him our supporting companion in privation and sorrow, the object of our gratitude in happiness; if, indeed, we are sincere in our hopes of individual immortality, we must detect in our own personality something too precious to be lacking in Him whom we worship. Only to a person will love go forth. The danger is that personality may become an empty form, excluding all contents. As in ourselves, it should be an organizing principle, rich in relations and powers, and capable of the utmost self-diversification. But for the Puritans the world was somewhat aloof from God. They knew Him as its original and arbitrary creator, but not as its present indwelling life, as

> Something deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns
> And the round ocean and the living air
> And the blue sky and in the heart of man.

In like manner the human body, with its multifarious joys, instincts, invigorations and seductions, was looked on, not as a temple of God, but as a prison-house of the Spirit. No monotheism, however, can be permanent which ignores the massive truths of polytheism. Puritanism tried to and failed.

No doubt I magnify these faults by abstract statement. Practical life usually finds its way to facts, even through restrictive theories. And it would be unfair not to recognize the enlarged scope offered to Puritan thought about God by the doctrine of the Trinity. According to this, God presents Himself to us in three contrasted ways, — as the ground of all existence, as perfected humanity, and as the general power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness, — all these being manifestations of the same person. This profound doctrine should, especially in its third phase, have checked the attempt to think of God as an empty individual unit. The Trinity makes Him, not a unit, but a unity. Like all other persons, his nature involves differentiation and forthgoing. But popular associations with the word person were hard to overcome, and the puzzling doctrine easily slipped down into tritheism. When so held, it offered as troublesome perplexities in the reconcilement of its members as the Greeks and Romans felt in harmonizing their polytheistic pantheon.

While, then, I believe that American civilization owes more to Puritanism than to any other single agency, I have no desire to see it reëstablished. That is plainly impossible. We must rethink its problems in our own terms and even remould its beautiful home-training, if we would not be blind to what the world has learned since the Pilgrims landed.

Each age has what may be called its holy passions. Those of Puritan times were rationality, order, duty regarded as personal loyalty; those of to-day, humanitarianism, social service, scientific pursuit of ever-developing truth. These later ideals, though slenderly regarded by the Puritans, are quite as needful as their own in the fulfillment of Christ's moral law. Through them the spirit of Puritanism acquires a richer significance.

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SUNSET

BY VICENTE BLASCO IBÁÑEZ

I

THE Duchess of Pontecorvo left her automobile at the bottom of the hill on which the village of Roquebrune is situated, and, leaning on the arm of a lackey, began the ascent of the steep, narrow, winding roads leading through that fortress-town of the Maritime Alps. A visit to Roquebrune had become something habitual with the old lady on afternoons when the sky was bright and cloudless. She had found this picturesque nook — where the streets, paved with blue cobblestones, are often tunnels — some weeks before, and had advertised its beauties enthusiastically among all her friends. Every day she herself would go up from her villa to the esplanade in front of the village church, to enjoy a magnificent view of the sunset.

There was an element of vanity in this daily climb. The duchess had discovered something unknown to the ordinary resident of the Mediterranean shore; and pride in her achievement made her quite forget the fatigue imposed upon her eighty years by the walk up those perpendicular streets of the mediæval town, too narrow for a cart, and familiar with no other means of locomotion than the donkey or the mule used by visitors to the church.

The duchess was a decidedly flaccid, obese person. She could get along only with the help of a gold-headed bamboo cane bequeathed by her deceased husband, the Duke of Pontecorvo. On this walk, however, despite the chronic swelling of her feet, the Duchess moved with a certain sprightly youthfulness that had been passed on to her old age by the impatient, nervous energy of her mind.

A majestic, a Junoesque beauty, she must have been in her younger days. 'A Marie Antoinette all over again,' her flatterers were still saying, even now, when she was old. Nevertheless, two deep lines fell from her sharp, aquiline nose upon the corners of her mouth, and her blue eyes were faded and watery. She habitually dressed in black, with an impressive, aristocratic sobriety. Curls of white hair, far too thick and lustrous to be genuine, strayed from under her bonnet. What at once struck the eye, however, the thing that had made her famous along the whole coast, was a necklace, the 'Necklace of the Duchess,' as it was familiarly called — five hundred thousand dollars' worth of pearls, according to the estimates of people who were supposed to know! This necklace — a 'dog-collar,' in the jargon of the fashionable world — was a veritable corset for her neck and throat, flaming like one great jewel, and hiding in a blaze of glory any defects there may have been in the complexion of her wrinkly skin.

The duchess entered the church, which was quite deserted at that hour. The lackey left her side and stood at respectful attention near a little door, swung out from one side of the building, and casting over the tiles a rectangle of

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blue shadow broken by flickering spots of sunlight as round and glossy as coins of gold. The footman never went beyond that point. The duchess preferred to be alone, sole sovereign of a domain that was hers by right of discovery.

The lady made her way through the church and stepped out through another door into a garden lined with palm trees. As she progressed, her cane tapped noisily on the red flagstones that rose and fell unevenly from years and years of exposure to sun and rain. The delight the duchess knew in this clerical retreat came from the charm of contrast. Everything here was different from the sleek, ornate, majestic elegance of her villa down below, on the edge of the great blue Mediterranean plain. On this mountain terrace, flowers were growing in wild freedom and profusion. Rose bushes, untrimmed, uncared-for, wove their branches and thorns and blossoms into one entrancing thicket of color and perfume. The trees, unpruned, crowded close upon one another, even intertwining their trunks to make strange, fantastic, almost human forms. Wild flowers, borne hither on the winds, were disputing the soil with garden plants. All around was one confused hum of insect life — ants, wasps, multi-colored beetles, crawling over the ground, climbing up and down the tree-trunks, or flitting musically through the air.

What the duchess was really looking for, and enjoying in advance, was the wonderful view that opened just beyond the growth of trees, where, from a sort of natural balcony, she could look out from a great height upon the sea, and then down along the curving shore where the promontories of the Alps jut out, making gulfs and bays and peninsulas in the azure mirror. In the distance towered the mountains of Nice, peaks that stood out like blocks of ebony against the crimson afterglow. Nearer, on the seashore, rose the crag of Monaco, with the old city on its back. Then came the plateau of Monte Carlo, bristling with palaces and gardens. At her feet lay Cap Martin, where her own house was — a villa erected among the pine groves by the late Duke of Pontecorvo. Near by was the summer house of her friend and former patroness, the Empress Eugénie, with the residences of other princes and dethroned monarchs. There, also, was the huge palace of John Baldwin, an American iron king, who was regarded in those parts as one of the richest men in the world.

The old lady pushed her way through the shrubbery along the brink of the precipitous slope, in search of one particular spot from which the whole panorama of the Blue Coast spread out before her delighted eyes. There she could sit for an hour or more, watching the slow, placid death of the afternoon. No one surely would disturb her in that tranquil garden. There she could rest for a time, far away from all common cares of the world, take one delicious plunge, as it were, into the glory of the sunset, at an hour when the tenderest memories of the past return, — thoughts of all that has been and will never be again, — like a sweet and melancholy music coming to the ear from far away, or a lingering perfume of dead flowers that will bloom no more!

There was something selfish in this daily recreation of the duchess. She was like some despot of music, who has an opera sung to an empty theatre while he sits alone there, lying back at his ease in the depths of an upholstered chair. The wondrous beauty of that dying sun, the purple mourning colors that draped the sky and the sea of that Mediterranean paradise were things she wanted all for herself. And in that garden she could have them.

On this occasion, when the duchess

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reached her favorite retreat, she noticed, with some traces of annoyance, that she was not, as usual, entirely alone. A smell of tobacco smoke mingled perceptibly with the fragrance of the flowers. She heard a cough behind the intertwining branches of the trees. A man had invaded her dominions and was enjoying the view which she had chosen to call her own.

The old lady was tempted to protest, as if a trespasser had ventured on property of hers. And yet, when the intruder appeared and stepped toward her, the expression of displeasure on her face changed to one of cordial greeting.

'Oh, it 's you, Mr. Baldwin. I am so glad to see you here.'

II

Whenever, from time to time, John Baldwin, the American multimillionaire, came to spend a few weeks in the palace on Cap Martin, which he had bought through a newspaper advertisement, he attracted the attention of the whole Blue Coast. Though any number of forgotten celebrities — ex-premiers, dethroned monarchs, retired magnates — could be found in the small strip of territory that stretches between Cannes and Mentone, there was not a single 'winterer' on the Riviera comparable to him. The authorities were always soliciting his aid for public charities. Philanthropic organizations were forever sending the most important men of the native population to knock at his door in the interest of this or that good work. Every theatrical or musical function showed his name among its patrons. The omnipotent millionaire was something like a god, who never reveals himself to profane eyes, but makes his presence felt everywhere through his miracles.

Visitors to his beautiful palace were rarely received by him in person, though just as rarely, if they came for any defensible purpose, did they go away without some donation. The few who had met him personally would point him out as a real curiosity when he appeared on the boulevard in Nice, or in one of the gambling-rooms at Monte Carlo. 'Do you know? That is Baldwin over there — Baldwin, the American millionaire!' Such information would usually be received with an exclamation of surprise. 'What! Baldwin? That, Baldwin? Why, he looks as poor as a rat!'

Baldwin, in fact, always dressed very plainly; and his habits were as simple as his clothes. Though his garages on Cap Martin held numerous automobiles of the most fashionable makes, he went almost everywhere on foot. He chose his secretaries for their refinement and good taste in dress. He seemed to enjoy being taken for the servant of the elegant secretaries who sometimes went with him on his walks.

People described him ordinarily as 'the richest man on earth.' Those who pretended greater intimacy with his affairs asserted that he had a million dollars on his checking account at the bank. When asked why he allowed such an enormous capital to lie idle, he would answer with a sigh of weariness. Money bored him so! What could he do with money? It was impossible to invest it in anything better than his own business; and since his various enterprises in mining and manufacturing had already reached their maximum development and were in need of no further capital, why should he worry?

The Duchess of Pontecorvo had known Baldwin ever since he became her neighbor on Cap Martin — the friendship of an old lady, famous in her time, but now forgotten, with a rich man whose name was a catchword throughout the world. The duchess had found times much changed since

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the days of her youth. Countries where she had been intimate with royalty had become republics. In the present democratic age, millionaires like Baldwin were the real lords of the earth. She herself had spent the larger part of her former fortune on the careers of her children, and for years had been living a life of gilded poverty, which allowed only infrequent excursions from her villa on Cap Martin.

That is why the aged aristocrat felt the greatest respect for this potentate of a younger age; and that is why she smiled so cordially when she discovered that the intruder on her solitude was the American millionaire. Hitherto she had seen him at social gatherings, of an afternoon, in sombre palace halls, where the lighting was controlled by older hostesses, careful to avoid the glaring, indiscreet rays of unobstructed sunlight. Now, here he was before her in the open air, and in that garden where trees and stones seemed to have halos of green around them, so intense was the golden radiance dripping from the sky.

She was eighty, and he was quite as old, if not, as the duchess suspected, a few years older. But he was still a strong man, one of those hard, wiry, elastic persons on whom the storms of the years beat as on a marble temple, roughening the surface, perhaps, but powerless to break them down. Old age seemed to have toughened John Baldwin, throwing a wrapper of parchment, as it were, around him, an armor proof against disease and impenetrable to the shafts of death. His dark-blue suit had been cut to fit him; yet he seemed to move about in it as if it had been made for another person. The slenderness of his neck emphasized the massive structure of his head — a prominent, bulging forehead, a strong, protruding lower jaw, evidences of intelligence and will, remnants of a vigorous youth, which the deep lines of his aged face had not been able to obscure.

And his eyes, also! His eyes were as bright as they had ever been. It was easy to guess how they must have flashed in his angry moments as a youth. They looked out upon you with the piercing, disconcerting glare that belongs to men who are masters of men. In them one could see the secret of his great worldly success. And yet their outlines were somewhat softened now by a trace of gentleness and kindliness. They suggested willingness on a fighter's part to forget the struggles of the past.

At sight of the duchess, Baldwin threw away the smashed and much-chewed cigar-butt he had been smoking.

'How do you happen to be here?' the duchess asked, offering her hand in cordial greeting.

'Oh, one of my friends told me about the view from here. He heard you describe it so enthusiastically the other day! I thought I would come and have a look at it myself. You are right, madame! It is wonderful!'

They sat down on a rustic bench of tree-trunks, looking out over the sea at their feet, the villages along the shore, and the distant foothills of the Alps. Automobiles, like so many insects, were running along the thread-like roadways visible far down at the foot of the hills. A train was in sight on the Franco-Italian railroad, though at that distance the locomotive seemed to be puffing in silence and there was no rumbling of the wheels. In fact, the stillness of the garden was broken only by the tinkling of little bells that came from a herd of goats grazing along the slopes below the garden — a soft, mellow tinkling, like the ring from a Venetian glass. The sea had turned to a more subdued azure, less harsh on the eyes than previously in the blinding deluge of light rained upon it from the sun.

'Yes, it is beautiful!' said the duchess

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after a long pause. 'It is wonderful!'

As they sat there in silence, the full solemnity of the dying day came over them. 'What a pity it is,' Baldwin observed, 'that we have to wait till we are old before we can enjoy the deepest and sweetest pleasures of life! When we are young, we are always worried about things. We are looking forward all the time. Our hopes and ambitions blind our eyes to the things actually present before us. I imagine that many of the men I used to know, if they could rise from their graves on the other side of the ocean and come here now, would be surprised to see old man Baldwin stopping to look at a landscape and actually enjoying it, without a thought for the ups and downs of exchange!'

The duchess nodded without clearly foreseeing what her companion was about to say.

'I imagine that you, too,' he continued, 'have had to wait for the years to go by before you could take a really true delight in the beauties of Nature; though women, as a rule, are born more poetic, more sentimental, than men, and when they are young, furthermore, have more time to devote to what are called "higher" things. I am sure you are enjoying what you see before you quite as much as you used to enjoy a soirée at the Tuileries.'

Again the duchess nodded, quite flattered that the powerful personage at her side should take an interest in her humble self. Something of her vanished coquetry came to life again. Baldwin, the richest man in the world, had come to visit that remote garden just because she had praised it to one of his friends! These new bourgeois upstarts of the day were not so hard, so lacking in all feeling, as she had been told. She began to talk of her past as if the aged American were an old friend of hers.

'You are right,' she said. 'The life I am leading now is not so brilliant as the life of gayety I led when I was young. But it has its consolations. You see, I have suffered a great deal in my time, Mr. Baldwin. People's lives are something like houses, are n't they? You have to live in them before you know what they really are.'

The American millionaire had heard many stories about the career of the duchess in the old days. She had been a very interesting person; and he began to listen to her story attentively.

The Duchess of Pontecorvo was a Spanish woman, by birth distantly related to the Empress Eugénie. She had come to Paris to join the galaxy of beauties that revolved around the magnificent sovereign in the Tuileries. Her family, of the ancient Spanish nobility, had long since been ruined; so the Empress tried to arrange a suitable marriage for her protégée with some important personage in France. The man in whom the young lady showed greatest interest was a general in Napoleon's army, who had just received a title of duke — Duke of Pontecorvo — for a victory his division had won in the wars in Italy.

The duchess made no mystery of the incompatibility of taste and temperament between herself and the rough soldier she finally married. But life at court was so gay that domestic troubles were not terribly oppressive. She had found life quite tolerable. When the Empire fell, and all the brilliant life that centred around the Court in Paris came to an end, the marshal died of a broken heart. He could not survive the overthrow of the Emperor and the shock of the great disaster of 1870. Two children, boys, had been born to the duchess. They in turn had set up new families and carried off the greater part of their father's fortune.

To escape unpleasant contrasts between her former splendor and the modest way in which she now had to

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live, the widowed duchess went to Cap Martin, intending to spend the rest of her life in the palace that had been her vacation home in the days of her splendor. There she could live in company with old friends from earlier times, without obtruding the decline in her resources.

The Empress was a not infrequent visitor to the Riviera. When Eugénie came to Cap Martin, she would pay a visit to the duchess; and the two old ladies, dressed in their widow's weeds, would talk of the happy days gone by. But now the Empress was dead; and the passing of that lifelong friend brought home to the duchess the short time that must be left before she too passed on.

Only one memento was still left from her really brilliant youth — her necklace, the 'Necklace of the Duchess,' a jewel so closely identified with her fame that to dispose of it would be a public declaration of poverty.

'You are right, Mr. Baldwin,' she continued. 'Old age does have its pleasures. I am now well acquainted with something that I never knew before — peace, quiet, tranquillity. I have no ambitions left, of course. I have so restricted my daily needs that there is hardly a thing in the world I really want. Life does not call to me with the vibrant voice that it used to have before. At the same time it is without the old sorrows and the old worries. At our age, for instance, there is no such thing as love; but yet, there is friendship! And how much more wonderful and lasting than love that sometimes is! You can't imagine what a beautiful woman, a woman whom many, many men desire, has to go through in life. You live in a state of perpetual alarm. You are afraid to venture on the slightest intimacy with a man. The moment one appears, you come to regard him as a possible enemy. The life of a great beauty is like that of the commander of a fortress under siege: she never has a moment's rest!

'For the first time in my life I am free to enjoy friendship, comradeship, with men. That is something I never knew when I was young. It was a great surprise to me to find that a man need not necessarily be a torment! But at our age, you see, people are not men and women. They are friends, companions, comrades. When passion is once out of the way, all the other beauties of the human soul come more into evidence and seem more attractive in our eyes.

'Of course, sometimes, when I see a pretty, charming, popular young girl, I remember my own days of triumph, and feel a flash of envy; but I soon get over that. Why envy them? Some day they will be old, too. They will reach the point that I have reached. The fact is, I suppose, one can be really selfish when one is old. One can just live, and feel all the delights of just living — something that a young person never dreams of. Believe me, Mr. Baldwin, I am not at all sorry that I am eighty years old; and I am glad to see that you, after your long and active life, feel as I do about it.'

'Well, yes,' the old man replied, musing sadly; 'yes — if only we could always be old! But there's death, is n't there?'

The animation with which the duchess had been speaking vanished from her face, and there was a tremor of sadness in her voice as she replied: —

'Yes, that is true. There's death! We old people have not very long to live!'

III

There was a long silence. Then the old man expressed aloud all that he had been thinking while the duchess was telling the story of her life. He, too, found a strong contrast between the

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present and the past; but he did not regret his retirement, after a life so full of energy that the greatest business men in the world had considered him the type of the man of action. After all, there was no reason why he should go on working forever. What could he do that he had not already done? There was really no rôle left for John Baldwin to play in the comedy — the tragedy — of life. And yet he went on living, because there is something in us that makes us want to live, quite aside from all the calculations and conveniences of men!

'You have no idea, duchess, of the real extent of my business enterprises. People call me rich; but that word gives no adequate idea of the wealth I actually have. Half the world would have to go bankrupt before I could be entirely ruined. I have to think up devices for restricting the growth of my income. I leave enormous sums of money lying idle in the banks just because I have more money than I can possibly use. I find it annoying to have so much around.

'I say I have seen everything, and where I have not been I could easily be to-morrow, if I thought it worth while. But none of the things that attract men ordinarily have any charm for me now. I am so old that I see the futility of all the varieties of human vanity. I have no children, and my one concern is to find ways to invest my money where it will do some good after I am gone.

'Well, I have founded libraries, museums, and universities. I have endowed charitable organizations — though my reason tells me that charity is of no particular use in this world. I spend my money often without examining the bases of the requests that are made of me. I am tired of buying pictures and subsidizing books that do not pay. I am also tired of giving money for the progress of science and invention. Good enough, in their way, such things — when you are young and enthusiastic, and believe in the future! Now I have no enthusiasm about anything; and as for the future — '

The old man fell silent for a time. Then he resumed, in a voice not untouched with rancor: —

'As for the future, the future does interest me, to tell the truth, the way exciting business propositions interested me when I was young. Sometimes, when I meet ragged newsboys on the street, or little cowherds on the mountainsides, I feel a sort of jealous anger at them. They are so young, those little shavers! They are sure to live so much longer than I can ever live! "Ah, you little rogues," I say to myself, "you will be here to see things that I shall have no chance to see." The thought makes me feel how useless money is, how absurd the respect it inspires in everyone! The famous John Baldwin, for all his two billions, is worth, in terms of future experience, less than a little beggar who crawls along on all fours to pick up the cigar-butt you are throwing away!

'We are living in 1920. Sometimes I amuse myself by wondering what things will be like when you double the twenty part of it — 1940! What are twenty years for any of the young people who are now around us? They are so sure of living that long, that they are ready to risk their chance on it for a passing moment's pleasure. And I, John Baldwin, who have stood before the kings of the earth, and am a king myself so far as money and power are concerned, could not for all my wealth buy those twenty years, if I took into my service all the intelligence and science in the world.'

The two old people lapsed into silence again.

'I have seen everything,' Baldwin finally resumed, 'and I have had everything. For that very reason life has no more attractions for me. And yet I still

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want to live! The certainty that I am soon to die angers me, depresses me, beyond endurance. I suppose it is the idleness of my retirement that makes me think of such things now, and emphasizes reality as it is. The old days were days of struggle. There were obstacles to overcome, problems to solve. There is a kind of poetry in youth, and poetry disguises things, throws a veil of illusion over them, so that the dreamer never sees them as they really are. In my case it was the thirst for power; and the pursuit of power was an absorbing, an inspiring preoccupation. Now that everything has come to me, the enchantment is gone. I see the framework of fatuity that underlies human existence; and on that my eyes, by a strange perversity of old age, are fixed. It is as if a man saw only the skeleton under the beauty of an attractive woman.

'I remember how anxiously I used to wait for the outcome of enterprises that meant success or total ruin for me. I have lost four fortunes in my time. More often it was a great triumph. Now, the arrival of a cablegram fails to give me the slightest thrill. Whatever the message it contains, I know it will make very little difference in the mass of my possessions or achievements. Most people, when they have fought a long battle to make a fortune, have to make a second and sometimes harder fight to keep what they have earned. I am beyond all such worries. My victory has been so overwhelming, so complete, that my wealth stands there on its own feet, and a generation of the world's activities could hardly overthrow it. Well, there you are! What have I to live for?'

The duchess, in her humble way, had many pet charities in which she was always trying to interest her more fortunate society friends. She was going to mention one of them when she remembered what the great American had said some moments before. Baldwin did not believe in charity, though he practised it in a more or less casual way, giving money to those who asked for it just because they asked for it. Besides, she was loath to break in with any commonplace advice on what was obviously a despairing confession on the part of the old man, prompted by the melancholy beauty of the afternoon.

'I have no hopes unrealized, no desires unsatisfied,' he continued. 'Yet I don't want to die. Death seems to me something insulting, something unworthy of me, something beneath my dignity as a man. Strange, is n't it? Everything in life is so complicated, so mysterious, so hard to understand. Nothing is ever simple. The moment we go beyond the obvious occupations of everyday life, things become involved beyond our comprehension. Death, for instance — Well, people have been talking about death for thousands and thousands of years, everybody saying the same things, so that we have hundreds of trite expressions and aphorisms, which we repeat mechanically without thinking even of what they mean. It is only when we get old and find death right before us that we see fate in its actual outlines, and come to understand the full measure of human misery.

'Some people find consolation in the fact that death is the great leveler, that death represents democracy, equality. Well, that reflection may be of some use to the millions of unfortunates who have got nothing out of life. For such, death may represent the revenge of those who have failed, the satisfaction of those who are envious of others. But that is not my case. I am one of the successful men. What have I to gain by death?

'The thought of death as a long, refreshing sleep, the slumber that restores our wearied strength, is just as meaning-

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less. The man who lies down to sleep knows that he will wake up again in the morning. Death as sleep is a fancy of religion, the great consoler of human ignorance. At best, the notion is but a hope, a prophecy, that may or may not be fulfilled. We are not sure that the night of death will ever break into a new dawn!

'The poets have compared death to winter-time, a period of cold and silence, preceding and preparing the rebirth of springtime, the splendor and exuberance of summer. That, also, is a guess, a speculation, an attempt to snatch a grain of consolation from the infinite unknown.'

The sun was just touching the higher peaks of the western mountains, casting a dust of golden rose along the horizon, and unwinding a sash of violet and blue along the sea-line to the south. Some of the peaks seemed to be catching fire from a gigantic furnace flaming beyond and within them. The old man pointed his cane at the sinking sun.

'The death of the sun is not death at all. That sun knows that he will rise to-morrow morning in the east, and retraverse the path of glory he has followed for thousands and thousands of centuries. I imagine that is why, each evening, he bids us farewell so gloriously. He reminds one of a great actor who does a great death-scene on the stage, with his mind on the midnight supper he is to have in the café an hour later. No, we do not die like that. With us it is once and for always; and what makes matters worse, almost, is that, when we get ready to depart, we see others in the full flush of youth coming on to take our places.

'Sometimes I envy the great trees in the forest. They die so slowly and so resignedly. They keep the ground underneath them dark. There are no impudent saplings rising in the shade, to taunt the agony of the giant with his helplessness. Human beings are not so fortunate. Decrepitude comes over us, while the young people about us are beaming with the radiant prospects of their long futures.'

The duchess was listening attentively, because she judged that everything that such a celebrity thought and said must be important. Nevertheless, all that brooding over death disquieted her. Could n't he talk on some more pleasant subject? Had n't he heard any new gossip about the people living along the coast? There was that young woman in the house on the Cape. Did n't he know what people were saying about her? Why should old people worry about death, anyhow? Death comes to them soon enough without their troubling to send a special invitation!

When the duchess timidly ventured this last reflection, Mr. Baldwin showed himself the man of authority, the man accustomed to holding the floor at directors' meetings. He did not choose to be distracted from his line of thought. He went on talking, but in a lower voice, and with his eyes on the ground, as if he were embarrassed in advance by the complaint he was to make against destiny.

'Human life reminds me of a badly managed piece of business, where the superintendent is either a lunatic or a malicious fool. Life never succeeds in doing what it undertakes to do. When we are young, we work to make our way in the world. We set out after glory and wealth. In attaining them, we waste the years when the possession of them would do us any good. We find success when we are old, at a time when success and failure are much the same thing. The years when we might enjoy them are years usually of sacrifice and renunciation.

'Just imagine, duchess! For years and years I worked like a dog, shut up in dark offices or in smoky factories,

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when, outside, the sun was shining and the gardens were in flower. Now, when I have everything, I can even improve on Nature, if she does n't satisfy me. I can make a paradise out of a desert. Do you know that many women who found me impossible when I was young, I could now persuade to love me, old and decrepit as I am? Money is a wonderful thing, duchess — when you don't have it!

'People all consider themselves immortal. A man knows all along that some day he is going to die; but death is always a concern for some future day. It is never real to the moment! We find it natural that other people should die. As for ourselves, death is something incredible, almost impossible. The young people of the present would not understand us if they heard us talking now. They will have to wait till they get older, to know the full misery of human life. But when their turn comes, they will moralize as we are doing, and prove just as unintelligible to the generation after them.

'People like to delude themselves. They refuse to think of death in the midst of their happiness.'

At this point the duchess broke in, to emphasize the necessity of illusion, without which life would be impossible. The old man agreed.

'Yes,' he said, 'we must deceive ourselves in order to go on living. We all pass through life on the wings of some dream or other — all of us, even those who seem furthest removed from any kind of sentiment. You think me a hard man, don't you, duchess? Well, all my life long I have been chasing a will-o'-the-wisp, living on an illusion that in every moment of trial has given me strength and courage to push on.'

Baldwin reviewed the story of his life from the days of the Civil War, when he had thrown up a promising business position to become a soldier. When, after the war, he had saved his first thousand dollars, he went to Europe, and was in Paris once during the later years of Napoleon's reign, at the time of the famous Exposition.

'That was where I saw you first, duchess, when all Paris was talking about your beauty, your splendor, the magnificence of your entourage.'

'O Mr. Baldwin!' the duchess interrupted, very much flattered. 'What a pity you were never introduced! It would have been so delightful to know you when you were young.'

'I should never have been received,' Baldwin replied. 'I was a young fellow, vigorous, and not bad-looking, perhaps; but something far less presentable than the old man you see before you. I was very poor then, and struggling for an education. I had nothing of what is called breeding. My hands were rough and calloused from manual toil. No, it did n't even occur to the John Baldwin of those days that he could have a place at one of your receptions. I was content with standing on the sidewalk, lost in the Exposition crowds, on the chance that the Emperor would pass that way in an open carriage, with the Empress at his side, and, in attendance on her, the Duchess of Pontecorvo, then in the full effulgence of her youth and beauty.'

'O Mr. Baldwin!' the Duchess said again, looking at the ground, while a faint blush overspread her pale wrinkled cheeks.

'Well,' the American continued, 'that is when I saw you first; and, do you know, I have never forgotten you all my life long! You see, boys have to fix their eyes on some great goal, on something far above them. The more unattainable the goal, the better; for, if it is quite out of reach, the illusion they hang on it will never be disturbed by contact with cold realities. You were that inaccessible pinnacle to me. You will excuse me, duchess! We are both

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of us now of an age when we can say things without any of the restraints proper to the young. Yes, you! In my time of danger and struggle, three ambitions were always in my mind, three goals that were to be the reward of victory. I wanted, first, an enormous, palatial residence surrounded by a tremendous park. I wanted a yacht big enough to sail any sea on earth. And my third ambition — of course, it was really my first, the one most persistently before my mind — was to have for a wife either a woman like the Duchess of Pontecorvo, or the Duchess of Pontecorvo herself!

'And, you see, life often affords unexpected bounties that it seemed quite mad to dream of in advance. As for that palace, I have a dozen of them scattered here and there about the world. As for the yacht, I could build a fleet of them, if I weren't bored to death with the three I already have in one port or another of the United States and Europe. It is the third ambition that I never realized. The one thing that John Baldwin failed to attain in his triumphant existence was the Duchess of Pontecorvo!'

'O Mr. Baldwin!' the duchess repeated in a great flutter of effusiveness. 'O Mr. Baldwin, how funny!'

'And I suppose the reason why that illusion has always been with me is because I failed in winning her. I can honestly say, duchess, that I have thought of you every moment of my life. A man like me has work to do, work that often leaves little leisure for sentimental broodings. But I am able to affirm that in the few moments of repose I have had, every time I was able to let my fancy wander as it listed, the first picture inevitably to come into my mind was the memory of you.

'I married, of course, and I loved my wife, I am sure. She was a good woman, an excellent housewife, a charming, delightful comrade; but the flare, the glory of my dream of love always lingered about your image; and I believe it was in that that I found the stimulus to go on with my work. I understood in a certain way that the beauty of my dream lay in the fact that it would never come true. That is why I never tried to find you when I had become a really successful man. I was old, you see, and you could not have been very young. Your children had grown up and established families of their own. You were long since a grandmother. What would have been the use? Why destroy the last illusion left me?'

He stopped for a second, while the duchess studied his face with interest, struggling apparently to reconstruct before her mind's eye the image of the American millionaire as he must have been in those youthful days.

'O Mr. Baldwin!' she said again, 'why did n't you declare yourself?'

The old man, absorbed in the thread of his own thoughts, seemed not to be listening.

'I did n't try to find you because I was afraid you might have changed in the meantime. Now — it does n't matter! You have changed, if I may say so; and I have changed, changed immensely. There is little left of the John Baldwin who used to stand on the sidewalk in Paris and watch you go by. We are two old people who have outlived their real lives. The woman I am speaking of is the woman I can still see in my imagination. In my mind no time has passed, and fashions have not changed. The only Duchess of Pontecorvo that I shall ever really know is a woman in a hooped crinoline skirt, in the style of the Empress Eugénie and the other ladies of the Imperial Court. — And that is the only duchess I care to know. For that is the woman who was loved as few women are ever loved, loved by a poor young American, who

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likewise has passed away — a love whose principal charm was its unselfishness; a love never to be requited because it was never to be revealed!'

'O Mr. Baldwin!' the old lady repeated in a trembling voice, as if she were about to weep; 'why did n't you speak? Why did n't you tell me then what you are telling me now?'

Baldwin shrugged his shoulders. He had a clearer, a more accurate sense of reality than she. He understood that what now seemed to this old woman an unpardonable oversight, she would have regarded in those days as an unpardonable presumption.

The sun had set, leaving a patch of pale rose upon the mountain-tops, the last trace of its departed glory. The evening star was twinkling in the luminous trail that still brightened the western sky. The eastern horizon above the Italian mountains was deepening to an intenser blue, through which, fainter still, a few stars were struggling to appear. A breeze had begun to blow down from the mountains, setting the leaves of the garden astir on its way out to wrinkle the placid mirror of the sea. The old duchess seemed not to notice. Her mind was on other things.

'Why did n't you speak then?' she insisted. 'It would have been so interesting! Why did n't you declare yourself?'

Baldwin again shrugged his shoulders; for now the illusion was quite dead, and it had been dead for a long time. He had spoken only under the impulsive need for confession that we all seem to feel at certain moments. Ever since he had found the duchess living near him on Cap Martin he had been intending to make this revelation to her. That, perhaps, was what had impelled him to pay a visit to the garden of the church. But, once confessed, the weight had been lifted from his soul and — life never goes backward; peace be with the dead!

But the woman, more responsive to sentimental things, was unwilling to forget. She clung to the illusion as if it were a life-raft come to her hand in the torrent of time that was sweeping her so rapidly toward eternity. Besides, her feminine vanity had been aroused from its sleep of half a century. A declaration of love at eighty! And from the most powerful man in the world!

Baldwin coughed. The evening wind was chilling him.

'Let 's go,' he said. 'At our age it is not quite safe to catch cold.'

He gave one last look at the crimson afterglow. 'The sun has gone,' he said. 'To-morrow he will return, and the next day, and the next. But when we sink below the horizon of life — '

The duchess took his arm, and began to walk back along the path to the church, her bamboo cane beating rhythmically on the flagstones. Quite unconscious of everything around her, she seemed not to hear what her companion was saying. She had gone far back into the past — and how delightful those memories were!

They pushed their way through the bushes of the garden, lowering their heads to avoid the hanging branches.

'Why did you not declare yourself?' she kept repeating. 'Why did you not tell me then what you have just told me now?'

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THE IRON MAN IN INTERNATIONAL POLITICS

BY ARTHUR POUND

I

In America we invent, manufacture, and use in the production of goods, an infinite number of machines; but we pay scant heed to the effect of these machines upon the evolution of society. Out here, in our great Middle West machine-shops, where the automatic principle of machine production has reached its highest development and broadest application, we possess tools superior to those of Paris. Yet it would never have occured to any of us to say in 1914, as did M. Bergson, addressing the French Academy:—

'Many years hence, when the reaction of the past shall have left only the grand outlines in view, this, perhaps, is how a philosopher will speak of our age. He will say that the idea, peculiar to the nineteenth century, of employing science in the satisfaction of our material wants had given a wholly unforeseen extension to the mechanical arts, and equipped man, in less than fifty years, with more tools than he had made during the thousands of years he had lived upon earth. Each new machine being for man a new organ, — an artificial organ, — his body became suddenly and prodigiously increased in size, without his soul being at the same time able to dilate to the dimensions of his new body.'

Bergson pictures the 'machinate mammal' of Butler's striking phrase as a dread, autogenetic being, adding limbs and organs *ad infinitum*, without corresponding growth of soul — a modern monster set going by our busy Frankensteins, the inventors. Let us consider, rather, man in society, organized into states, and observe some of the political and social results which have followed, and are likely to follow, multiplication of man-power by machinery.

Multiplying man-power by machinery sets going certain forces and tendencies in key with — but not at all points parallel to — those set going in other times by brisk breeding. However generated, new peaks of human energy strain social and political systems evolved to carry currents less high. Unless the current is cut down, or the system of distribution readjusted to carry the new peak-load, something breaks. War is simply one method of restoring equilibrium between the kinetics of human energy and the statics of social order.

Machine use, on the expanding scale of recent years, multiplies goods-production over and above any point attainable by natural increase without machine assistance. Power over machines enabled the coal-and-iron members of the great-nations group to establish world-leadership in the years between the industrial revolution and the World War. Not only did population in the industrial state increase absolutely, but the effectiveness of those increased populations in wealth-production multiplied over and over. States with more machines assumed preponderant political influence over those with less.

Because the nations of leading power

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at the opening of the twentieth century were all white and all Christian, a false idea arose that this overlordship rested upon race or religion; but Japan's entrance, following victory over Russia, proved the acid test of world-power to be industrial prowess. Enough productivity to furnish, year after year, a considerable excess of goods for export, and to support naval and military forces proportionate to the resulting extensive overseas interests — these were the prime desiderata of power; and the nation possessing them could be sure of its place in the sun, regardless of color or the constitution of its Godhead.

Machine-power not only strengthened nationalism by slowing down dispersion through emigration, but also intensified it through generating real need for group-action to ensure subsistence from foreign sources. To make the industrial centre secure, its economic hinterland must be likewise secure; states were constantly urged by groups oppressed by the conviction of insecurity to move outward toward the control of that ever-widening hinterland, without whose produce and consumption the industrial complex at home must languish in unprofitable depression.

In earlier times natural increase set going centrifugal forces, which machine increase shifted into centripetal forces. Nations in effective possession of coal and iron held their nationals, because machines permitted the use at home of more labor and more capital per acre. Instead of sending forth surplus population at the former rate, the industrial states sent forth, in ever-increasing volume, surplus goods to compete with those of their rival nationals in world markets. The descendants of men who had won sustenance at the spear-point in forced migrations now fought one another with goods, and recorded their victories in ledgers instead of sagas. Upon the profitable and certain sale of these goods depended national solvency and domestic content, the hunger or plenty of millions of wage-earners, the revenues which supported governments, military establishments, educational institutions — in short, modern Western civilization. Realizing the vulnerability of their economic supports, the industrial societies of the Old World grew more and more state-conscious, and drifted into more and more bristling attitudes toward one another. Thus modern nationalism developed a sinister accent.

Given the determining mechanisms, this development was sure as fate. Arteries of national existence, inextricably interwoven, came to thread the Seven Seas. Though the bulk of imported nourishment grew in stabilized quarters, certain essentials of industrial life were gathered from lightly settled districts of uncertain political complexion, where the white man's code did not run. Concessions and capitulations, extra-territoriality and economic penetration — these satisfied neither natives nor invaders. Willy-nilly, the situation made for imperialism. Wherever moneys were owing and courts were not; wherever raw materials needed in the mills back home could be produced; wherever goods could be sold to the heathen if the latter could be educated sufficiently in wants; wherever capital could be multiplied by exploiting cheap labor — there industrial societies, although located on the other side of the earth, had stakes, vital stakes of existence. The temptation was powerful, indeed, to change these stakes of existence into stakes of empire. Africa was partitioned; western Asia became a bickering ground; China was partitioned into spheres of influence, and must soon have been parceled out, if the United States, not yet hard pressed economically, had not initiated the saving reprieve of the Open Door.

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So far toward the war had the nations traveled by the beginning of the century. Thereafter came intrigue after intrigue for adjustment and review. Only by stating and restating the Monroe Doctrine, in terms which would have amazed Monroe, were we able to fend off itching hands from South America, perchance to keep for ourselves freedom of action in that quarter at some later date. Elsewhere the game went on with ever-increasing openness as the economic needs of Europe became more acute. The nations looked sharply to navies, coaling-stations, merchant marines, as so much national insurance under the conditions imposed by the Iron Man. Popular hate must be roused to wring funds for naval expansion from parliaments and tax-payers. Enter propaganda, the press doing its share and navy leagues the rest. Diplomatic incident followed incident, well named because so obviously incidental eruptions of the primary force that made peace ever more difficult to keep. Algeciras, London, The Hague — all vain while factory wheels continued to move at an ever-accelerated pace, and statesmen continued thinking in terms of politics instead of economics. Back of all this diplomatic jockeying and military picketing, commercial zeal and naval expansion, — the motor-force behind all these expressions of national will, — operated unceasingly the overload of human energy released by machine multiplication of man-power.

Responsibility for this dangerous evolution rests upon political rigidity rather than upon industrial progress. Internally each of the industrial states maintained such a division of the returns of industry that its full production could not be consumed at home; internationally trade and finance reached planetary proportions without correspondingly broad political and legal controls. Failing such controls, the situation marched swiftly to its conclusion. Almost to the last, either of two dénouements was possible — either the boundaries of industrial states must burst under inequalities of pressure generated by increased populations and increased machines, or the machines themselves must be slowed down by eliminating profits from their operation. The first meant war — the World War; the second meant war also, but of a different sort — the war between classes, the social revolution.

In midsummer of 1914, it was hard to say which method of bleeding the too-vital patient would be adopted. Had Juarès lived, who knows how changed the face of history might be? The state-war method won the desperate race against time. At the moment decision rested with certain Germans, who may have been influenced, consciously or unconsciously, by the hovering spectre of social and political revolution. If deferred then, the decision a little later might have rested upon other persons elsewhere; and if so, the answer must have been the same — war. Useless to apply ethical rules at such a pass; indicting forces is even more absurd than indicting nations. The important thing to understand, here and now, is that, given nationalism as the dominant social fact of the planet, sea-striding industrialism as its dominant economic fact, and the control of weak peoples by strong as its dominant political fact, peace in or near the year 1914 could not be maintained without qualifying one or all of the three. It was not done. There were none big enough to do it. To that extent the war may be considered inevitable.

II

Has Europe's blood-letting, plus its post-war Socialism and Communism, rid the world of wars bred in the market-

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place? The situation does not make for confidence. State competition, intensified by hunger, hate, and debt, is not yet restrainable by international bonds. Russia's experiment does not recommend the class-war as a means to peace. Just as industry and nationalism conceived and brought forth the World War, without quite knowing either when or how conception occurred, so they may add to the Martian family in the future. Indeed, certain tendencies of modern industrialism, in its new automatic phase as yet but dimly understood, seem destined to put even more strain upon the political framework of the planet than that under which the same framework cracked in 1914.

One such aspect of industrialism is its tendency to spread. Born in England, the factory system has migrated to northwestern Europe, northern Italy, the United States, and Japan. It has healthy roots in Canada, less healthy ones in Mexico. It appeared in Russia, and contributed to that débâcle. China is getting under industrial way, slowly, but with a steady ponderosity which Ross, Stoddard, and Weale agree means nothing less than an economic upheaval certain to affect every nation and individual on earth as time runs on. India, too, is on the way, quickening step during the war; Australia, by erecting a tariff wall, encourages domestic industries. Thus industry travels; how far can it go?

The spread of industry among colored and Slavic populations has been retarded appreciably by the fact that, in the past, industrial production required the application of certain traits, natural or acquired, which, for historic reasons beyond the scope of this paper, are more apparent in white peoples than in others. The skill element was paramount. Now industry has machines so highly perfected that highly specialized skill is not required. Ordinary intelligence and average manual dexterity are the top requirements, from the standpoint of production only, for the operative or attendant of automatic machines. He who brings maximum endurance to the shop at minimum cost will profit his employer most. On this basis the Chinese coolie, at first glance, appears unbeatable. If not the best individual, his cheapness still may give his produce an advantage in the market. The Japanese have demonstrated a considerable degree of Oriental adaptability to modern machines. The Hindu test may not be far behind. And since the tendency in machine-development is always toward less and less mental demand upon the operative, there is the possibility that even more backward peoples than these may some day find machines attuned to their mental and manual capacities. The huge profits likely to follow promptly upon the putting of cheap, low-standard labor to work upon automatic and semi-automatic machines should be enough to ensure that, soon or late, all peoples will be brought to the ordeal by the Iron Man.

But whether browns, blacks, and yellows can withstand this ordeal is another matter. Theoretically, expansion of industry should proceed until export trade in manufactured goods is much curtailed. But there are offsets to consider — capital, coal, iron, oil, water-power. Dearth of these bars industry from many quarters. Far more important, however, are the varying abilities of races and peoples to meet the social and political problems presented by machine industry. The white race is progressive; the historic concept which has motivated western history gives it a superior elasticity of adaptation to changing conditions. Yet the war proves that even we favored whites could not escape at least one terrific setback resulting from industrial impact. The depth and breadth of present social

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unrest further emphasizes the difficulties of adjustment on that side of the equation. Since the colored races have not yet been tried in the fiery crucible of industry, no one can prophesy their reaction to the impact of modern industry.

Consider from this angle some of the vital demands that industry makes upon government and upon society. Industry requires a government at once strong and flexible. Government must preserve domestic order against class jealousies that fatten upon the disparity of wealth inevitably arising from industrialism under private ownership, as King demonstrates in his comparison of incomes in Prussia and Wisconsin. It must uphold contracts under conditions in which contractual relations become increasingly complex. It must protect the people from their employers and from themselves; it must maintain such hours of labor and working conditions as will save the workers from being ground down in ruthless competition, or enfeebled by their own weaknesses. It must encourage the public, and find ways and means to compensate it for the social sacrifices involved in industrial production, which compensations must be provided outside of factory walls and enjoyed in leisure. To provide these sedatives requires an imaginative, strongly functioning public spirit outside of the industrial group, and the finding of funds to make expensive dreams of social progress come true, at least sufficiently to allay discontent.

The dilemma presented by heavy social needs and the very real danger of overtaxing industry is not an easy one to solve, even for states highly organized; it may well prove insoluble for states which, like China and Turkey, reveal chronic inability to establish sound public finance. Finally, history gives no ground for believing that industry and autocracy are compatible; in the long run, so strong are the social pressures involved, a successful government of an industrial state must grow out of the conscious will of its people, represent their ideals, and be amenable to those ideals as they change from generation to generation. Even in Japan the advent of industry brought constitutional forms, not yet nationally digested. Those states in which representative democracy had reached its highest expression emerged from the desperate test of war and the grind of war-production with the least political and social damage.

Industry prospers best under capitalism and under representative democracy; I cannot conceive industry functioning well under other dispensations. German autocrats might introduce state socialism as they pleased; the fact of autocracy remained a threat to German industry. And because no colored race equals the white in its power to create the social and political setting in which machine industry thrives, I am unable to follow Lothrop Stoddard as far as he goes in forecasting the shrinking of the white man's markets, in his book, *The Rising Tide of Color*.

Indeed, the impact of industry upon colored races seems as likely to weaken them as the reverse. Modern industrialism places both the individual and society under severe and continued strains, physical, mental, moral. The more static the society, the more custom-tied the individual, the more severe the strain. English people have been evolving with and in industry under representative government for six centuries; for two centuries they have been applying power to machines and building up a factory system. All this time they have been building up definite immunities against industrial ills and definite predispositions to bargain themselves out of industrial ills. Yet they are

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never out of hot water, politically and industrially. I do not see how peoples without that background, or something like it, lacking alike political flexibility and industrial experience, can stand the shock of modern industrial life. Industrialism in its functioning and growth — and it is still growing — requires never-ending readjustments, compromises, and concessions, which are born of freedom and responsibility — the right of individuals and groups to bargain freely; and the duty, freely accepted, of living up to the bargain after it is made. Where these concepts have no place in the popular mind, there industry will have rough sledding, and can become efficient only through a system of force and repression which eventually defeats itself.

It is easy, under the automatic régime, for a man to stand beside a machine and produce goods, and difficult for him to stay there and remain a reasonably satisfied, contributing member of a political and social group, strong enough to maintain itself, yet flexible enough to give him reason to believe industrialism worth while. Mexico's experience is a case in point. Diaz, proceeding toward the industrialization of his country with the aid of foreign capital, enterprisers, and engineers, unmistakably bettered the economic condition of Mexican labor. Nevertheless, the peons' ideal of life remained agricultural; Madero won their backing with his promise of forty acres and a mule. Carranza, inheriting from Madero, frankly declared his country's antipathy to industrialism; whatever his faults, Carranza sized up his Indian correctly. Though the Mexican peon has certain innate capacities for factory work, notably high manual dexterity and stolid patience, he prefers to half-starve on the land rather than work upon modern machines indoors at wages that would enable him to maintain a higher standard of living. Necessity may bring him to the factory, if we whites insist; but he will remain a rebel, active or potential, against industrial organization so imposed.

The Mexican's instinctive reaction against industrial organization differs in degree, but not in kind, from that of many of our own shop-workers. There develops among the workers in highly automatized plants a chronic dissatisfaction, which cannot be explained away without reference to nerves. It seems to be proof against high wages and good conditions. Welfare-work, bonuses, shop-councils, even profit-sharing, do not drive it out. Clatter and haste are contributing factors; so also are indoor confinement, monotony of task, distance from the real boss, repression of personality, strict regimentation of effort, and the scant opportunity afforded for the play of the craftsman instinct, the joy in production.

But the basic cause lies deeper. All of us are descended from ancestors who, a comparatively short time ago, were farmers, hunters, and fishermen, with occasional experience as fighting men. Their work held considerable variety, called for great outbursts of physical energy interspersed with frequent letdowns. They had their labor-thrills along with their labor-pains. Even the simple annals of the mediæval poor must have been crowded with adventure, as compared with the systematic, colorless, bare-of-drama tasks of the modern factory. Your worker is there in the factory, not because he wants to be, but because he needs the money, and can discover no other means of getting it. Yet there is that stirring within him which informs him, even before the voice of the agitator reinforces the conviction, that this is no life for a real man. He gets, literally, no fun out of his labors. His environment irks him, and out of that attrition is born an *Arbeit-*

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schmerz as real as the *Weltschmerz* that Goethe discovered. Our tenders of machines are being starved in their souls; and while there may be sedatives for that malady, there is no specific.

That seems to me the root of social unrest in America, and it is probably equally true in Europe. Under our political and social controls, in a people naturally robust and hopeful in spirit, the sickness may not run its course. Though half our mechanics talk radicalism, they vote with the others for Harding, play baseball in our parks, and get some relief and encouragement out of being literate citizens of a republic whose evolution tends, however slowly, toward the interests of the masses.

But what will this chronic work-pain drive other breeds to do — breeds that get no relief out of sport and voting? Well, to cite the shining example, it seems to have poisoned Russia's industrial workers against the only system of industry under which industry functions profitably in our day; the Communists of Russia come from her few industrial towns. Signs of similar explosions are not lacking in Japan. No matter how shops are organized, no matter how profits are divided, this fraying of nerves in industry continues. Industry may stir temporarily the simple folk of Mandalay and Peshawur; but can they stand the shock any better than the Amerind withstood the white man's methods and the white man's whiskey? Modern industry is strong drink; those who have lived long with it, despite partial immunity born of experience, are none too happy; and those less experienced dally with it at the risk of their health, customs, general effectiveness, and political stability.

III

Viewing from these angles the possibility of spreading industrialism, a tremendous dilemma presents itself. On the one hand, the economic forces that spread industrialism outward from its English inception are still operative, and more vigorous than before. To the constant of self-interest is added a heightened state-interest flowing from huge debts. These converging interests now have tools at their disposal which admit to efficient production breeds of cheap men not hitherto available as industrial workers. These dynamic forces are not to be denied their trial of strength. On the other hand, peoples about to be introduced to industrialism must overcome grave social and political inhibitions before they cut down materially the demand for the white man's goods, and so restrict his influence in the world. These contrary forces — one set positive, the other negative; one the essence of progress, the other the essence of conservatism — are bound to do battle with one another on the world stage. Upon the outcome depends the future of terrestrial society.

Alarm as to the outcome has been sounded vociferously enough; and while the warnings may be more strident than the dangers are imminent, still the outlook calls for the highest statesmanship. The trial period, while the old and new do battle in Asia, is sure to be an era of extreme nervousness in international relations. During this period the white nations must strive toward a genuine solidarity, at the very time when their traders and governments are forced by powerful economic motives to cut into each other's markets. At a time, too, when rankling hate persists, and statecraft is still under the shadow of chauvinism. Any statesman who does not make an effort to overcome these difficulties deserves ill of posterity; because the situation is one in which peace must be labored for, and of which war is the logical outcome.

There can be no durable peace, and

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no effective white solidarity, so long as the coal-and-iron states continue treading the path of economic competition toward another Armageddon. A sword is suspended over civilization, and that sword can be sheathed only by such a reorientation of industrialism as will permit the aggressive nationalism it fosters to die of inanition. Much may be done by international agreement, with force back of the agreement; more may be done by the forward spirits in each industrial society forcing into public attention these internal adjustments necessary to bring social and political evolution into line with industrial evolution. The more energy goes into internal developments, the less will press outward to complicate international relations. There is plenty of work for all governments to do at home, before their populations recover their pre-war trust in governments.

Every alert man or woman recognizes that the masses are critical of governments in this year of grace. The conviction is growing that the war was of economic origin. Men are no longer willing to turn out war as a by-product of goods — on machines. Since a prime source of belligerency is goods-competition, sovereignty has become a matter of control over machines as well as over men. That is the direction in which competent governments must move; and those which fail to keep step will possess no valid reason for existence in the automatic-machine age. The peoples of the earth look to governments to set up a moral control over machine use; and this instinctive turning to the state for relief is sound to the core, since states are the only groupings of humanity strong enough to harness the Iron Man to the chariot of human well-being.

THE GUILD OF STUDENTS

BY WILBUR C. ABBOTT

I

Of all concerns of our democracy, most men agree, the chief is education in some form. From little red schoolhouse to Research Council, all of us at some time, some of us at all times, are brought in touch with it; and all of us at all times profess an interest in it. Our boys and girls go — or are sent — to college or university. Thence they emerge like a recent 'graduate,' who, standing on the steps of the Commencement hall, waved his beribboned diploma about his head and shouted to the appreciative crowd, 'Educated, by gosh!' And as he stood there, he raised in more than one mind a question. What was this 'college course' and this 'degree,' which set him off from those who lacked his 'advantages'? what was this college, which had 'educated' him?

To uninitiated eyes the venerable institution, — they are always 'old,' — its buildings and its grounds, its library and laboratories, its lecture-rooms and

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halls, its faculty and president, had made him what he was. But he and his fellows knew that being a 'college man' was no mere membership in a fraternity of scholars. They knew that when, in future years, he foregathered with his kind in annual hilarity, he would not come to hear the latest word in chemistry or history from peripatetic 'faculty representatives,' but for reasons only remotely related to a common interest in the curriculum. Neither for president nor for faculty, nor for buildings, nor for courses, does our youth, of which he is a type, flock to institutions of higher education. Its education it accepts, eagerly or reluctantly, as the case may be; but for the majority it is the 'college life' which they — and their parents — crave. It is not easy to define a university; it seems to lie somewhere between an atmosphere and a factory. But for most of us it is a state of existence, peculiarly attractive to a certain class and age; a state in which buildings and faculty and mental training have a place, but not the whole, nor, frankly, to most men, the most important place.

Especially in the United States; for here, within two generations, almost within the memory of men now living, there has been evolved beside, or rather within, the framework of formal and official college and university another system of education, largely outside the authority of faculties, and largely independent of their intellectual impulses and disciplinary ordinances. While those in charge of the institutions of higher learning have elaborated curricula and extended the scope and content of their own activities, the volunteer authorities of the undergraduate world, aided by the alumni, have founded another institution, created in their own image, to meet their own desires. They have framed their own courses, employed their own instructors, built their own buildings, provided their own income, and evolved a system that challenges comparison with that of their academic superiors. They have, in truth, 'called a new world into existence, to redress the balance of the old'; they have created a real *imperium in imperio*, a student university — what would have been called, in older times, a guild of students.

It is easy to say that this is the only too familiar phenomenon of outside, or extra-curriculum, activities, long one of the chief concerns of deans and faculties and even presidents. It is easier still to say that calling this a student guild, much less a student university, is but another way of saying what everybody knows, another startling discovery of the wholly obvious. For this is, in many respects, the best-known feature of American education, even in the non-academic world. It has been the subject of long and dull discussions in public, and longer, though not so dull, discussions in private. We heard long ago from a distinguished college president — as he then was — the danger of allowing the side-shows to swallow up the circus. Yet the very fact of considering this phenomenon as a side-show indicates how little the problem is appreciated by minds which still consider the advice to undergraduates, 'Don't let your studies interfere with your education,' as humorous. And no one familiar with common conversation among undergraduates and alumni in their natural state will make that mistake. Let us consider the matter from another point of view than that involved in calling this an outside interest.

The problem of student activities outside of the curriculum is not new. At all times since universities began, students have lived a great part of their lives beyond the view of faculties. There have always been student organizations, for pleasure, for profit, and for protection; there are such organizations now

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in other lands. The first university of which we have any adequate account, the University of Bologna, was, in fact, a guild of students, which employed its own professors, hired its own buildings, and managed its own affairs. Our modern guild of students has not, indeed, reached the point where, as in Bologna, it has succeeded in 'reducing the Masters to an incredible degree of servitude.' Not only does there yet remain to our faculties that sole prerogative of the Bolognese professors, 'the one function and only one over which the Doctors to the last retained an exclusive control,'— that of examining and conferring degrees, — but they still maintain those disciplinary powers denied to their unfortunate Bolognese predecessors, into whose lecture-rooms 'the idea of discipline never entered at all.' It is still measurably true now as then, that 'opposition to the Professors formed no part of the original *raison d'être* of the [student] universities.' The modern student guild, like its forerunner, as yet claims 'no authority over the Doctors or the control of strictly Academical matters' — with some modifications, perhaps, as to attendance and the exigencies of its own public exercises! And like the Bolognese guild, it still has 'little or nothing to do with the *Studium*.'

Moreover, it is perhaps not so true now as it was then that the 'jealousy of the Professors arose simply (so far as appears) from the fact that the students were attempting to do for themselves what the Professors claimed to do for them.' They cannot, perhaps, in the very nature of the new student guild's ambitions and desires; for the mediæval student guild was chiefly concerned with the cultivation of the mind, and the modern guild has wider scope than this. The older body employed its instructors to lecture in philosophy and rhetoric and theology and law; and whatever charges may be brought against its later counterpart, this will not be found among them. Nor have we reached, as yet, the point where, as at Bologna, the students 'acquired a complete control over their professors, and to a large extent usurped the powers elsewhere exercised by the professional body.'

Yet, like its ancient analogue, the twentieth-century American phenomenon is no less a 'wholly new departure in the history of education . . . distinct from anything which preceded it.' To us it seems the simplest, most obvious, even inevitable, of developments. Of casual visitors from other lands it fills the mind with wonder, not unmixed with awe. None the less, strange or familiar, like its prototype of Bologna, 'it is not difficult to explain the genesis of the new creation if we bear in mind the character of the environment wherein it grew up.'

That environment may be measured in three terms — the initiative and organizing capacity of American youth, the desires of American parents, and the conditions in American colleges fifty years ago. Those institutions, excellent of their kind, were, in the main, dominated by ecclesiastical influence. They provided a classical education of the old school, admirable in its way, if to our eyes somewhat limited in its range and appeal. They paid small attention to the graces and amenities of life, and less to the social and physical development of the undergraduate. There was a plentiful lack of those facilities for comfort and amusement which we now regard as essential to our welfare. A boy was sent to college to improve his mind, and incidentally to gain contact with his fellows. The literary and debating societies, the casual outdoor sports, the occasional social event, were the sum of his extra-curriculum activities, together with such loosely organized clubs as he contrived to form. In

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some measure this was the expression of the more restrained, if not more sober, character of American life. It is peculiarly typified in the high hats, long coats, and hirsute adornment still reflected in those photographs of earlier classes which entertain the present undergraduate.

II

But America changed, and her colleges with her. There arose a class of newly rich who regarded the college rather as a place to acquire social polish and position, a knowledge of the world and of society, than as essentially a means of mental discipline. And many who were neither new nor rich altered their conceptions of life and preparation for it. Take a handful of paternal expressions of what the college is supposed to do. 'I want my son,' writes one father, 'to learn how to dress and behave, and make friends of the right sort.' — 'I should like,' writes another, 'to have my son learn how to meet people and form acquaintances which will be of advantage to him in after life.' Another, still more frankly, voices what is doubtless in many minds, confessing that he wants his boy to 'join a good society, make the football team, and live like a gentleman.' — 'Education by contact,' to 'know men,' to 'get the most out of his college life,' 'social training' — these are the commonest of expressions nowadays.

They are the natural desires of mankind. Two centuries ago, some visionary in a New Haven town-meeting suggested that more attention be given to arithmetic in the school; but 'he was speedily suffocated by a substitute measure proposed, that the youth be instructed in points of manners, there being a great fault in that respect, as some exprest.' Times change, and manners, but the desire to have youth trained in the graces, to be 'socialized' in all senses, survives both time and change. And the college, through the student guild, has thus conformed to that desire. 'To ride a horse, shoot with the bow, keep clean, and tell the truth' — these, the oldest educational requirements, are not out of date, save as the instruments have somewhat changed. The 'friendships formed at Yale,' or Harvard, or Michigan, or Emory and Henry — are these not as enduring as the mental discipline, and of more ultimate value? And how shall these be attained? How train men in laboratory or by lectures to meet their fellows — and their fellows' sisters?

These are some of the reasons why the undergraduates have formed their guilds. They began their social education with those willing instructors common to us all, the tailor, the haberdasher, the dancing-master, the theatre, the teacher of musical instruments, and their fellow men. They played some kind of ball, and less innocuous games of chance and skill; they formed debating clubs and boarding clubs and literary societies, and mingled as they could in social events. All these are as old as universities. And in America, some time before the middle of the nineteenth century, they turned to secret societies. There they parted company with most other nations, unless we may regard the German corps and Burschenschaften as a parallel. How greatly these 'fraternities' have grown, we know. They are numbered now by scores; their members by tens of thousands. A generation since, a distinguished Bostonian boasted that he could go from coast to coast and sleep each night in a different house owned by his college society. There is at least one organization now where he might sleep each night for at least two months in a different house; and no one familiar with the college world need have attention called to the increasingly luxurious

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habitations which adorn so many college towns — houses so splendid that many have come to doubt the wisdom of such elements in student life.

This is but one manifestation of the student guild. For undergraduates have not been content with building dormitories where the colleges had none, or none sufficient to their needs and desires. Far more important than this matter of housing, they have developed a curriculum. Football and baseball, rowing, track and field sports, games of all kinds, indoor and outdoor, boxing and wrestling, manly exercises, they have brought in, with or without the aid of the faculty, and these they 'elect' and follow with a zeal worthy of a better cause — if such there be.

Nor is their educational system purely physical or social. The guild of scholars shows how things are, or should be, or have been, done; in his system the student does them for himself. He is nothing if not concrete. The lecturer on journalism expounds his principles — and the student produces a paper. The professor of business management explains how business is, or ought to be, conducted — and the 'managers' of 'student enterprises' devote most of their waking, and not a few of what should be their sleeping hours to the conduct of their respective interests. The professor of literature directs their attention to the masterpieces of prose and verse and drama; but the student writes and acts his plays, and contributes to his own periodicals, too often far from the softening influence of the English Department. The music school may cultivate his taste and sensibilities as best it can; but he makes more or less sweet sounds for himself with his own voice, attuned to vaudeville strains, or on the latest instrument, ukulele or saxophone, as the fashions change; he frames his glee-club programmes and those of his banjo and mandolin clubs with small regard to the canons of the academic muse.

His methods, like his means of expression, differ widely from those of the faculty. He chooses for himself, according to his tastes, or real or fancied gifts, or his ambitions, the course or courses which he will pursue — 'what he goes out for,' in his sharper phrase. There the resemblance to his intellectual training stops; for two factors enter, which have little place in modern college education as conceived in official minds. The first is competition, which has been barred from purely academic shades, where studies are no longer a major sport. In the student university competition is the rule of life. Men compete or 'try out' for every place in every activity — athletic, literary, executive, musical, even social. From Freshman to Senior, life presents one long conflict, one endless rivalry, with prizes at the end. And this great stimulus of youth, this game he plays throughout, perhaps this is one reason why these outside activities detract from interest in the formal curriculum. They offer him what youth continually desires, a chance to try its strength and skill with its fellows. And his elders might perhaps consider that 'curriculum' once related to a race rather than to something that merely goes round and round.

And more: among the wise old heads of wise old 'educators' there still rages the ancient dispute whether it is better to watch over men from day to day, or point the way to youth and let it take its course, examining from time to time to see how closely youth has followed it, with or without extraneous aid, and to what result. But in the student guild there is no such argument. Men are tested and passed or flunked continually. In athletics, indeed, there has been some attempt to introduce the machinery of higher education, to reinforce the lessons of the football coach. Some

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have adopted the lecture system — so-called 'blackboard talks' — to illustrate their theory and their practices. But which of them has trained a team by lectures? Who has said, 'Do thus and thus. The game comes Saturday. Go now and see how much you can improve by then.'

Or who has taught them in a mass, by hundreds at a time? Whatever may be said of mental discipline, the training of the body has not lacked for individual instruction, for intimate relation of the teacher and the taught. The student guild has not tried to carry on a retail business by wholesale methods, or abandoned quality for quantity production, handwork for machines. Nor has it judged the laborer unworthy of his hire. Knowing something of relative values in the world, it has not hesitated to secure the best. Its members long since realized that it is only men that count. What money they have had, they have paid out for men. Only just now have they begun to reach the 'stone age' in the development of their institution; and beside the great structures for their outdoor contests we begin to see here and there buildings erected to house their various interests — with which they enter on another stage of this progress.

III

Such is the faculty and the curriculum, the physical equipment and the informing spirit of the student university. It has long issued catalogues. If you care to know the realities of a college, spend little time on its dull, formal, unillumined list of courses and names. Take up instead the college 'annual,' under whatever title it appears. There you will find no mere announcement of intellectual interests, but a fascinating tale of college life. There you may see the pictures of student habitations; the brawny forms of athletes unadorned, or in their panoply; the 'boards' and 'fraternities'; the teams of every sort; the orchestra, the vocal and instrumental clubs; the endless organizations in which men find their interests expressed. There is the heart and mind of the undergraduate laid bare. This is his university, which he has built for himself; the educational system which he has devised.

Two things it seems to lack: the one degrees, the other unity. Yet it has its degrees — not sheepskin documents, obscure and for most recipients untranslatable, but genuine insignia. There are true 'bachelors of letters,' as their raiment testifies; honor men of the teams, pass men of the squads, aspirants of the numerals. There are the successful seekers after social degrees, with their strange symbols of gold and precious stones. There are the winners in this great competitive scheme, adorned with tangible symbols of their prowess in a chosen field. It is no fable, that story of the man who was too busy to graduate — for he had won five 'letters' in five different sports. This is no idler's club, this guild of students. Viewing its manifold activities, we may well revise Arnold's line, 'There are *our* young barbarians all at *work*.'

And for the general organization of this great complex? By its peculiar nature it cannot be so centralized and directed as that of the scholar guild. In the mediæval university there were 'Reformatores Studii,' with a formal code of laws, a student legislature, student courts, and a rector above all. But have we not 'student councils' pushing their young stalks through the academic mould? Is there not, in every institution, a code, written or unwritten, —a 'Freshman Bible,'—of traditionary or customary law, hardening year by year into a Codex Studentium? What of 'disciplinary committees' of undergraduates, and 'inter-fraternity councils,'

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and 'honor systems,' and 'student self-government'? There are already individuals who stand at the head of all; and in more than one institution there is a group, in some places formally organized and recognized, which acts as an executive council. And the system is young!

Finally, there is another element in this young vigorous organism, which the formal institution, and perhaps even the mediæval student guild, lacks. It is the oldest of all appeals to youth — romance. Who has not felt the fascination of the secret societies, whether from within or from without, whether as friend or foe? Who has not felt the thrill of 'coming back in the fall,' to meet the old associates, to live again that ever-changing, ever-delightful life? Who has ever gone away with the team, whether as player or spectator, who has not felt the charm? The invasion of the land of the friendly enemy, the journey, the cheers and crowds, the tournament between 'their' men and 'ours,' the sense of unity in the face of the struggle and the supporters of the other side — how shall the concerns of intellect compete with this? Can lecture and laboratory ever provide such contacts with each other and with concrete realities as this? And is it any wonder that youth loves it?

To this college life the price of admission and continuance is the performance of those intellectual exercises for which colleges and universities exist. Its expenses — greater by far in many instances than the modest demands of the guild of scholars — its members pay in part from their own pockets. As in Bologna, its 'receipts are derived from entrance payments . . . from fines . . . and from the occasional presents of an alumnus'; and though they are not now 'chiefly devoted to convivial and religious purposes,' as they were then, there is ample use for them, indeed for more than undergraduates would be likely to supply from their own resources. But the student guild has hit upon a source of revenue, — the public, — and from the outside world is drawn much of the revenue essential to the continuance of a great part of this system.

And to what end, the cynic inquires? To see men play games like, and not as well as, the professionals on whom they model themselves; to yawn through dreary imitations of the vaudeville stage, and crude, expensive parodies of poor Broadway shows; to groan through ill-composed and vapid glee-club concerts? We see the teams recruited by 'scouts' and too-enthusiastic alumni, to beat a rival, with no regard to the ethics or spirit of amateur sport, and less to the training of the mass of men. We stand aghast at revelations of the incompetence, or worse, of student managers, from whose hands we are compelled to take control of revenue and expenditure.

And why should we put up with it? Why permit men to waste their time and money — and ours — in such follies? Is it the business of the colleges to provide great public spectacles? Is this why we support the 'higher education'? The thing is a sham. The colleges are nothing more than clubs, — city or country, as the case may be, — where idle youths fritter away four years to unfit them for the real business of life. Let us mend it or end it.

Moreover, adds the critic, this comparison with the mediæval student guild is misleading and absurd. There is no argument so fallacious as the argument from analogy — especially a false analogy such as this. It is preposterous fantasy. The mediæval students were serious men, bent on improving their minds. These things are youthful folly organized. It is ridiculous to call them a 'system of education'; and it is worse than ridiculous to dignify these 'social and athletic merry-go-rounds'

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by recognition as part of college work.

To some minds such answers are effective; but there are two reasons why they are not wholly conclusive. They do not prevent our halls of learning from being crowded as never before, nor do they affect the development of the student guild. Neither denial nor destruction is a policy. We lack the word to charm the genie again into the bottle. And no amount of repression, not even raising entrance requirements and stiffening courses, — though these would help some institutions which pride themselves on numbers, — will solve the problem, which, call it what you will, remains one of the great issues in our higher education. The demand of parents and undergraduates for training beyond that afforded by the faculty is not only natural: it is legitimate. There *is* an education not set down in books, or embodied in lectures; and purely intellectual acquirement by itself is poor preparation for this wicked world. As it stands now, this part of our collegiate system is perhaps ill done. But it is now beyond us to end it; it remains to mend.

Much has been accomplished by some faculties. Deans and sub-deans and 'student' deans, advisers and supervisors of all kinds, have done and are doing good work. Still more, the earnest and unrecognized labors of many individuals in the guild of scholars among undergraduates has borne fruit. Something has been accomplished by the students themselves. Year by year the number of societies that take an active interest in the more serious activities of their members has increased. Some have established scholarships; many have begun to supervise the studies of at least the younger men; many more have coöperated with the faculty in a variety of ways. And slowly, toilsomely, this fusion proceeds, to the advantage of both groups. The colleges themselves are embarking on a score of activities unknown to older generations, bringing themselves in closer touch, not only with the undergraduates, but with the alumni and with the world outside.

For it is obvious that there are two things which must be done. The one is to infuse into this mass of youthful energy something of judgment and direction more than is natural to youth; to connect this vigorous, undisciplined, loosely organized development with the saner standards and the worthier ends of maturer minds, on the principle of 'old men for counsel and young men for war.' What can be done by closer coöperation is revealed in one institution by the development of a glee club which has achieved distinction in the whole world of music; in another by a school of poetry, and in another of drama, which need not hide their heads even before professionals. The second is the recognition by the undergraduates themselves of the duties and the responsibilities which their system has brought with it. They must direct this movement to better ends than material comfort, or mere pleasure, or mutual admiration, or social distinction, or organization for organization's sake, unless it is to destroy itself. The idea of 'doing something' for this institution or that, though often expressed in futile forms or running to absurdities, points the way to better things than living for one's self or for one's club alone.

In these two things — closer coöperation between the guild of scholars and the guild of students, and acceptance of the obligations of their system by the undergraduates and the alumni — seems to lie the only perceptible basis for the proper development of the future college and university. But there is a third — the recognition of this problem for what it is: an integral part, not only of the situation as it exists, but of the education of our youth in its entirety.

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A YOKE OF STEERS

BY DUBOSE HEYWARD

A HEAVE of mighty shoulders to the yoke,
Square, patient heads, and flaring sweep of horn;
The darkness swirling down beneath their feet
Where sleeping valleys stir, and feel the dawn;
Uncouth and primal, on and up they sway,
Taking the summit in a drench of day.
The night-winds volley upward bitter-sweet
And the dew shatters to a rainbow spray
Under the slow-moving, cloven feet.

There is a power here that grips the mind;
A force repressed and inarticulate,
Slow as the swing of centuries, as blind
As Destiny, and as deliberate.

They will arrive in their appointed hour
Unhurried by the goad of lesser wills,
Bearing vast burdens on.

They are the great
Unconquerable spirit of these hills.

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THE ATTAS AT HOME

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

I

CLAMBERING through white, pasty mud, which stuck to our boots by the pound; peering through bitter, cold mist, which seemed but a thinner skim of mud; drenched by flurries of icy drops shaken from the atmosphere by a passing moan and a crash; breathing air heavy with a sweet, horrible, penetrating odor — such was the world as it existed for an hour one night, while the Commandant of Douaumont and I wandered about, completely lost, on the top of his own fort. We finally stumbled on the little grated opening through which the lookout peered unceasingly over the landscape of mud. The mist lifted and we rediscovered the cave-like entrance, watched for a moment the ominous golden dumb-bells rising from the *première ligne*, scraped our boots on a German helmet, and went down again into the strangest sanctuary on earth.

This was the vision that flashed through my mind as I began vigil at an enormous nest of Attas — the leaf-cutting ants of the British Guiana jungle. In front of me was a glade, about thirty feet across, devoid of green growth and filled with a great irregular expanse of earth and mud. Relative to the height of the Attas, my six feet must seem a good half-mile, and from this height I looked down and saw again the same inconceivably sticky clay of France. There were the rain-washed gullies, the half-roofed entrances to the vast underground fortresses, clean-swept, perfect roads, as efficient as the arteries of Verdun; flapping dead leaves like the omnipresent, worn-out scarecrows of camouflage. And over in one corner, to complete the simile, were a dozen shell-holes, the homes of voracious ant-lions, which, for passing insects, were unexploded mines, set at hair-trigger.

My Atta city was only two hundred feet away from the laboratory, in fairly high jungle, within sound of the dinner triangle, and of the lapping waves on the Mazaruni shore. To sit near by and concentrate solely upon the doings of these ant-people was as easy as watching a single circus ring of performing elephants, while two more rings, a maze of trapezes, a race-track, and side-shows were in full swing. The jungle around me teemed with interesting happenings and distracting sights and sounds. The very last time I visited the nest, and became absorbed in a line of incoming ants, I heard the shrill squeaking of an angry hummingbird overhead. I looked up, and there, ten feet above, was a furry tamandua ant-eater slowly climbing a straight purple-heart trunk, while round and round his head buzzed and swore the little fury — a pinch of cinnamon feathers, ablaze with rage. The curved claws of the unheeding ant-eater fitted around the trunk, and the strong prehensile tail flattened against the bark, so that the creature seemed to put forth no more exertion than if walking along a fallen log. Now and then it stopped and daintily picked at a bit of termite nest.

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With such side-shows it was sometimes difficult to concentrate on the Attas. Yet they offer problems for years of study. The glade was a little world in itself, with visitors and tenants, comedy and tragedy, sounds and silences. It was an ant-made glade, with all new growths choked either by upflung, earthen hillocks, or by leaves bitten off as soon as they appeared. The casual visitors were the most conspicuous: an occasional trogon swooping across — a flashing, feathered comet of emerald, azurite, and gold. Or, slowly drifting in and out among the vines, and coming to rest with waving wings, a yellow-and-red-spotted Ithomiid — or was it a Heliconiid or a Danaiid? with such bewildering models and marvelous mimics it was impossible to tell without capture and close examination. Giant purple tarantula-hawks hummed past, scanning the leaves for their prey.

Another class of glade-haunters were those who came strictly on business — plasterers and sculptors, who found wet clay ready to their needs. Great golden and rufous bees blundered down and tore off bucketsful of mud; while slender-bodied, dainty wasps of ebony, after much fastidious picking of place, would detach a tiny bit of the whitest clay, place it in their snuff-box holder, clean their feet and antennæ, run their rapier in and out, and delicately take to wing.

Little black trigonid bees had their special quarry — a small deep valley, in the midst of a waste of interlacing Bad Lands, on the side of a precipitous butte. Here they cut and gouged to their hearts' content, plastering the thighs until their wings would hardly lift them. They braced their feet, whirred, lifted unevenly, and sank back with a jar; then, turning, bit off a piece of ballast, and heaving it over the precipice, swung off on an even keel.

Close examination of some of the craters and volcano-like cones revealed many species of ants, beetles, and roaches searching for bits of food — the scavengers of this small world. But the most interesting were the actual parasites, flies of many colors and sizes, humming past like little planes and Zeppelins over this hidden city, ready to drop a bomb in the form of an egg deposited on the refuse-heaps or on the ants themselves. The explosion might come slowly, but it would be none the less deadly. Once I detected a hint of the complexity of glade life — beautiful metallic green flies walking swiftly about on long legs, searching nervously, whose eggs would be deposited near those of other flies, their larvæ to feed upon the others — parasites upon parasites.

As I had resolutely put the doings of the tree-tops away from my consciousness, so now I forgot visitors and parasites, and armed myself for the excavation of this buried metropolis. I rubbed vaseline on my high boots, and about the tops bound a band of teased-out absorbent cotton. My pick and shovel I treated likewise, and thus I was comparatively insulated; for without precautions no living being could withstand the slow, implacable attack of disturbed Attas. At present I walked unmolested across the glade. The millions beneath my feet were as unconscious of my presence as they were of the breeze in the palm-fronds overhead.

At the first deep shovel-thrust, a slow-moving flood of reddish-brown began to pour forth from the crumbled earth — the outposts of the Atta Maxims moving upward to the attack. For a few seconds only workers of various sizes appeared; then an enormous head heaved upward, and there came into the light of day the first Atta soldier. He was twice the size of a large worker and heavy in proportion. Instead of being drawn up into two spines, the top of his head was rounded, bald, and shiny, and only at the back were the

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two spines visible, shifted downward. The front of the head was thickly clothed with golden hair, which hung down bang-like over a round, glistening single median eye. One by one, and then shoulder to shoulder, these Cyclopean Maxims lumbered forth to battle, and soon my boots were covered in spite of the grease, all sinking their mandibles deep into the leather.

When I unpacked these boots this year, I found the heads and jaws of two Attas still firmly attached, relics of some forgotten foray of the preceding year. This mechanical, vise-like grip, wholly independent of life or death, is utilized by the Guiana Indians. In place of stitching up extensive wounds, a number of these giant Atta Maxims are collected, and their jaws applied to the edges of the skin, which are drawn together. The ants take hold, their bodies are snipped off, and the row of heads remains until the wound is healed.

Over and around the outpouring soldiers, the tiny workers ran and bit and chewed away at whatever they could reach. Dozens of ants made their way up to the cotton, but found the utmost difficulty in clambering over the loose fluff. Now and then, however, a needle-like nip at the back of my neck showed that some pioneer of these shock troops had broken through, when I was thankful that Attas could only bite, and not sting as well. At such a time as this, the greatest difference is apparent between these and the Eciton army ants. The Eciton soldier, with his long curved scimitars and his swift, nervous movements, was, to one of these great insects, as a fighting d'Artagnan would be to an armored tank. The result was much the same, however — perfect efficiency.

I now dug swiftly and crashed with pick down through three feet of soil. The great entrance arteries of the nest branched and bifurcated, separated and anastomosed, while here and there were chambers varying in size from a cocoanut to a football. These were filled with what looked like soft grayish sponge covered with whitish mould, and these sombre affairs were the *raison d'être* of all the leaf-cutting, the trails, the struggles through jungles, the constant battling against wind and rain and sun.

But the labors of the Attas are renewed only when a worker disappears down a hole with his hard-earned bit of leaf. He drops it and goes on his way. We do not know what this way is, but my guess is that he turns around and goes after another leaf. Whatever the nests of Attas possess, they are without recreation-rooms. These sluggard-instructors do not know enough to take a vacation; their faces are made for biting, not for laughing or yawning. I once dabbed fifteen Mediums with a touch of white paint as they approached the nest, and within five minutes thirteen of them had emerged and started on the back track again.

The leaf is taken in charge by another Medium, hosts of whom are everywhere. Once, after a spadeful, I placed my eye as close as possible to a small heap of green leaves, and around one oblong bit were five Mediums, each with a considerable amount of chewed and mumbled tissue in front of him. This is the only time I have ever succeeded in finding these ants actually at this work. The leaves are chewed thoroughly, and built up into the sponge gardens, being used neither for thatch, nor for food, but as fertilizer. And not for any strange subterranean berry or kernel or fruit, but for a fungus or mushroom. The spores sprout and proliferate rapidly, the gray mycelia covering the garden; and at the end of each thread is a little knobbed body filled with liquid. This forms the sole food of the

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ants in the nest; but a drop of honey placed by a busy trail will draw a circle of workers at any time — both Mediums and Minims, who surround it and drink their fill.

When the fungus garden is in full growth, the nest-labors of the Minims begin; and until the knobbed bodies are actually ripe, they never cease to weed and, to prune, killing off the multitude of other fungi and foreign organisms, and, by pruning, to keep their particular fungus growing, and prevent it from fructifying. The fungus of the Attas is a particular species, with the resonant, Dunsanesque name of *Rozites gongylophora*. It is quite unknown outside of the nests of these ants, and is as artificial as a banana.

II

Only in Calcutta bazaars at night, and in underground streets of Peking have I seen stranger beings than I unearthed in my Atta nest. Now and then there rolled out of a shovelful of earth an unbelievably big and rotund cicada larva — which, in the course of time, whether in one or in seventeen years, would emerge as the great marbled, winged *Cicada gigas*, spreading five inches from tip to tip. Small tarantulas, with beautiful wine-colored cephalothorax, made their home deep in the nest, guarded, perhaps, by their dense covering of hair. Slender scorpions sidled out from the ruins; they were bare, with vulnerable joints, but they had the advantage of long, mobile arms, and a pair of hands which could quickly and skillfully pluck an attacking ant from any part of their anatomy.

The strangest of all the tenants were the tiny, amber-colored roaches, which clung frantically to the heads of the great soldier ants, or scurried over the tumultuous mounds, searching for a crevice sanctuary. They were funny, fat little beings, wholly blind, yet supremely conscious of the danger that threatened, and with only the single thought of getting below the surface as quickly as possible. The Attas have very few insect guests, but this cockroach is one who has made himself perfectly at home. Through century upon century he has become more and more specialized and adapted to Atta life, eyes slipping until they are no more than faint specks, legs and antennæ changing, gait becoming altered to whatever speed and carriage best suits little guests in big underground halls and galleries.

He and his race have evolved unseen and unnoticed even by the Maxim policemen. But when nineteen hundred humanly historical years have passed, a man with a keen sense of fitness named him Little Friend of the Attas; and so for a few years more, until we scientists give place to the next caste, Attaphila will, all unconsciously, bear a name.

Attaphilas have staked their whole gamble of existence on the continued possibility of guestship with the Attas. Although they live near the fungus gardens, they do not feed upon them, but gather secretions from the armored skin of the giant soldiers, who apparently do not object, and show no hostility to their diminutive masseurs. A summer-boarder may be quite at home on a farm, and safe from all ordinary dangers; but he must keep out of the way of scythes and sickles, if he chooses to haunt the hayfields. And so Attaphila, snug and safe, deep in the heart of the nest, has to keep on the *qui vive* when the ant-harvesters come to glean in the fungus gardens. Snip, snip, snip, on all sides in the musty darkness, the keen mandibles shear the edible heads; and though the little Attaphilas dodge and run, yet most of them, in course of time, lose part of an antenna, or even a whole one.

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Thus the Little Friend of the Leaf-cutters lives easily through his term of weeks or months, or perhaps even a year, and has nothing to fear for food or mates, or from enemies. But Attaphilas cannot all live in a single nest, and there must come a crisis, when they pass out into a strange world of terrible light and multitudes of foes. For these pampered, degenerate roaches to find another Atta nest unaided, would be inconceivable. In the big nest that I excavated I observed them on the backs and heads, not only of the large soldiers, but also of the queens, which swarmed in one portion of the galleries; and, indeed, of twelve queens, seven had roaches clinging to them. This has been noted also of a Brazilian species, and we suddenly realize what splendid sports these humble insects are. They resolutely prepare for their gamble, — *l'aventure magnifique*, — the slenderest fighting chance, and we are almost inclined to forget the irresponsible implacability of instinct, and cheer the little fellows for lining up on this forlorn hope. When the time comes, the queens leave, and are off up into the unheard-of sky, as if an earthworm should soar with eagle's feathers; past the gauntlet of voracious flycatchers and hawklets, to the millionth chance of meeting an acceptable male of the same species. After the mating comes the solitary search for a suitable site; and only when the pitifully unfair gamble has been won by a single fortunate queen does the Attaphila climb tremblingly down and accept what fate has sent. His ninety-and-nine fellows have met death in almost as many ways.

With the exception of these strange inmates there are very few tenants or guests in the nests of the Attas. Unlike the termites and Eciton, who harbor a host of weird boarders, the leaf-cutters are able to keep their nest free from undesirables.

Once, far down in the nest, I came upon three young queens, recently emerged, dazed and stupid, with wings dull and glazed, who crawled with awkward haste back into darkness. And again twelve winged females were grouped in one small chamber, restless and confused. This was the only glimpse I ever had of Atta royalty at home.

Good fortune was with me, however, on a memorable fifth of May, when returning from a monkey-hunt in high jungle. As I came out into the edge of a clearing, a low humming attracted my attention. It was ventriloquial, and my ear refused to trace it. It sounded exactly like a great aerodrome far in the distance, with a score or more of planes tuning up. I chanced to see a large bee-like insect rising through the branches, and following back along its path, I suddenly perceived the rarest of sights — an Atta nest-entrance boiling with the excitement of a flight of winged kings and queens. So engrossed were the ants that they paid no attention to me, and I was able to creep up close and kneel within two feet of the hole. The main nest was twenty feet away, and this was a special exit made for the occasion — a triumphal gateway erected far away from the humdrum leaf-traffic.

The two-inch arched hole led obliquely down into darkness, while brilliant sunshine illumined the earthen take-off and the surrounding mass of pink Mazaruni primroses. Up this corridor Atta nobility was coming, slowly, with dignity, as befitted the occasion. The males were more active, as they were smaller in size than the females, but they were veritable giants in comparison with the workers. The queens seemed like beings of another race, with their great bowed thorax supporting the folded wings, heads correspondingly large, with less jaw-development, but greatly increased keenness of vision.

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In comparison with the Minims, these queens were as a human being one hundred feet in height.

I selected one large queen as she appeared, and watched her closely. Slowly and with great effort she climbed the steep ascent into the blazing sunlight. Five tiny Minims were clinging to her body and wings, all scrubbing and cleaning as hard as they could. She chose a clear space, spread her wings wide and flat, stood high upon her six legs, and waited. I fairly shouted at this change, for slight though it was, it worked magic, and the queen Atta was a queen no more, but a miniature, straddle-legged aeroplane, pushed into position, and overrun by a crowd of mechanics, putting the finishing touches, tightening the wires, oiling every pliable crevice. A Medium came along, tugged at a leg, and the obliging little plane lifted it for inspection. For three minutes this kept up, and then the plane became a queen and moved restlessly. Without warning, as if some irresponsible mechanic had turned the primed propellers, the four mighty wings whirred — and four Minims were hurled head over heels a foot away, snapped from their positions. The sound of the wings was almost too exact an imitation of the snarl of a starting plane — the comparison was absurd in its exactness of timbre and resonance.

It was only a test, however, and the moment the queen became quiet, the upset mechanics clambered back. They crawled beneath her, scraped her feet and antennæ, licked her eyes and jaws, and went over every shred of wing-tissue. Then again she buzzed, this time sending only a single Minim sprawling. Again she stopped, after lifting herself an inch, but immediately started up, and now rose rather unsteadily, but without pause, and slowly ascended above the nest and the primroses. Circling once, she passed through green leaves and glowing balls of fruit into the blue sky.

Thus I followed the passing of one queen Atta into the jungle world, as far as human eyes would permit, and my mind returned to the mote which I had detected at an equally great height — the queen descending after her marriage, as isolated as she had started.[1]

We have seen how the little blind roaches occasionally cling to an emerging queen and so are transplanted to a new nest. But the queen bears something far more valuable. More faithfully than ever virgin tended temple fires, each departing queen fills a little pouch in her mouth with a pellet of the precious fungus, and here it is carefully guarded until the time comes for its propagation in the new nest.

When she has descended to earth and excavated a little chamber, she closes the entrance, and for forty days and nights labors at the founding of a new colony. She plants the little fungus cutting, and tends it with the utmost solicitude. The care and feeding in her past life have stored within her the substance for vast numbers of eggs. Nine out of ten that she lays she eats, to give her the strength to go on with her labors; and when the first larvæ emerge, they too are fed with surplus eggs. In time they pupate, and at the end of six weeks the first workers — all tiny Minims — hatch. Small as they are, born in darkness, yet no education is needed. The Spirit of the Attas infuses them. Play and rest are the only things incomprehensible to them, and they take charge at once of fungus, of excavation, of the care of the queen and eggs, the feeding of the larvæ. As soon as the huskier Mediums appear, they break through into the upper world, and one day the first bit of green leaf is carried down into the nest.

The queen rests. Henceforth, as far

[1] See *Atlantic* for July, 1921, p. 52.

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as we know, she becomes a mere egg-producing machine, fed mechanically by mechanical workers, the food transformed by physiological mechanics into yolk, and then deposited. The aeroplane has become transformed into an incubator.

III

As we have seen, an Atta worker is a member of the most implacable labor-union in the world; he believes in a twenty-four hour day, no pay, no play, no rest — he is a cog in a machine-driven good-for-the-greatest-number. After studying these beings for a week, one longs to go out and shout for kaisers and tsars, for selfishness and crime — anything as a relief from such terrible unthinking altruism. All Atta workers are born free and equal — which is well; and they remain so — which is what a Buddhist priest once called *gashang* (or so it sounded), and which he explained as a state where plants and animals and men were crystal-like in growth and existence. What a welcome sight it would be to see a Medium mount a bit of twig, antennæ a crowd of Minims about him, and start off on a foray of his own!

We may jeer at or condemn the Attas for their hard-shell existence, but there comes to mind, again and again, the wonder of it all. Are the hosts of little beings really responsible; have they not evolved into a pocket, a mental *cul-de-sac*, a swamping of individuality, pooling their personalities?

And what is it they have gained —. what pledge of success in food, in safety, in propagation? They are not separate entities; they have none of the freedom of action, of choice, of individuality, of the solitary wasps. They are the somatic cells of the body politic, while deep within the nest are the guarded sexual cells — the winged kings and queens, which, from time to time, exactly, as in isolated organisms, are thrown off to found new nests. They, no less than the workers, are parts of something more subtle than visible Attas and their material nest. Whether I go to the ant as sluggard, or myrmecologist, or accidentally *via* Pterodactyl Pups, a day spent with them invariably leaves me with my whole being concentrated on this mysterious Atta Ego. Call it Vibration, Aura, Spirit of the Nest, — clothe ignorance in whatever term seems appropriate, — we cannot deny its existence and power.

As with the army ants, the flowing lines of leaf-cutters always brought to mind great arteries, filled with pulsating, tumbling corpuscles. When an obstruction appeared, as a fallen leaf, across the great sandy track, a dozen or twenty, or a hundred workers gathered — like leucocytes — and removed the interfering object. If I injured a worker who was about to enter the nest, I inoculated the Atta organism with a pernicious foreign body. Even the victim himself was dimly aware of the law of fitness. Again and again he yielded to the call of the nest, only to turn aside at the last moment. From a normal link in the endless Atta chain, he had become an outcast !— snapped at by every passing ant, self-banished, wandering off at nightfall, to die somewhere in the wilderness of grass. When well, an Atta has relations, but no friends; when ill, every jaw is against him.

As I write this seated at my laboratory table, by turning down my lamp and looking out, I can see the star-dust of Orion's nebula, and without moving from my chair, Rigel, Sirius, Capella, and Betelgeuze — the blue, white, yellow, and red evolution of so-called lifeless cosmic matter. A few slides from the aquarium at my side reveal an evolutionary sequence to the heavenly host — the simplest of earthly organ-

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isms playing fast and loose with the borderland, not only of plants and animals, but of the-one and of the many-celled. First, a swimming lily, Stentor, a solitary animal bloom, twenty-five to the inch; Cothurnia, a double lily; and Gonium, with a quartette of cells clinging tremulously together — progressing unsteadily, materially, toward the rim of my field of vision, and, in the evolution of earthly life, toward sponges, peripatus, men, and ants.

I was interrupted in my microcosmus just as it occurred to me that Chesterton would heartily approve of my approximation of Sirius and Stentor, of Capella and Cothurnia — the universe balanced. My attention was drawn from the atom Gonium, whose brave little spirit was striving to keep his foursome one — a primordial struggle toward unity of self and division of labor; my consciousness climbed the microscope tube and came to rest upon a slim glass of amber liquid on my laboratory table. A servant had brought a cocktail, for it was New Year's Eve (now the thought came that there were a number of worthy people who would also approve of this approximation!). I looked at the small spirituous luxury, and I thought of my friends in New York, and then of the Attas in front of the laboratory. With my electric flash I went out into the starlight, and found the usual hosts struggling nestward with their chlorophyll burdens, and rushing frantically out into the black jungle for more and yet more leaves. My mind swept back over evolution from star-dust to Kartabo compound, from Gonium to man, and to these leaf-cutting ants. And I wondered whether the Attas were any better for being denied the stimulus of temptation, or whether I was any the worse for the opportunity of refusing a second glass. I went into the house, voiced a toast to tolerance, to temperance, and — to pterodactyls, and drank my cocktail.

YELLOW ROSES

BY EMMA LAWRENCE

THEY were talking about an embezzlement, the old story of a trusted employee, who had taken funds so cleverly and systematically for so long that he had come to look upon his peculations as a part of his salary. At last he had been found out. Tina Metcalfe remarked bromidically that people always were found out.

'Do you suppose,' she asked, 'that anyone ever really lived a lie and got away with it — forever, I mean?'

Reggie Forsyth said he knew a woman who did once — he would tell them about it if they liked. The little group around the fire, who had just dined and would eventually make up a table of bridge, assured him they did like; so he told them this story.

'It happened a few years ago,' Forsyth said, 'and it happened a long way from here. The woman was the wife of a mill agent in a little manufacturing town. Where she came from, I

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don't know; she was certainly not bred in those parts; no one there had ever seen her like. Had she been in society or on the stage, her beauty would have made her famous; but her fellow townspeople merely thought her odd, she was so amazingly unconventional and so astonishingly unprovincial. She did as she chose, as a duchess might have done.

'One wonders where the little chap she married ever found her, or why she appealed to him. He was a good little chap enough, absorbed in his work and in the life of the town, delighted with his house, and heartbroken because no children had ever come to it. Ugly little man he was, too, and quite typical of his class; repeated your name when he met you; said, "Pleased to meet you," and "Excuse my glove," just where, according to his lights, he should have.

'And she — she was like a wild bird caged, a woods-flower set in a border of zinnias and asters, a well-kept border where one would not expect to find a weed, however rare. She was slender, and long-limbed, shapeless as a young boy; her neck was slim and white, and her head small and wonderfully set. She had a great mass of reddish hair, — short, thick, curly hair, — but her lashes were long and black.

'No wonder the townspeople disapproved of her; they bored her, and when her husband insisted that they should continue to bore her by forcing her into their society, she became extremely ill. Then he became almost frantic, for he adored her and would trust her to none but the greatest doctor he could discover; and the doctor proved himself great by his diagnosis, for he told the man that nothing ailed his wife but that her life did n't suit her, and that she must be left freer, to choose one more congenial. So after that she was let alone, free to find the country that surrounded the town, to walk, to run, to read. The townspeople thought she was "touched," and were kinder to her than she knew. They ceased to criticize her and made it easy for her to be alone. In the summer-time she would take her book and her lunch-basket and tramp the fields and woods till she found some spot she could love, and spend the days with her dreams and her long, long thoughts. But the evenings belonged to her man; though what they found in common I cannot guess.

'But one day on her walk she had an adventure. She found a field she liked — liked because it was flushed with hardhack and white with meadow-sweet, and inhabited by a man whose type was unknown to her. Any of you would have placed him quickly enough; his riding togs and English boots would have marked him for you — a young blood who had come a cropper among the hardhack and meadow-sweet. But to her he was new; his looks and his clothes and his opening remark to her were all quite different.

'"I've lost my horse," he said genially. She looked curious, which apparently encouraged him. "I don't mind," he said. "He was a horrid horse." She looked about her. "You won't see him," said the man; "he could run most awfully fast."

'It occurred to her that he had fallen off. "Are you hurt?" she asked.

'"Thanks, not a bit. This is a jolly field, is n't it?"

'"I like it," she said.

'"Blueberry-picking?" he suggested, looking at her basket.

'She shook her head. "No, just lunch."

'"Picnicking! By Jove, what luck. Falling makes one so frightfully hungry, you know."

'She did n't know, but she believed him and invited him to share her meal. They found a shady place, and in the course of time discovered many things

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about each other. He was staying at a country house with people she knew by sight — knew their traps and their grooms when she saw them outside shops in the town; knew what the town people had chosen to tell of them and of their ways. He discovered more about her. And he found her book.

'"Masefield, *Daffodil Fields*," he said; "do they read that — in the town?"

'"No," she said, "I read it — in the woods."

'"Oh, no, you don't; I read it to you."

'So he began and read for a while; and he read delightfully, for he had a pleasant voice and he loved what he read. But by and by he put down the book and they talked for a while, of books and of themselves again. It was a wonderful day for her — a surprise to find the things she cared for were loved by others, and that she was not really "odd" at all. By and by it was time to go home, before her man should come from his work. But they made plans for the morrow, or, should the morrow not be fine, for the day after.

'It happened they were in for a spell of fair weather, and they spent long hours together in the fields and in the woods. They read books together, and he told her of cities and of life in the cities, and of people he knew, people who would not have bored her and made her ill. He told her of music, and art and architecture, and stories of hunting and balls and dinner-parties, and about the women who hunted and danced and dined. But oftener he told her about herself — how lovely she was, and how lovable. They were very much in love before long, and she showed a curious courage in her determination that, having missed so much, this should not pass her by.

'So they lived to the utmost — while the fair weather lasted. The third day he met her, he brought her a yellow rose from the garden of his hostess.

'"I searched the garden," he told her, "to find what flower you are like. This is it."

'So every day she wore a yellow rose tucked in her gown.

'At last the weather broke, and he went back to the city, and she no longer could roam the fields and woods. She drooped like a flower in the long wet autumn, confined to the house; and though nothing ever ailed her very much, she died before the winter was half through!

'Her husband was beside himself with grief, and the neighbors who had bored her came and looked on her when she was dead. Her husband had filled her hands with yellow roses.

'"She loved them so," he told his friends; "all summer long she wore them in her dress."'

'So that,' said Reggie Forsyth, 'is the story of a woman who lived a lie, yet no one ever knew.'

'Yet you knew,' said Tina Metcalfe quickly — and wished she had bitten out her tongue before she spoke.

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THE MYSTIC'S EXPERIENCE OF GOD

BY RUFUS M. JONES

I

THE revival of mysticism, which has been one of the noteworthy features in the Christianity of our time, has presented us with a number of interesting and important questions. We want to know, first of all, what mysticism really is. Secondly, we want to know whether it is a normal or an abnormal experience. And omitting many other questions, which must wait their turn, we want to know whether mystical experiences actually enlarge our sphere of knowledge, that is, whether they are trustworthy sources of authentic information and authoritative truth concerning realities which lie beyond the range of human senses.

The answer to the first question appears to be as difficult to accomplish as the return of Ulysses was. The secret is kept in book after book. One can marshal a formidable array of definitions, but they oppose and challenge one another, like the men sprung from the dragon's teeth. For the purposes of the present consideration, we can eliminate what is usually included under psychical phenomena, that is, the phenomena of dreams, visions, and trances, hysteria and dissociation and esoteric and occult phenomena. Thirty years ago Professor Royce said: 'In the Father's house are many mansions, and their furniture is extremely manifold. Astral bodies and palmistry, trances and mental healing, communications from the dead and "phantasms of the living" — such things are for some people to-day the sole quite unmistakable evidence of the supremacy of the spiritual world.' These phenomena are worthy of careful, painstaking study and attention, for they will eventually throw much light upon the deep and complex nature of human personality — are, in fact, already throwing much light upon it. But they furnish us slender data for understanding what is properly meant by mystical experience and its religious and spiritual bearing.

We can, too, leave on one side the metaphysical doctrines that fill a large amount of space in the books of the great mystics. These doctrines had a long historical development, and they would have taken essentially the same form if the exponents of them had not been mystics. Mystical experience is confined to no one form of philosophy, though some ways of thinking no doubt favor and other ways retard the experience, as they also often do in the case of religious faith in general. Mystical experience, furthermore, must not be confused with what technical expert writers call 'the mystic way.' There are as many mystical 'ways' as there are gates to the New Jerusalem. 'On the east three gates, on the north three gates, on the south three gates, and on the west three gates.' One might as well try to describe the way of making love, or the way of appreciating the Grand Cañon, as to describe the way to the discovery of God, as if there were only one way.

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I am not interested in mysticism as an *ism*. It turns out, in most accounts, to be a dry and abstract thing, hardly more like the warm and intimate experience than the color of the map is like the country for which it stands. 'Canada is very pink,' seems quite an inadequate description of the noble country north of our border. It is mystical experience, and not mysticism, that is worthy of our study. We are concerned with the experience itself, not with second-hand formulations of it. 'The mystic,' says Professor Royce, 'is a thoroughgoing empiricist.' 'God ceases to be an object and becomes an experience,' says Professor Pringle-Pattison. If it *is* an experience, we want to find out what happens to the mystic himself inside where he lives.

According to those who have been there, the experience that we call mystical is charged with the conviction of real, direct contact and commerce with God. It is the almost universal testimony of those who are mystics that they find God through their experience. John Tauler says that, in his best moments of 'devout prayer and the uplifting of the mind to God,' he experiences 'the pure presence of God' in his own soul; but he adds that all he can tell others about the experience is 'as poor and unlike it as the point of a needle is to the heavens above us.' 'I have met with my God; I have met with my Saviour. I have felt the healings drop upon my soul from under his wings,' says Isaac Penington, in the joy of his first mystical experience.

Without needlessly multiplying such testimonies for data, we can say with considerable assurance that mystical experience is consciousness of direct and immediate relationship with some transcendent reality which, in the moment of experience, is believed to be God. 'This is He, this is He,' exclaims Isaac Penington; 'there is no other. This is He whom I have waited for and sought after from my childhood.' Angela of Foligno says that she experienced God, and saw that the whole world was full of God.

II

There are many different degrees of intensity, concentration, and conviction in the experiences of different individual mystics, and also in the various experiences of the same individual from time to time. There has been a tendency in most studies of mysticism to regard the state of ecstasy as *par excellence* mystical experience. That is, however, a grave mistake. The calmer, more meditative, less emotional, less ecstatic experiences of God are not less convincing and possess greater constructive value for life and character than do ecstatic experiences which presuppose a peculiar psychical frame and disposition. The seasoned Quaker, in the corporate hush and stillness of a silent meeting, is far removed from ecstasy, but he is not the less convinced that he is meeting with God. For the *essentia* of mysticism we do not need to insist upon a certain 'sacred' mystic way, or upon ecstasy, or upon any peculiar type of rare psychic upheavals. We do need to insist, however, upon a consciousness of commerce with God amounting to conviction of his Presence.

> Where one heard noise
> And one saw flame,
> I only knew He named my name.

Jacob Boehme calls the experience that came to him, 'breaking through the gate' into 'a new birth or resurrection from the dead'; so that, he says, 'I knew God.' 'I am certain,' says Eckhart, 'as certain as that I live, that nothing is so near to me as God. God is nearer to me than I am to myself.' One of these experiences — the first one — was an ecstasy, and the other, so far as we can tell, was not. It was the flood-

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ing in of a moment of God-consciousness in the act of preaching a sermon to the common people of Cologne. The experience of Penington, again, was not an ecstasy; it was the vital surge of fresh life on the first occasion of hearing George Fox preach after a long period of waiting silence. A simple normal case of a mild type is given in a little book of recent date, reprinted from the *Atlantic Monthly:* 'After a long time of jangling conflict and inner misery, I one day, *quite quietly and with no conscious effort,* stopped doing the disingenuous thing [I had been doing]. Then the marvel happened. It was as if a great rubber band, which had been stretched almost to the breaking-point, were suddenly released and snapped back to its normal condition. Heaven and earth were changed for me. Everything was glorious because of its relation to some great central life — nothing seemed to matter but that life.'

Brother Lawrence, a barefooted lay brother of the seventeenth century, according to the testimony of the brotherhood, attained 'an unbroken and undisturbed sense of the Presence of God.' He was not an ecstatic; he was a quiet, faithful man, who did his ordinary daily tasks with what seemed to his friends 'an unclouded vision, an illuminated love, and an uninterrupted joy.' Simple and humble though he was, he nevertheless acquired, through his experience of God, 'an extraordinary spaciousness of mind.'

The more normal, expansive mystical experiences come apparently when the personal self is at its best. Its powers and capacities are raised to an unusual unity and fused together. The whole being, with its accumulated submerged life, *finds itself.* The process of preparing for any high achievement is a severe and laborious one; but nothing seems easier in the moment of success than is the accomplishment for which the life has been prepared. There comes to be formed within the person what Aristotle called 'a dexterity of soul,' so that the person does with ease what he has become skilled to do. Clement of Alexandria called a fully organized and spiritualized person 'a harmonized man' — that is, adjusted, organized, and ready to be a transmissive organ for the revelation of God. Brother Lawrence, who was thus 'harmonized,' finely says: 'The most excellent method which I found of going to God was that of *doing my common business* purely for the love of God.' An earlier mystic of the fourteenth century stated the same principle in these words: 'It is my aim to be to the Eternal God what a man's hand is to a man.'

There are many human experiences which carry a man up to levels where he has not usually been before, and where he finds himself possessed of insight and energies that he had hardly suspected were his until that moment. One leaps to his full height when the right inner spring is reached. We are quite familiar with the way in which instinctive tendencies in us, and emotions both egoistic and social, become organized under a group of ideas and ideals into a single system, which we call a sentiment, such as love, or patriotism, or devotion to truth. It forms slowly, and one hardly realizes that it has formed until some occasion unexpectedly brings it into full operation, and we find ourselves able with perfect ease to overcome the most powerful inhibitory and opposing instincts and habits, which, until then, had usually controlled us. We are familiar, too, with the way in which a well-trained and disciplined mind, confronted by a concrete situation, will sometimes, — alas, not always, — in a sudden flash of imaginative insight, discover a universal law revealed there and then in

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the single phenomenon, as Sir Isaac Newton did, and as, in a no less striking way, Sir William Rowan Hamilton did in his discovery of Quaternions. Literary and artistic geniuses supply us with many instances in which, in a sudden flash, the crude material at hand is shot through with vision, and the complicated plot of a drama, the full significance of a character, or the complete glory of a statue stands revealed, as if, to use R. L. Stephenson's illustration, a *geni* had brought it on a golden tray as a gift from another world. Abraham Lincoln, striking off in a few intense minutes his Gettysburg address, as beautiful in style and perfect in form as anything in human literature, is as good an illustration as we need of the way in which a highly organized person, by a kindling flash, has at his hand all the moral and spiritual gains of a lifetime.

There is a famous account of the flash of inspiration, given by Philo, which can hardly be improved. It is as follows: —

> I am not ashamed to recount my own experience. At times, when I have proposed to enter upon my wonted task of writing on philosophical doctrines, with an exact knowledge of the materials which were to be put together, I have had to leave off without any work accomplished, finding my mind barren and fruitless, and upbraiding it for its self-complacency, while startled at the might of the Existent One, in whose power it lies to open and close the wombs of the soul. But at other times, when I had come empty, all of a sudden I have been filled with thoughts, showered down and sown upon me unseen from above, so that by Divine possession I have fallen into a rapture and become ignorant of everything, the place, those present, myself, what was spoken or written. For I have received a stream of interpretation, a fruition of light, the most clear-cut sharpness of vision, the most vividly distinct view of the matter before me, such as might be received through the eyes from the most luminous presentation.

The most important mystical experiences are something like that. They occur usually, not at the beginning of the religious life, but rather in the ripe and developed stage of it. They are the fruit of long-maturing processes. Clement's 'harmonized man' is always a person who has brought his soul into parallelism with divine currents, has habitually practised his religious insights, and has finally formed a unified central self, subtly sensitive, acutely responsive to the Beyond within him. In such experiences, which may come suddenly or may come as a more gradual process, the whole self operates and masses all the cumulations of a lifetime. They are no more emotional than they are rational and volitional. We have a total personality, awake, active, and 'aware of his life's flow.' Instead of seeing in a flash a law of gravitation, or the plot and character of *Hamlet*, or the uncarven form of Moses the Law-giver in a block of marble, one sees at such times the moral demonstrations of a lifetime and vividly feels the implications that are essentially involved in a spiritual life. In the high moment God is seen to be as sure as the soul is.

> I stood at Naples once, a night so dark
> I could have scarce conjectured there was earth
> Anywhere, sky or sea or world at all:
> But the night's black was burst through by a blaze —
> Thunder struck blow on blow, earth groaned and bore,
> Through her whole length of mountain visible.
> There lay the city thick and plain with spires,
> And, like a ghost disshrouded, white the sea.
> So may a truth be flashed out by one blow.

To some the truth of God never comes closer than a logical conclusion. He is held to be as a living item in a creed. To the mystic He becomes real in the same sense that experienced beauty is real, or the feel of spring is real, or summer sunlight is real: He has been found, He has been met, He is present.

Before discussing the crucial ques-

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tion whether these experiences are evidential and are worthy of consideration as an addition to the world's stock of truth and knowledge, I must say a few words about the normality or abnormality of them. Nothing of any value can be said on this point of mystical experience in the *abstract*. One must first catch his concrete case. Some instances are normal, and some are undoubtedly abnormal. Trance, ecstasy, and rapture are unusual experiences, and, in that sense, not normal occurrences. They usually indicate, furthermore, a pathological condition of personality, and are thus abnormal in the more technical sense. There is, however, something more to be said on this point. It seems pretty well established that some persons — and they have often been creative leaders and religious geniuses — have succeeded in organizing their lives, in finding their trail, in charging their whole personality with power, in attaining a moral dynamic, and in tapping vast reservoirs of energy by means of states which, if occurring in other persons, would no doubt be called pathological. The real test here is a pragmatic one. It seems hardly sound to call a state abnormal if it has raised the 'experient,' as a mystic experience often does, into a hundred-horsepower man, and by his influence has turned multitudes of other men and women into more joyous, hopeful, and efficient persons. This question of abnormality and reality is thus not one to be settled off-hand by a superficial diagnosis.

An experience which brings spaciousness of mind, new interior dimensions, ability to stand the universe, — and the people in it, — and capacity to work at human tasks with patience, endurance, and wisdom may quite intelligently be called normal, though to an external beholder it may look like what he usually calls a trance of hysteria, a state of dissociation, or hypnosis by auto-suggestion. It should be added, however, as I have already said, that mystical experience is not confined to these extremer types. They may or may not be pathological. The calmer and more restrained stages of mysticism are more important and significant, and are no more marked with the stigma of hysteria than is love-making, enjoyment of music, devotion to altruistic causes, risking one's life for one's country, or any lofty experience of *value*.

III

We come at length to the central question of our consideration: Do mystical experiences settle anything? Are they purely subjective and one-sided, or do they prove to have objective reference and so to be two-sided? Do they take the experient across the chasm that separates 'self' from 'other'? Mystical experience undoubtedly feels as if it had objective reference. It comes to the individual with indubitable authority. He is certain that he has found something other than himself. He has an unescapable conviction that he is in contact and commerce with reality beyond the margins of his personal self. 'A tremendous muchness is suddenly revealed,' as William James once put it.

We do not get very far when we undertake to reduce knowledge to an affair of sense-experience. 'They reckon ill who leave me out,' can be said by the organized, personal, creative mind as truly as by Brahma. There are many forms of human experience in which the data of the senses are so vastly transcended that they fail to furnish any real explanation of what occurs in consciousness. This is true of all our experiences of *value*, which apparently spring out of synthetic or synoptic activities of the mind, that is, activities in which the mind is unified and creative. The vibrations of ether that bombard the rods

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and cones of the retina may be the occasion for the appreciation of beauty in sky or sea or flower, but they are surely not the *cause* of it. The concrete event which confronts me is, very likely, the occasion for the august pronouncement of moral issues which my conscience makes; but it cannot be said that the concrete event in any proper sense *causes* this consciousness of moral obligation. The famous answer of Leibnitz to the crude sense-philosophy of his time is still cogent. To the phrase, 'There is nothing in the mind that has not come through the senses,' Leibnitz added, 'Except the mind itself.' That means that the creative activity of the mind is always an important factor in experience, and a factor that cannot be ignored in any of the processes of knowledge.

Unfortunately, we have done very little yet in the direction of comprehending the interior depth of the personal mind, or of estimating adequately the part which mind itself, in its creative capacity, plays in all knowledge-functions. It will be only when we have succeeded in getting beyond what Plato called the 'bird-cage' theory of knowledge, to a sound theory of knowledge and to a solid basis for spiritual values, that we shall be able to discuss intelligently the 'findings' of the mystic.

The world at the present moment is pitiably 'short' in its stock of sound theories of knowledge. The prevailing psychologies do not explain knowledge at all. The behaviorists do not try to explain it, any more than the astronomer or the physicist does. The psychologist who reduces mind to an aggregation of describable 'mind-states' has started out on a course that makes an explanation forever impossible, since knowledge can be explained only through unity and integral wholeness, never through an aggregation of parts, as if it were a mental 'shower of shot.' If we expect to talk about *knowledge*, and seriously propose to use that great word *truth*, we must at least begin with the assumption of an intelligent, creative, organizing centre of self-consciousness, which can transcend itself and can know what is beyond, and other than, itself. In short, the talk about a 'chasm' between subject and object — knower and thing known — is as absurd as it would be to talk of a chasm between the convex and the concave sides of a curve. Knowledge is always knowledge of an object, and mystical experience has all the essential marks of objective reference, as certainly as other forms of experience have.

Professor J. M. Baldwin very well says that there is a form of contemplation in which, as in æsthetic experience, the strands of the mind's diverging dualisms are '*merged and fused*.' He adds: 'In this experience of a fusion which is not a mixture, but which issues in a meaning of its own sort and kind, an experience whose essential character is just this unity of comprehension, consciousness attains its completest, its most direct, and its final apprehension of what Reality is and means.' It really comes round to the question whether the mind of a self-conscious person has any way of approach, except by way of the senses, to any kind of reality. There is no *a priori* answer to that question. It can be settled only by experience. It is, therefore, pure dogmatism to say, as Professor Dunlap in his recent attack on mysticism does, that all conscious processes are based on sense-stimulation, and all thought as well as perception depends on reaction to sense-stimulus. It is no doubt true that behavior psychology must resort to some such formula; but that only means that such psychology is always dealing with greatly transformed and reduced beings, when it attempts to deal with persons like us, who, in the

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richness of our concrete lives, are never reduced to 'behavior-beings.' We have interior dimensions, and 'that is the end on 't'! Some persons — and they are by no means feeble-minded individuals — are as certain that they have contact with a world within, as they are that they have experiences of a world outside in space. Thomas Aquinas, who neither in method nor in doctrine leaned toward mysticism, though he was most certainly 'a harmonized man,' and who in theory postponed the vision of God to a realm beyond death, nevertheless had an experience two years before he died which made him put his pen and inkhorn on the shelf and never write another word of his *Summa Theologiæ*. When he was reminded of the incomplete state of his great work, and was urged to go on with it, he replied, 'I have seen that which makes all that I have written look small to me.'

It may be just possible that there is a universe of spiritual reality upon which our finite spirits open inward as inlets open into the sea.

> Like tides on the crescent sea-beach
> When the moon is new and thin,
> Into our hearts high yearnings
> Come welling and surging in —
> Come from that mystic ocean
> Whose rim no foot has trod —
> Some call it Longing,
> But others call it God.

Such a view is perfectly sane and tenable; it conflicts with no proved and demonstrated facts in the nature either of the universe or of mind. It seems, in any event, to the mystic that there is such a world, that he has found it as surely as Columbus found San Salvador, and that his experience is a truth-telling experience.

But, granting that it is truth-telling and has objective reference, is the mystic justified in claiming that he has found and knows God? One does not need to be a very wide and extensive student of mystical experience to discover what a meagre stock of knowledge the genuine mystic reports. William James's remarkable experience in the Adirondack woods very well illustrates the type. It had, he says, 'an intense significance of some sort, if one could only *tell* the significance. . . . In point of fact, I can't find a single word for all that significance and don't know what it was significant of, so that it remains a mere boulder of impression.' At a later date James refers to that 'extraordinary vivacity of man's psychological commerce with something ideal that *feels as if* it were also actual.' The greatest of all the fourteenth-century mystics, Meister Eckhart, could not put his *impression* into words or ideas. What he found was a 'wilderness of the Godhead where no one is at home' — that is, an Object with no particular, differentiated, concrete characteristics. It was not an accident that so many of the mystics hit upon the *via negativa*, the way of negation, or that they called their discovery 'the divine Dark.'

> Whatever your mind comes at,
> I tell you flat,
> God is not that.

Mystical experience does not supply concrete information. It does not bring new finite facts, new items that can be used in a description of 'the scenery and circumstance' of the realm beyond our sense-horizons. It is the awareness of a Presence, the consciousness of a Beyond, the discovery, as James put it, that ' we are continuous with a More of the same quality, which is operative in us and in touch with us.'

The most striking effect of such experience is not new fact-knowledge, not new items of empirical information, but new moral energy, heightened conviction, increased caloric quality, enlarged spiritual vision, an unusual radiant power of life. In short, the whole personality, in the case of the constructive

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mystics, appears to be raised to a new level of life, and to have gained from somewhere many calories of life-feeding, spiritual substance. We are quite familiar with the way in which adrenalin suddenly flushes into the physical system and adds a new and incalculable power to brain and muscle. Under its stimulus a man can carry out a piano when the house is on fire. May not, perhaps, some energy, from some Source with which our spirits are allied, flush our inner being with forces and powers by which we can be fortified to stand the universe and more than stand it! 'We are more than conquerors through Him that loved us,' is the way one of the world's greatest mystics felt.

Mystical experience — and we must remember, as Santayana has said, that 'experience is like a shrapnel shell and bursts into a thousand meanings' — does at least one thing. It makes God sure to the person who has had the experience. It raises faith and conviction to the *n*th power. 'The God who said, "Let light shine out of darkness," has shined into my heart to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God,' is St. Paul's testimony. 'I knew God by revelation,' declares George Fox; 'I was as one who hath the key and doth open.' 'The man who has attained this felicity,' Plotinus says, 'meets some turn of fortune that he would not have chosen, but there is not the slightest lessening of his happiness for that.' But this experience, with its overwhelming conviction and its dynamic effect, cannot be put into the common coin of speech. Frederic Myers has well expressed the difficulty: —

> Oh could I tell, ye surely would believe it!
> Oh could I only say what I have seen!
> How should I tell or how can ye receive it,
> How, till He bringeth you where I have been?

When Columbus found San Salvador, he was able to describe it to those who did not sail with him in the Santa Maria; but when the mystic finds God, he cannot give us any 'knowledge' in plain words of everyday speech. He can only refer to his boulder, or his Gibraltar, of *impression*. That situation is what we should expect. We cannot, either, describe any of our great emotions. We cannot impart what flushes into our consciousness in moments of lofty intuition. We have a submerged life within us, which is certainly no less real than our hand or foot. It influences all that we do or say, but we do not find it easy to utter it. In the presence of the sublime we have nothing to say — or, if we do say anything, it is a great mistake! Language is forged to deal with experiences that are common to many persons, that is, with experiences that refer to objects in space. We have no vocabulary for the subtle, elusive flashes of vision, which are unique, individual, and unsharable, as, for instance, is our personal sense of 'the tender grace of a day that is dead.' We are forced in all these matters to resort to symbolic suggestion and to artistic devices. Coventry Patmore said with much insight: —

> In divinity and love
> What 's worth the saying can't be said.

I believe that mystical experiences do, in the long run, expand our knowledge of God, and do succeed in verifying themselves. Mysticism is a sort of spiritual protoplasm, which underlies, as a basic substance, much that is best in religion, in ethics, and in life itself. It has generally been the mystic, the prophet, the seer, who has spotted out new ways forward in the jungle of our world, or lifted our race to new spiritual levels. Their experiences have in some way equipped them for unusual tasks, have given supplies of energy to them which their neighbors did not have, and have apparently brought them into vital correspondence with dimensions and regions of reality that others miss.

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The proof that they have found God, or at least a domain of spiritual reality, does not lie in some new stock of knowledge, not in some gnostic secret, which they bring back; it is to be seen rather in the moral and spiritual fruits which test out and verify the experience.

Consciousness of beauty or of truth or of goodness baffles analysis as much as consciousness of God does. These values have no objective standing-ground in current psychology. They are not things in the world of space. They submit to no adequate causal explanation. They have their ground of being in some other kind of world than that of the mechanical order, a world composed of quantitative masses of matter in motion. These experiences of value, which are as real for experience as stone-walls are, make very clear the fact that there are depths and capacities in the nature of the normal human mind which we do not usually recognize, and of which we have scant and imperfect accounts in our textbooks. Our minds, taken in their full range, in other words, have some sort of contact and relationship with an eternal nature of things far deeper than atoms and molecules. Only very slowly and gradually has the race learned, through finite symbols and temporal forms, to interpret beauty and truth and goodness, which, in their essence, are as ineffable and indescribable as is the mystic's experience of God. Plato often speaks as if he had high moments of experience when he rose to the naked vision of beauty — beauty 'alone, separate and eternal,' as he says; and his myths are very probably told, as J. A. Stewart believes, to assist others to experience this same vision — a beauty that 'does not grow nor perish, is without increase or diminution and endures for everlasting.' But, as a matter of fact, however exalted heavenly and enduring beauty may be in its essence, we know *what it is* only as it appears in fair forms of objects, of body, of soul, of actions; in harmonious blending of sounds or colors; in well-ordered or happily combined groupings of many aspects in one unity, which is as it ought to be. Truth and moral goodness always transcend our attainments, and we sometimes feel that the very end and goal of life is the pursuit of that truth or that goodness which eye hath not seen nor ear heard. But whatever truth we do attain, or whatever goodness we do achieve, is always concrete. Truth is just this one more added fact that resists all attempt to doubt it. Goodness is just this simple everyday deed that reveals a heroic spirit and a brave venture of faith in the midst of difficulties.

So, too, the mystic knowledge of God is not some esoteric communication, supplied through trance or ecstasy; it is an intuitive personal touch with God, felt to be the essentially real, the bursting forth of an intense love for Him, which heightens all the capacities and activities of life, followed by the slow laboratory effects which verify it. 'All I could never be' now *is*. It seems possible to stand the universe — even to do something toward the transformation of it. The bans get read for that most difficult of all marriages, the marriage of the possible with the actual, the ideal with the real. And if the experience does not prove that the soul has found God, it at least does this: it makes the soul feel that proofs of God are wholly unnecessary.

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MEDITATIONS OF A BACHELOR

BY EDWARD CARRINGTON VENABLE

It is printed on some page of a now forgotten volume: —

'The cry of "The Christian to the Lions!" resounded everywhere through the dark streets.'

The page was probably describing the reign of the Emperor Nero, and was possibly written by Sienkiewicz, though that is no matter here.

The little boy who read it, and went to bed immediately afterward, lay alone for a long time — or at least what seemed a long time — in a perfectly dark bedroom, hearing that terrible cry. It came to him in a dozen forms, but each distinctly articulate. There was a large clock below, at the stairs' foot, which ticked it; somewhere in the fields outside a cow bellowed it defiantly into the dark universe; a lonely whip-poor-will down by the river somewhere lamented it with equal intervals.

It was the very worst night of that little boy's life. Never afterward was he quite so frightened. He believed, a trifle arrogantly, may be, that he was a Christian, and, of course, he was sure of lions. To these facts, add that unnamable quality which the dark possesses, even for an animal, and you have by the simplest reasoning a truly terrifying situation. For it is a terrifying situation to be alone in the dark, a very small Christian, and hear a horde of barbarians shrieking for your life. It is terrifying, and it is childish, and it is as impeccably reasonable as arithmetic.

Of course, to the adult mind that last quality, the rationality, is not self-evident; but that is because the adult mind cannot recapture firm faith in its own orthodoxy or shed its acquired knowledge of the scarcity of lions. But taking these two feats as accomplished, certainly the perfect reasonableness of that terror is undeniable. Anyone is afraid of being thrown to the lions, who knows that he is defenselessly liable to such a fate and that there is a plentiful and immediate supply of lions. That small boy was not, as his elders would have assured him, groundlessly alarmed. He was ignorant, very, and of many things — of zoölogy, of the improved customs of theological dispute; but he was not in the least irrational. His fright was childish, but it was not in any correct sense unreasonable.

That so simple a conclusion requires any demonstration shows the extent of the evil — this confounding of the unreasonable with the childish. The two terms have become positively almost synonymous. The two adjectives pop out in any casual talk like the two barrels of a shot-gun. It would be more accurate, however, to say that they are in antithesis. For example, the fair question is rather whether there are any reasonable fears, except childish fears. It is this that gives them their unequaled poignancy. They assail not the imagination, but the very seat of reason itself. They cannot be argued away, because they have all the arguments on their side. Not Socrates himself that night could have reasoned that little boy into serenity. He remained alarmed at the horrible possibilities of his merciless logic, until experience

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shifted the weight of probability to his side of the balance — a faultlessly logical method. True, the result was absurd; but then, that was the defect of his education. He was helpless in that regard, for he could acquire only what was permitted to him. Beyond that he was the victim of his method — a fate that overtakes only children and philosophers.

The likeness between these two classes of human beings, between children and philosophers, which has become the most obvious of observations, is, indeed, never a matter of chance. It is as sequential as it is obvious. Each confronted by an unintelligible universe, which he is compelled to explain, attempts to reduce it to order by the method of his reason. The central effort of the life of either is precisely the same. Each fails. The child becomes a man or woman, acquires experience, prejudices, sympathy, superstitions, memories, and so accomplishes his few purposes. The philosopher commits suicide, or dies of old age, according to the intensity of his convictions. As surely as a man is a child who has grown up, a philosopher is a child who has not grown up. The Pauline admonition that he put away childish things he has not heeded — not, at least, in regard to the most childish of all things. All of which is the most obvious of observations. The type of philosopher who forgets his hat and carries about into the world the heart of a child has worn out its welcome in the most popular fiction. It is strange that the equally broad generalization, the philosophy of infancy, has escaped an equally general recognition. Perhaps the explanation is that children have so recently begun to write books.

Certainly no one who has ever encountered the merciless rationalism of the human young has failed to mark it. The matured descendant of that small boy with the lions, then grown to thirty years and more, had such an experience. It was terrifying; but how absurd, how beyond all reasonable explanation appears this adult terror — occurring, too, not in the darkness of a lonely bedroom, but in the mild afternoon light of a nursery — by comparison with that earlier one.

It was exactly mid-afternoon in May that he, a grown-up Christian now, was thrown into the arena of his grown-up fear, a nursery, to three little lions seated about a sort of Gulliver's Travels table before a window. The mother of these lions stood in the doorway. The poor Christian stood in the middle of the floor being looked at, not at all angrily, only thoroughly. The mother of the lions looked anxiously at the group about the table. Then she turned a tranquil glance for an instant to the Christian. So, exactly, might some Imperial Roman, lolling on velvet-covered marble, have glanced down at the terrible sands. And just as that one might, for a brief instant of bored indecision, have looked at his thumb before deciding 'up' or 'down,' so she glanced at her wrist with its tiny watch.

'I shall be back,' she said evenly, 'about six.'

It was then about five. So it was distinctly, 'Thumbs down.'

Then she went out, closing the door behind her — chaining it possibly. And the lions sat implacable.

When, at a little before six, — she was not so heartless as she appeared, — the door was unbarred, it was a truly exhausted man who was released. He was exhausted because no adult can live in the rarefied air of pure truth, purged of every uncertainty that interrogation can detect, for that length of time without exhaustion. He, like an air-pilot at altitude, must get down for a few lungfulls of earth-contaminated

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atmosphere, or die. Only children and philosophers can do otherwise.

Yet this man's ordeal had been a light one. He had been set three tasks. First, he had been asked to sing. He could n't sing; but then, neither could the children. He had been taught the fact by experience. Innocent of experience, their ecstasy during ten repetitions of 'My Country, 't is of Thee' was exquisite. His mortification was unnecessary, unreasonable, and painful.

Failing completely to explain his lack of voice, he was asked to tell a story. Now it happened, that whatever self-respect he had he had won for himself by the belief that he could tell stories and by the stories he had told. In fact, he was a story-teller by trade. It might be well to explain that the situation as it stood then was caused by the mother of the lions, who was his hostess for that week-end and rather at a loss to dispose of him, suggesting, —

'I have to meet Elizabeth on the 5.35. Why don't you go up and tell the children stories. I am sure you would tell such wonderful ones.'

He remembered later that he had thought he would — would, that is, tell wonderful ones. He even had a remnant of such confidence after the failure of 'My Country, 't is of Thee.'

So he started off gallantly at the command, 'Tell us a story,' with 'Well, once upon a time —'

In three sentences he had lost his audience. In ten he had disgusted them. They were, on the whole, polite about it, though not obscurely circuitous. They merely said, —

'We're going to play Alps.'

Fortunately they let him be the mountain. He possessed superior qualifications for that rôle.

So he lay for the better part of an hour covered by a white table-cloth, and was an Alp, while disregarding feet trampled on his diminished head. In that way, at the last, he achieved a success of a sort. But to be only a mountain in a nursery is not a gratifying experience.

When at last he lifted a corner of the table-cloth and peered out at his returned hostess, all vanity had fled from that man. There was an annoying symbolism about his attitude on the carpet. He had been brought low by the pitiless logic that seemed to stamp 'Mene, mene' upon his forehead. He had been tested, soul and body, and found only body. He had been subjected to that dreadful and merciless analysis, — so many of whose celebrated practitioners have justly suffered death at the hands of outraged humanity, — that pitiless judgment which, taking no account of the nobler, though abortive impulses of mankind, their capacity for love, their dauntless aspiration, their tender fancy and sympathy, the mysteries of their imagination, will accept only the hard cash of Reason.

'Well, how did you like it?' asked his hostess as they went downstairs.

If he had answered frankly, the violence of his feeling, of his just resentment, would possibly have hurled her the length of the flight of stairs. That is the way her children would have answered her.

He managed to preserve some degree of truth, however, by replying that it was one of the most instructive afternoons of his life.

It was a just answer. Later reflection has confirmed it. After all, his assailants were unconscious of their acts. Like himself thirty years earlier, they were the victims of their method. And that method was the only one they knew. Strip any human soul of its experience, of the sympathy that comes by suffering, of the aspiration that springs only from watching the sufferings of others, of the humility that only failure can teach — what is left to it,

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except Reason? True, the infants were terrible, but how terribly they were armed, with minds free from the prejudices of experience, unsoftened by strain, functioning with mechanical accuracy. These are the qualifications of a machine-gun, not of a human soul. Alas, it cannot be denied that, the more one feels, the more especially one has felt, the less accurately one reasons. It is not the ineptitude of the child's question that upsets his elders, it is its directness. The *enfant terrible* is terrible only because of his accuracy, of his simplicity, of his perfect unconcern with anything but truth. Surely, to say of an afternoon spent in such company that it is instructive, is not to exceed the bounds of even their rigid veracity.

But his questioner was not daunted. She ventured further.

'Yes,' she agreed as her feet touched the bottom step. 'Are n't they fascinating?'

That was the fatal step too far, the famous little bit of the too-much. There is the story of the man who developed feliphobia fainting at the sound of a purr, or the touch of fur, and explained his aversion on the grounds that 'cats can *only* reason.' There is a difference between an association that is instructive and one that fascinates.

'I love to watch their little minds grow,' she finished happily.

The remark, somehow, instantly called up a picture of this most delightful gentle human being, spending her life gloating over the gradual and inevitable deterioration of her offspring — like some distraught marksman enthusiastically calculating the increasing error of his rifle.

COURTSHIP AFTER MARRIAGE

Not long ago I read with pious misgivings a book on Anarchism, by Emma Goldman. It contained — as I expected — much that was objectionable, wild, and shocking. But it also contained some very stimulating observations and reflections. I was deeply impressed by a powerful chapter on marriage, in which the author protested against the ugly fact that, under modern social and economic conditions in the United States, particularly in New England, very many women are denied the natural right of motherhood. A painful picture was drawn of the many thousands of over-strained, atrophied women doomed to live out their lives unmated and deprived of their rightful inheritance.

Statistics show that one out of every twelve women remains unmarried between the years of forty-five and sixty-four; one out of ten between thirty-five and forty-four; and one out of five between twenty-five and thirty-four. Among the men, one out of ten remains unmarried between the ages of forty-five and sixty-four; one out of six between thirty-five and forty-four; and one out of every three between twenty-five and thirty-four. Something must be decidedly wrong with our civilization, to permit such a state of affairs.

It is evident that this extraordinary problem concerns the unmarried man quite as much as the unmarried woman. The man who has never known the dignity, the responsibilities, and the deep

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satisfaction of fatherhood is also an atrophied, abnormal member of society. As an unreconciled bachelor, I have wrestled hard with the problem and have reached certain conclusions, which, I fear, are regarded by some of my friends as most heretical.

I recognize, of course, that economic conditions are partly responsible for this abnormal situation; but I believe that this difficulty could be surmounted without much trouble if it were not for other much more serious influences. The necessity of earning a living, in order to care for dependents; the struggle to acquire an education in law and medicine, as well as in other professions — all this often compels a lamentable delay, or an indefinite postponement, of marriage. This delay is itself frequently tragic in the strain of inhibitions and the consequent ills it imposes on both sexes, at the time when Nature is calling imperatively for her unquestioned rights.

But I am thinking primarily of those who never marry, who bravely put up a cheerful front, but whose hearts are never free from a sense of irremediable loss. I am thinking of those who cannot stand this strain, and who collapse, either mentally or morally. Economic reasons may in some cases absolutely preclude marriage; but I believe that other causes are of much greater weight.

First of all, I accuse the spirit of Puritanism for having fostered a false attitude toward the sex-instinct. Many a boy and girl brought up in a Puritan environment have come to regard the first attractions of sex as something utterly unholy. They have resisted these inclinations and brooded morbidly over them, until they have felt damned beyond redemption. They have turned to ascetic discipline and severe torments of the soul, until their outlook has become badly distorted, even at times to the extreme of insanity.

These unhappy victims of Puritanism have been prevented from realizing that Nature is only asking her own: that she rejoices in the instinctive revelations of sex; that adolescence is as natural as breathing, and must not be too long ignored.

Among simple primitive folk, who have mercifully been spared the dark shadow of Puritanism on their sex-relations, the process of mating and of reproduction is rightly regarded as Nature's richest gift. They do not affront Nature by pleading for a delay, or feel guilty when obeying the imperious demands of mature adolescence. As for that matter, even our Puritan ancestors were in this respect more normal and more moral than is the case to-day, in favoring early marriages and in welcoming the rather abundant harvests of such unions.

Puritanism, in its peculiar definition of moral purity and its gloomy approach to marriage, has created a stuffy atmosphere in which it is excessively difficult for men and women to meet naturally. There is a restraint and a prudery that render courtship difficult or illicit love easy. Desperate measures are necessary under such conditions. Severe admonitions or cruel jests either kill budding affections or provoke to acts not infrequently unfortunate in their consequences.

And this preposterous attitude lasts after marriage, when many a young mother finds herself condemned to a painful reticence and evasion at a time when she should be boldly exultant in her supreme realization of Nature's greatest miracle. Puritanism has seemed to associate with this great joy something abhorrent and shameful! I remember how I once shocked a cousin by remarking that one of our relations was expecting a baby; and how, later on, she admitted her inability to understand why she should have felt shocked.

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The answer, of course, was this strange thing called Puritanism, which has cast a dreadful pall on the most joyous and natural instinct of mankind.

Next to Puritanism I accuse the spirit of Romanticism — an odd partner in crime — for rendering marriage so difficult to achieve. Poetry and fiction have done their worst to foster fantastic notions concerning love and matrimony. Preachers, moralists, psychologists, and writers of various kinds have all united to represent the sex-instinct as exotic and unreal. The native hue of passion has been sicklied o'er by a very pale cast of thought. Youths and maidens have attended theoretical courses in correspondence schools on the subject of matrimony. They have been encouraged to subject their emotions to a compound microscope, to try to discover by analysis whether these feelings are as described in the books. They have been led to be hypercritical to such an extent that they become morbidly introspective. And all the time two sound hearts may have been calling loudly to each other in vain! In their search for a great romance, for the proper stage-setting for courtship, they become utterly confused and hysterical at times. They play on each other's nerves until something is bound to happen; but what happens is too often a tragedy. Nature is scornful of play-acting in matters of the heart, and visits fearful penalties on the actors. Nature cannot but have a grudge against this Romanticism, which blinds people to realities and impels them to pursue an *ignis fatuus*, in an utterly unreal world of intellectual creation.

I accuse also the Feminist movement for its part in bewildering society regarding the relations of the sexes. Many excellent women, in their devotion and martyrdom to the cause of equal suffrage, have practically taken vows of celibacy, like nuns. At least, the effect is the same, by reason of the emphasis they place on the entering of women into the various professions, their right to economic independence, and their obligation to demonstrate their absolute freedom. The making of a home, the rearing of children, seem to be regarded by the Feminists as, at best, nothing but an evil necessity, to be borne under protest and to be avoided if possible. This attitude in some amounts virtually to an angry revolt against Nature for having been outrageously unjust in placing a heavier burden on women than on men. The way some of these Feminists talk would lead one to infer that they desired legislation from on high, to impose on men part of the task of bearing children!

Another and more sinister effect of Feminism has been the hideous reaction of the argument against a double standard of morality for men and women. Instead of inducing men to be more moral, the tendency would seem decidedly to make women more lax, and even cynical on the subject. I have known women who, ignoring the sententious and incontrovertible argument of Franklin concerning the double standard, have frankly asserted the right of a woman to have her 'fling' as well as a man. There are various sets where an amused tolerance condones moral delinquencies, or fosters a most dangerous attitude toward marriage. As in the case of certain social or stage celebrities, marriage becomes a joke, or a meaningless formality, well characterized by a shrewd Turkish observer as 'consecutive polygamy.'

It is to be hoped, and in fact is to be expected, that, after this exaggerated movement of protest by the Feminists has spent its force, we shall have a return to a sane and natural attitude toward the marriage relation and all that it implies in obligations and ultimate contentment.

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And out of Puritanism, Romanticism, and Feminism, as well as from prevailing economic conditions, have grown false standards of happiness. Nature says to a man and woman: 'Unite, make a home, have children, cherish them, and build for their future, if you would know true contentment.' Modern civilization says: 'Do not think of marriage until after you have had a chance to enjoy yourselves in a life of independence; until you have sufficient means, a fine house, an automobile or two, and a mate with whom to continue your good time. Do not think of having children if they interfere in the least with your good time; certainly do not have more than one or two. And do not stay married for a moment if anything disagreeable occurs to mar your happiness.'

Or many a high-minded young man or girl is thinking of perfect bliss in marriage, of an ideal union of kindred souls, that will ensure eternal harmony and contentment. Their conception of domestic happiness is too exacting and unreal; it cannot allow for strain and stress. It renders marriage either more difficult to achieve or impossible to maintain.

I recall an observation by a statesman of note, when addressing a group of college girls, to the effect that it was much better for a woman never to marry than to marry unhappily. This sounds rather reasonable, but requires, first of all, a clear definition of married happiness. Such a definition, under modern conditions, is becoming increasingly difficult. Many a girl would be rendered unhappy by being deprived of certain comforts and privileges she has enjoyed in her home. At least, she may think so, and thus avoid matrimony and, very probably, miss true happiness. Other girls, who could readily endure such privations, may be made miserably unhappy to discover that their glorious ideal of marriage cannot be fully realized.

Here is the difficulty: what constitutes true happiness and absolute contentment? Many a man and woman have learned the answer by simple living in accordance with the demands of Nature. They have discovered that the standards of happiness set by modern civilization in literature, theatre, college, and social conventions are grotesquely false. Yes, many a woman possessing that greatest of gifts — *an understanding heart* — has achieved supreme happiness through 'the simple round, the daily task,' through the home loyalties and loving services. I have known women whose love and devotion have enabled them, not only to endure fearful humiliations at the hands of unworthy husbands, but actually to redeem them to a fine manhood in a sanctified and reconsecrated home. I have known men whose patience and tenderness have endured the nagging of thoughtless wives, their extravagances, their follies, yes, their faithlessness; and have brought them back to a beautiful and sane realization of true contentment. I have seen such men and women learn, through the strain and stress of married life, that the greatest happiness, after all, lies in sacrifice; that the basic principle of our Western civilization is the obligation to build for others. The home is the cornerstone of that civilization and of true contentment.

In the light of this standard of happiness I venture to reply to the superficial observation on marriage by the statesman to whom I have alluded, that it is better by far to have known the joys with the ills and sacrifices of motherhood than to live in a fancied single blessedness. To live as Nature ordained, though with many a concern and many a chagrin, is infinitely preferable to living in relative ease and serenity, in opposition to Nature's demands.

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There is good reason to view with disgust and alarm certain tendencies of the rising generation. The mode of dress that *exposes* rather than *discloses* feminine charms; the dance that exacts vulgar postures and familiarities; the 'petting' that arouses sexual emotions — all this, I take it, lamentable as it is, may perhaps be regarded in part as a reaction from those unnatural conditions which have militated against the wholesome relations of the sexes. It is a pity that the pendulum should swing so violently to a dangerous extreme; but I am hopeful that we may yet find a golden mean, which will result in a greater general happiness

Such a golden mean I find on the other side of the Atlantic, where the sex-instinct and marriage are regarded more sanely and naturally than on this side. Everything there — nature, parents, and society in general — unites to encourage young people to mate and nest early. No exaggerated intellectual refinements, no romantic fancies, no social conventions stand in the way of a free response to the 'cosmic urge.'

In the case also of Europeans of means and education, marriage is relatively easy, even when delayed for one reason or another. It is erroneous to think that Continental marriages are simply a matter of negotiations, irrespective of the sentiments and preferences of those directly concerned. If sentiment and desire should not coincide with interest, either side may freely use the right of veto. I recall several German friends living away from Germany, who were precluded by this fact and other circumstances from an early marriage. When the time arrived that they felt free to marry, it was a simple matter to let the home folks know of this desire. They in turn found it easy to pass along the word to someone in their circle of friends, who likewise had the desire to do her part in the making of a home. When the prospective lovers came together, there was no constraint, either of Puritanism or of Romanticism. On their finding each other congenial, the engagement was shortly entered into, and marriage followed soon after. In the cases I have in mind there was every evidence in later years of tender devotion and contentment.

I hope it will not be thought that I am arguing in favor of marriages *de convenance* as against sentiment and romance. There is nothing finer than some of the truly romantic and idyllic courtships it has been my privilege to witness. The *grande passion* does come to some, and is greatly to be desired. I am merely arguing that where such extraordinary experiences seem unlikely or unattainable, — as I fear they are in most cases, — obedience to the demands of nature should compel one to admit that marriage is not only desirable but imperative. I am contending for a saner attitude on the part of society in general toward the whole subject. I am writing as frankly as I can, out of the depths of experience, — sweet as well as bitter, — to try to help others to think more clearly on this vital problem.

Society should do all in its power, in my opinion, to render marriage easier, in order to restore it to its rightful place as the basic and primordial fact of life itself. We should feel much greater concern over the unpleasant fact of the large numbers of unmarried members of society. And early marriages should be facilitated, in recognition of the fact that delay can hardly be good, either for the individual or for society in general. The home is the basis of our civilization, and the more homes, the better the community. Whether early or late, marriage should be the immediate and the most serious concern of society at large.

All that has been said thus far should

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not be interpreted as minimizing in the least the sacramental nature of marriage as it rightfully is regarded by the Church. To those who think deeply, there is hardly anything in life that may not properly be deemed sacred. In fact, it is this sense of the sanctity, beauty, and dignity of human relationships that brings the greatest joy in life. But it does not follow, because marriage is sacramental, that courtship is to be considered as of divine origin, more than any of the many other human relationships. What really matters is the specific act of consecration. The mating of man and wife may be elemental, a most natural response to an imperative and irresistible command; but God may not have joined them together unless they themselves have solemnly laid their plighted troth on his altar.

This to me is the true significance and beauty of the marriage service, so often missed, alas, amid the pomp and theatricals of elaborate church weddings. The thoughtless and the cynics, occupied with thoughts of how the bride looked or the groom behaved, are often too unmindful of the fact that here are two souls who have dared present themselves to dedicate their union before God and in the sight of man. They have solemnly pledged in prayer that, come what may, they are determined to show each other patience, reasonableness, charity, forgiveness, loyalty, and the love that pardoneth all things, throughout the trials and vicissitudes of their wedded life.

Whether in a religious or a civil ceremony, this is what all reasonable beings should pledge. It is a solemn acknowledgment of the fundamental fact that falling in love is not nearly of as great importance as the sacred act of marriage itself. The emphasis should be placed, not simply by the Church, but by all society, on the sacramental nature of married life.

Confucius said: 'A man and his wife should be as guests to each other.' Could anything more profound or more exquisite be said of the marriage relation? Unfailing courtesy and deferential consideration, thoughtful and delicate attentions, rare patience and charity, all that the hospitality of one soul to another implies — is not this the final answer to the whole problem of marriage and divorce?

This, it seems to me, is the attitude society should aim to foster: a more natural approach to the sex-relation, freedom from fantastic notions and artificial restraints, a shifting of emphasis from the search for romantic courtships to the necessity of a daily courtship after marriage; in sum, insistence on a simpler and deeper conception of happiness, based on home loyalties, sacrifices, and joyous revelations of life's mysteries, 'until Death us do part.'

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HIPPOLYTUS

BY ANNE WINSLOW

In these untarnished meadows, where the bee
Plies undisturbed his summer husbandry,
Where never sound of men who sow and reap
  Vexes the earth's soft sleep,
All is so still I sometimes hear her pass;
Her foot's divinity has touched the grass
  And left its bloom more fair,
  And falls upon the air
  A brightness from her hair.

Here in her timeless garden, where the hours
Leave off their ringèd dance, I wreathe pale flowers
To crown her brows. So would I gather peace
  And find at last release
From the dark visions the immortals send;
They give men death, but man's blind fate no end;
  Counting the wasted sands,
  Knitting the broken strands
  With their all-patient hands.

Like a dim legend written on the brain,
The shadows come; deep caverns yawn again
In the steep rocks, and monstrous deeds are done
  Under an ancient sun.
Far voices call me and I hear the sound
Of endless hoof-beats on the echoing ground.
  Why must you fall so fleet,
  Dark and avenging feet,
  While life and youth are sweet?

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DISARMAMENT AND THE STATE OF EUROPE

BY CHARLES À COURT REPINGTON

All Commonwealths ought to desire Peace, yet it is necessary ever to be prepared for the War; because Peace disarmed is weak, and without Reputation: Therefore the Poets feign, that Pallas the Goddess of Wisdom did always appear armed. — SIR WALTER RALEIGH: *The Arts of Empire.*

THE Washington Conference is about to open, with disarmament for its leading theme, and I think it may be interesting to American readers if I give them, for what it is worth, the deductions that I have drawn concerning disarmament and kindred subjects during recent travels from the Baltic to the Ægean and from the Channel to the Black Sea. These journeys have occupied me during the greater part of this year and have brought me in contact with most of the directing minds which exercise authority in the old Continent, as well as with many other people of all classes, professions, and nationalities. I write for American readers with the greater pleasure because, wherever I have been, I have found English and American opinion firmly united, with or without previous discussion or agreement, on almost every single question that distracts Europe, and I have certainly returned home with this fact as the most satisfying, if not the only satisfying, conclusion of my tour.

The Question of Disarmament

One may divide Europe, broadly speaking, into three parts: the victors, the vanquished, and the neutrals in the late war. The victors are suffering from indigestion, the vanquished from exhaustion, and the neutrals from the discomforts inherent in propinquity to sick neighbors. No people are happy; no nation loves another; and it will take years for the hates and jealousies arising out of both the war and the peace to die down. Practically speaking the victors are still dominant and the vanquished still in subjection. The victors are dominant because they are compelled, in greater or less degree, to remain armed until all the terms of the peace treaties are carried out; and this must be an affair of long years, because the reparations exacted, though not a tithe of the real cost of the damage done, have been spread over long periods of time, in order to make the payments possible. The presence of numerous Inter-Allied commissions in the conquered countries is a source of humiliation to them, but cannot be helped, as they are there in pursuance of treaties.

It is no satisfaction to the victors to remain armed, because the cost is great and every state is at its wits' end for money. In fact, the destitution of treasuries is so marked that even the victors have to impose on their own people almost unendurable burdens, and in many cases do so with little regard for the elementary principles of economics, thus helping to prolong the crisis of which even America is sensible. But they dread that, if they do not remain armed and impose these burdens on their taxpayers, the vanquished may either recover and renew the war, or, at all events, find good pretexts for discontinuing their payments, owing to

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their recognition of the fact that there is no power sufficient to coerce them. In this event, certain of the victors will reckon themselves ruined.

Therefore, the first unpleasant fact to be faced is that the victors are still armed and the vanquished almost entirely disarmed; and that, though this is an intolerable state of affairs, offers no permanence, and heals no wounds, an alternative is not within sight for many years without risk of the renewal of the war, which alternative is, of all things, the one that nobody can contemplate with equanimity. 'Peace disarmed' would be not only 'without reputation,' but a signal danger.

A conference aiming at disarmament will observe that, England apart, and America having side-tracked herself in this business, the victors retain compulsory service, while the vanquished, or at least their governments, all pine for such service and are not allowed to have it. Similarly, the vast war-material of the victors remains in existence, rotting or rusting in part, perhaps, and gradually growing out of date, but still more or less fit for use; while the huge war-material of the vanquished, greater by far than anyone imagined at the Armistice of 1918, has been swept into the net of the victors and has either been taken or destroyed. Disarmament? Yes, it has been carried out by force, but only in the case of the conquered states.

Another cause for disquiet is the fact that practically the whole of the able-bodied population of Europe were trained soldiers in 1918, or trained organizers or providers of the needs of war, in one form or another. Therefore, if some strong compelling sentiment should make a people rise, it would only need arms for numerically strong forces to reappear as by magic, and all the long training of the war period could be dispensed with. This situation will not end for another fifteen or twenty years, when all the veterans of the war-time will be too old, or too stout, or too much immersed in their new occupations, whatever these may be, to desire, or to be able, to march and fight. The victors have seen very clearly that these veterans cannot be destroyed, but that war-material can be; and the various Inter-Allied military commissions have therefore concentrated upon material, and have shown relentless severity in insisting upon a thorough surrender of arms — not only of guns and rifles, aeroplanes and machine-guns, but of the whole machinery of military equipment, including carts and limbers, harness, and all the thousands of articles that go to make up a properly found army. It is held that this action will make the vanquished states incapable of creating modern armies, except after a long delay, which the victors will naturally exploit.

The vanquished, on their side, have naturally sought, by every available means, to escape the control of the military commissions, and, in effectives as in armament, to conceal what they are doing by more or less clever camouflage. It has not succeeded, on the whole, but there are still military organizations in excess of treaty stipulations; there are all sorts of pseudo-civilian societies, associations of old soldiers, compulsory-labor laws, and so forth, which are not indeed very formidable, but which show that the disposition endures to resuscitate military power at the first opportunity. Similarly, there is a certain amount of war-material still concealed and undelivered, especially rifles and machine-guns; but to me the wonder is that so much has been given up, and I feel confident that it would not have been had the vanquished been certain allied and associated powers that one could name.

However, there it is, and that is the

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present situation. But not quite all has been said; for it is the decided and well-weighed opinion of the best men in control of the military commissions that, after they withdraw from the territories of the vanquished states, it will not take more than two years for the war-material to be replaced, at all events in the case of Germany; and that in five years the whole of the vast war-material may be renewed, quite apart from contracts that may be made with neutrals, perhaps through foreigners. Therefore, the question arises whether these commissions should not be retained until all the veterans are past the fighting age; for though, by the Treaty of Versailles, it is the League of Nations that has the duty of checking future designs of an aggressive sort, the League will have difficulty in carrying out this task; and, in fact, no one believes that it can do it.

Another real difficulty is that, when we disarm a state, we practically become, in a moral sense, trustees for her internal order and external security. A country whose forces are compulsorily reduced to the vanishing-point may not be able to suppress Spartacists, Bolsheviki, or what not; may not be able to prevent bandits from crossing from their territory into another, or to keep out other peoples' bandits; while there is the still more serious danger that the government itself may become so weak that it may lack authority, and be at the mercy of a *coup d'état*. This lack of authority is one of the most constant complaints of the vanquished states. It is certain also that a long-service, voluntarily enlisted army, gendarmerie, or police, offers an easier prey to intriguers than a conscripted army based on short service; for the latter constantly refreshes itself from the whole people, whence it springs, while a volunteer force has to be taken from less choice elements, and in unsettled times and territories easily becomes a sort of Prætorian Guard, or corps of Janissaries at the call of the highest bidder. In countries of peasant proprietors, it is even difficult to recruit a voluntary army at all.

These are among the problems that Washington will have to confront on the side of the recently vanquished states; but perhaps they will be surpassed in complexity when the armies of the Allies are passed in review.

It is true that England will not have much difficulty in securing a clean bill of health, because we have scrapped compulsion and all our military acts of the war period. Except for the possession of better material and equipment, and for the acquired precedent of creating a national army based, at need, on compulsion, we are in a worse state of military destitution than we were in 1914, — which is saying a good deal, — whereas we have much greater commitments all over the world, and a whole series of new difficulties for which, in ultimate analysis, force may be the only remedy.

But when I think of our allies, they will, I imagine, be asked to explain their position; and they may possibly be asked why, if the disarmament of their late enemies has been in such large measure accomplished, they do not themselves disarm. The retention, practically all over Europe except in the vanquished states, of compulsory military service, and of the potentially huge armies which derive from it, will not, I imagine, escape comment. The case of our allies I will, therefore, briefly state.

If we take France first, we must admit that she has the greatest, and, perhaps, — with a saving clause for Japan, — the only really great army in the world. She has a numerous, well-organized, and splendidly equipped army, much superior to her army of 1914, led by commanders of the greatest distinc-

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tion, and capable, as I verily believe, of conquering Continental Europe. If a Bonaparte came into view, he would have a perfect instrument ready to his hand, with this reservation, that — at first, at all events — Frenchmen would not march except in a good cause, and with the object and scope of an operation clearly pointed out to them. But such eventualities are, I hope, far from us. French generals do not dabble in politics, and the whole army despises them. No political generals in France survived the war-storm. No civilian could, or would wish to, repeat the Napoleonic *épopée*, of which he would probably be the first victim. But even more important is the fact that France's population is small, and that her strength to-day, admittedly great though it be, is merely a fortuitous and perhaps temporary superiority of an army, and not one of a people firmly based on foundations of numbers, wealth, and science. France might march on Berlin, even on Moscow, and reach both with ease; but she is quite incapable of confronting the subsequent hostility of the world, or even of Europe, which every aggressor must expect who attempts to emulate the projects of Napoleon or Wilhelm II. We must keep our heads cool when we observe the brilliant power of France.

The maintenance of the French army at its present standard of numbers and efficiency is due to want of confidence in the future; and if France pleads this want of confidence, one must be just to her and lay the blame where it is mainly due, namely, upon the lapse of the Anglo-American guaranty. France reluctantly consented to abandon her defensive plans on the Rhine because America, and England if America ratified the agreement, were to give France a guaranty against German aggression in the future. Two years have passed, and America has not ratified that undertaking. Consequently our adhesion falls to the ground, although our Parliament accepted the liability under the conditions named. Very likely we on this side of the water were very great fools, and curiously ill-informed of the real state of public opinion in America, when we signed that conditional guaranty. That remark applies to our Government, if the cap fits them. It depends upon whether our former Ambassador at Washington warned the Government that the American Senate might not second the guaranty of President Wilson. I do not know whether our Ambassador gave a warning or not. But the public in England and France certainly never had the glimmer of a suspicion that a guaranty signed by a President of the United States and countersigned by a Secretary of State, in a vital matter affecting the safety of France and the future peace of Europe, would not be honored in America.

It is impossible not to attribute a very large share of France's want of confidence in the future to the above cause, and a very large share of Europe's unrest to France's want of confidence. Over and over again I have been told by French statesmen and generals that France would never have taken the unrelenting course that she has taken toward Germany had the Anglo-American guaranty stood. Over and over again I have been assured by representatives of all the allied and associated powers that Germany would never have dared to confront that combination, and that, secured by the guaranty, France would, and could safely, have disarmed. The fact that none of these things happened is the main cause of the sanctions, the Upper Silesian trouble, the reparation wrangles, and most of the resulting unrest that has followed throughout Europe, which seems to take its cue from the barometer of Franco-German relations.

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I am not blaming America in the least. Our own long-established practice, to keep out of continental entanglements when we can, is as deeply rooted in principle as that of the United States, to steer clear of European commitments. The difference between us is merely the difference between the breadth of the Channel and the breadth of the Atlantic. By that much our policy differs from yours; but it is a difference of degree, and not of kind. But for all that, when one observes, as every traveler through Europe must observe daily, the truly appalling results that have followed from this failure, misconception, desertion, or whatever one should term it, one stands aghast at the consequences, and laments the little wisdom with which the world is governed.

France has no definite guaranty now that any state but Belgium, and perhaps Poland, will support her when Germany feels strong enough to act; and in the sheer desperation of self-defense, has thought it necessary to inflict upon her neighbor one humiliation after another, in order to make her, and keep her, weak. The policy of broad and genial tolerance, which would have so well become a country with France's generous traditions, she could not follow, for with her forty millions there were over against her seventy million Germans, with a far higher natality; and France saw no salvation except in the rigid exaction of all her treaty rights, so that Germany, for a great number of years hence, might be inhibited from even dreaming of revenge. But when one thinks of the dry-powder régime under which France has been living for so long, and of all the terrible injuries inflicted on her by Germany in the past, one can understand, and *tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner*. If France declares at Washington that nothing tangible except her army stands between the world and the renewal of the war by Germany, I do not know how she can be gainsaid. In the circumstances, it is the truth. I even think that we English and Americans, having left to France the largest share of the war, must feel a tinge of shame at leaving also to her the main burden of enforcing the peace, with all the obloquy that follows.

Italy will plead that she has greatly reduced her army and diminished the service periods. She can say with justice that her policy has been conciliatory, and that she has shunned adventures. But she can also show that the *Anschluss* movement in Austria has underlined the danger of Austria joining Germany, and she can point out that such an act would bring Germany down to her borders. Yugoslavia can urge that both Hungary and Bulgaria are uneasy neighbors; Czechoslovakia, that she is liable to be stifled by the Germans round her, and has Austria and Hungary to fear. Rumania can point to dangers from three neighbors, and, above all, from the Soviet armies upon the Dniester, and from the bulk of the Bolshevist reserves not far away. Belgium has too complete a case to bring up from 1914, for anyone to find fault with her for abandoning her neutrality and reorganizing her army on more modern lines; while Poland can say that she has recently saved Europe from the Reds by her military exertions. Lastly, there is Greece, who can show that she went to Asia Minor at the request of the Allies, who have since let her down and given her no assistance, because she chose, in the full plentitude of popular right, to recall her King.

Two states of unequal importance and discordant character will stand almost wholly beyond the influence of the Washington Conference. These are Russia and Turkey. The picture that we make of both is not a pleasant one; but in reference to armaments they

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cannot be excluded, because the existence of their armed forces is primarily the cause of countervailing armies in the countries round them. If Poland, Rumania, and Greece are more immediately affected for the moment, it must not be forgotten how far Russia extends, or how insidiously the Turks are able to work upon Mohammedan sentiment in Asia and Africa. Nothing final in the nature of reduction in armaments can be settled until these two contumacious peoples rejoin the comity of nations. No one can say when they will. Neither seems to possess the capacity, either for evolution or for repentance.

There are also alliances, supplemented by military agreements, between certain states of Europe, which may tell against the conclusion of agreements to disarm. France has a treaty and a military agreement with Belgium, and, perhaps, understandings, at least, with other states. In the east of Europe the Little Entente unites Rumania, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, and Poland in a series of alliances which Greece may possibly join; and all these states may plead, not only these understandings, but their fear of warlike neighbors, as reasons for maintaining their military strength.

For all these reasons we cannot be sure that disarmament, or reduction of armaments, so far as they relate to land forces, will have more than a *succès d'estime* at Washington. It is not a favorable moment to discuss this question, and it is even open to argument whether a direct attack on armaments is the best way of securing either their diminution or their abolition. I happened to take an unimportant part in the first Peace Conference at The Hague in the year 1899, when all the states of the world were not separated by the terrible antagonisms aroused by the late war. We were very well intentioned, very friendly, and set out to discover a formula for the reduction of armaments, in response to the late Tsar's humanitarian appeal. We could not find one, though we sought high and low for it, and a very good American delegation helped us in our search. Time has passed, and the urgency of the question may lead to the discovery of the formula for which we sought in vain; but I am not confident that it will.

Recently I had the pleasure of meeting again that very competent Belgian lawyer, M. Rolin Jacquemyns, who also was at the Peace Conference of 1899, and is now the Belgian representative on the Rhineland High Commission. We compared notes and were both convinced that the creation of the Permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague, which was the *chef-d'œuvre* of our Conference, was of more value than the League of Nations is ever likely to be. The Court still exists and has done much useful work. To it should have been submitted the Upper Silesia case. The Hague Court represents the main idea that seemed to me to be in President Harding's mind at the time of the late presidential election in the United States; and I hoped that we were on the right track once more and were getting back to practical politics after our Geneva day-dreams. I shall retain that hope till the end.

An International Court of Arbitration, rather than a spurious form of world-government like the League, is the real remedy for most of the present troubles of the world. But I would like to see its importance magnified a hundred times by the acceptance of the principle of obligatory arbitration by all the states of the world. That condition we could not secure in 1899, because several states insisted on withdrawing from the purview of the Court all questions in which 'honor and vital interests' were involved. That reservation practically made the Court useless

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at the time when it would have been most needed. If the United States were ever great enough and wise enough to accept the principle of compulsory arbitration, I cannot name the state that would not follow her. Can any arbitral decision, even against the claims of any one of us, cause one millionth part of the ruin and loss of life and treasure of the late war? And, on the other hand, compulsory arbitration is a sure means of sterilizing armaments, since, once international arbitration becomes our settled rule in diplomacy, the use of force must end; for no state would be so foolish as to keep up expensive forces for long when there was no use for them. On these lines, and I believe on these lines only, can the design that must stand behind the assembly of the Washington Conference be carried out to its logical completion.

I suppose that we shall not hear very much of the League of Nations at Washington. It was mainly American handiwork, but America's refusal to recognize her own child has relegated it to the political workhouse. No world-authority can exist when the United States, Germany, and Russia have no share in it. There are League enthusiasts here, as there doubtless are in America, and we must admire the devotion with which the League works and accumulates mountains of documents and reports. But we must also admit that it makes little progress and has scant authority. Some say that the Council of the League is a mere creature of the French and British Foreign Offices. Others declare Geneva to be a focus of international intrigue. In any case, it is common ground that the League has no authority, and no force at its back except that of moral persuasion; and that it can do nothing but report, warn, or recommend. With difficulty it has at last agreed that the election of judges to an International Court of Justice shall be placed on its agenda at its second assembly, which is taking place as I write; but I do not know why this Court should be any better than, or even so good as, our Hague Court of the first Peace Conference. To take two years to begin to duplicate the machinery that we finished twenty-two years ago does not strike me as an achievement of great merit. The real practical international diplomacy of the moment, in all but American affairs, is controlled by the Supreme Council and by the Council of Ambassadors in Paris, both of which are, in effect, instruments for registering the decisions of the Allied cabinets. The League is left to its pious aspirations, and the main stream of diplomacy passes it by. Even when it has taken up a question like that of Armenia, with passionate earnestness, the only result has been that its protégé has become either Kemalist or Red; while in the matter of mandates, the United States has protested against decisions made without its approval, and the whole question is consequently hung up. Well may a French statesman have said to himself sarcastically every morning in the spring of 1919, as he rose from his bed: 'Georges Clemenceau, you believe in the League of Nations.'

The Sorrows of Europe

In what particular manner President Harding and Mr. Hughes will change the situation for the better, we shall all learn presently; but that the old Continent of Europe is beset with immense difficulties, political, social, economic, and commercial, is manifest to a traveler in every country that he visits. I place the question of exchange first among the anxieties of Europe; and it is needless to remark how gravely British and American trade have been affected by it. It is not only the depre-

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ciation that has hit the world so hard, but the constant fluctuations, which have ruined confidence, caused every trader to think many times before he closes a deal, and involved, not only foreign merchants, but many British and American ones as well, in very severe losses. The foreigner, except in the case of a few neutrals, cannot afford to buy from us at the present rates, and consequently purchases only what he cannot produce or buy elsewhere. In many cases, foreigners refuse to pay for our goods on arrival, because the local exchange has fallen since the order was given. In some cases, notably in Rumania, the inefficiency and inadequacy of the railway service preclude the forwarding of our goods from ports when they are landed; and there the goods remain for months, on the quays, often perishing from exposure.

Is there no remedy against this deadly injury of the depreciated European exchanges? I know of none except work, thrift, retrenchment, and time. But I think that we should explore the repudiation of old currencies, the replacement of old units by new, and currency reform based on the international redistribution of gold. Sound currency stands at the base of sound trade; but as America holds most of the gold of the world, it is up to her to initiate reform.

People curse Versailles for not having stabilized exchanges at the time of the Peace Conference; but when one looks into the procedure recommended, it is usually evident that the remedy is to declare that one crown, mark, franc, dinar, or lewa, is worth five, or possibly ten. Artificial stabilization is financial quack medicine. International finance may be very clever, but apparently it is disarmed in presence of conditions with which it had no previous acquaintance. Some people think, seeing how the hard-working countries like Germany undersell us owing to their depreciated exchanges, that their governments promote this depreciation. I have seen no evidence of it. The fall makes it enormously more difficult for countries to pay their foreign debts; and those countries at all dependent on foreign imports naturally have to pay through the nose for them. The depreciation, or, at least, the fluctuations, may be in part accounted for by speculation and gambling, which proceed on a vast scale; but, taking the situation as a whole, the fall seems generally justified by foreign debts, by inflation, by internal exhaustion, by reduced output per man per day, by consequent failure of productivity, and by the inability of many countries to complete the reconstruction of their state machinery, without which their wealth cannot be fully exploited.

The countries doing best are those in which Labor is most moderate in the standards of wages and living it accepts, and in which governments provide cheap coal and relatively cheap food. This is Germany's strength. She is resolutely setting to work, and all classes are accepting a standard of living and of wages far below ours and even farther below the American scale. Compare the seventeen shillings per ton for German coal at the Ruhr pitheads with the price we have to pay; and compare the fifty pounds a year of the German bank-clerk with the pay of the English or American clerk! This difference runs through all German social and industrial life, and there is, besides, a rigid elimination of waste, which is unknown with us.

The combination of the benefit from a depreciated exchange and that derived from low wages and poor living is enough to account for our difficulty in competing with German trade. In many other countries the scale of remuneration of the highest dignitaries

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is preposterously small. In Austria the President of the Republic draws only eighty pounds a year, and heads of departments in the Foreign Office tell me that they cannot afford a new suit of clothes. The High Court Judge in Bucharest draws sixteen pounds a month, and the lieutenant four pounds. How they manage to live at all, with prices at their present height in these countries, is one of those mysteries which I have not been able to penetrate, though we must, of course, admit that the purchasing power of the local currency in the country itself is much higher than the English or American equivalent of it would be in London or New York. A few countries have checked inflation and are bravely facing their liabilities; but in many — and Poland and Austria are the worst cases — inflation goes on, and selfishness often prevents the imposition of taxes needed for reconstruction.

Generally speaking, I regard this question of the rates of exchange as much more vital to England and America than to Continental Europe, though in one way or another all suffer from the present situation. We are really in presence of a state of chaos which injures all the world, and only the union of the world for the purpose of mending matters can improve conditions. In this matter, America might take the lead, and, by collecting the best practical exports, endeavor to formulate a solution. The Brussels Economic Conference gave us the most excellent advice upon the questions of state finance and economics; but something more is needed before we can go ahead. Unless some financial genius can discover a remedy, one must regard British and American trade with Continental Europe as almost dead for a long time to come.

Second only to the exchanges, there comes the urgent need of freeing international trade by every possible means from the very great obstacles which are at present accumulated in its path. I refer especially to passports, customhouses, tariffs, permits, and all the vast machinery for selfish national isolation which seems especially devised, not to assist trade, but to hamper it. The grand tour of Europe is no joke in these days. One's passport becomes a formidable document. One must get a visé in advance for every country through which one passes, even if one does not propose to stop there. One must carry only a very limited amount of the local money out of each country; and in traveling across a number of states one must carry the coinage, or rather the horrible paper, of each. The trader is greatly handicapped by a system of permits, and export and import duties, and the wonder is how any trader gets a ton of goods into, or out of, any country. This arises from state control of trade, and everything shows that, whatever else the state may be, it is a failure as a merchant.

We see the system at work to kill trade in full perfection in the Succession States of Austria. The old Austro-Hungarian Empire was favorably situated economically, because different parts of it supplied things that other parts lacked, and everything passed freely from one province to another. There was internal free trade, and the Empire was almost self-supporting. Hungary sent her wheat and her timber, Bohemia sent her coal and sugar, Styria and the other parts all their products. It was less the Austrian marriages that made Austria happy than the very shrewd business sense which realized that certain provinces were needed to supply Austria's deficiencies.

Now all this economically happy state of affairs has terminated. The Succession States have all closed their frontiers against Austria and against each other. Each has its own currency,

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and has set to work to build up customs barriers on every side against the territories with which it once traded freely. This has injured the present Austria most, and has indeed reduced her state finance almost to extremities by compelling her to pay vast sums for wheat and coal. But before long the selfish Succession States found that, in injuring Austria, they were losing their customers and injuring themselves; so, by the natural force of circumstances, we shall in due course see a change of policy for which Austria, Hungary, and even Czechoslovakia are almost ripe.

But the big idea of Dr. Benes, the Foreign Minister of Czechoslovakia, to create the United States of Central Europe by a series of tariff agreements between half a dozen states in this part of the world, may take long to be carried out; for in some quarters the tendency is still to pile on duties, chiefly in order to collect money, but also to protect home industries.

The broad fact remains that international trade is grievously hampered, and that it should be our object to free it from its fetters, both for our own sakes and for the sake of these small countries which are busy strangling each other to no possible benefit for themselves. I believe that the quickest and most drastic cure for the evils of Europe, and failing currency and exchange reform, would be a year of completely free trade, with no tariffs at all, inward or outward; but one must confess that the nations concerned, not to speak of others, have not yet reached such a state of grace as to accept a remedy of so novel and so violent a kind. The tendencies, on the whole, are the other way. Even on the international rivers, the smaller riverain states are most tenacious of what they call their rights, and claim powers which the régime of international law does not allow them.

All governments want money, whether to administer the state or to reward political friends. Therefore the rule is to tax everybody and everything, but especially the foreigner. The export duty on Rumanian oil is a typical case; for, if it hits directly the foreign capital invested in this industry, it also injures a source of local wealth, and gives a subsidy to other states which supply oil. The idea of a fixed export tax, laid on regardless of world-prices and falling-values, is one which must have originated in a lunatic asylum. In other places we discover a consortium, or government trading-machine, which supplies posts for political adherents, usually ignorant of trade needs and practices; and it need scarcely be said that it trades badly, and imposes on the produce of the country quite needless losses, often failing to find markets at all. In short, there is every grade of incompetence to be found as we pursue our inquiry; while, of course, the immense loss and damage of the war has thrown numerous states into a disorganized condition and communications have particularly suffered.

Another change, which we in England, at all events, watch with some anxiety, is the agrarian policy, which has taken the form, in several states, of distributing the land among the peasants. It may have been, and it was in some cases, a political necessity, and may have prevented an agrarian revolution; but the effect which it will have upon the export of cereals is of considerable interest to the world. The great estates are being broken up and replaced by small holdings, which usually run from some three acres in Alpine regions up to twenty acres in average arable land, rising again to six hundred acres at most for the old proprietors. There is no universal scale, nor even the same scale in all the provinces of each separate country; but the general effect is to replace large landed properties by

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small ones, with various scales of compensation — all very low — to the former landlords. Most of these laws were passed in the first flush of revolutionary enthusiasm after the war. In some cases they have been widely applied, in some partially, and in others scarcely at all. But all the laws stand, and it is the general belief that the exportable surplus of cereals, and especially of wheat, will diminish with a generalized peasant-proprietorship. The tendency of the small holder is to grow patchy crops, primarily for his own food and that of his family; and there will not be the capital necessary for rich manuring, for providing modern agricultural machinery, or for purchasing high-class stock. On the other hand, a plurality of landowners means more stable political conditions, and may lead, some hope, to increased production, owing to the personal interest of each small farmer in his land.

Some attempts have been made by the proletariat, notably in North Italy, to seize factories and to exploit them for the exclusive benefit of the workers. These attempts have failed, because the new men in possession found themselves quite incapable of managing the administrative part of the work, the contracts, and the sales. They, therefore, in many cases, invited the old proprietors and managers to return, while the bourgeois parties created the *fascisti* in Italy, and took other measures to defend themselves.

In general, the tyranny, the excesses, and the fearful results of the Russian Revolution, have sunk deeply into the minds of the workers in Europe. If Bolshevism had been specially designed to expose the futility and uneconomic absurdity of the theories of Karl Marx, it could not have more appropriately carried out its mission than it has done during the last four years. The error, and the tragedy of the error, have been denounced to the workers of Europe by many missions to Russia composed of men of extreme views. With few exceptions these men have confessed themselves horror-stricken by the conditions they have found; and though Communism is not everywhere dead in Europe, there has been a powerful reaction against the disruptive theories of a few years ago. The affair really came to a head in the Bolshevist invasion of Poland; and if the failure of that attack did not convince Lenin and his dupes of the futility of their theories, it conveyed to them, at all events, a sense of their weakness against even partially trained troops; and since then Bolshevism has been steadily losing ground in countries other than Russia. There are some communistic centres in Europe where outbreaks of this disease may recur, but I do not know the country in Europe which has any serious fear now that its people can be stampeded by the fanatics of Moscow. The experiences of Berlin and Munich, Vienna and Budapest, have sufficed. The country has one hold over the towns: it can always starve them.

The disruption of four great historic empires, and the substitution for them of various forms of democratic rule, have naturally caused immense disturbance in the political atmosphere, and the political weather is most uncertain. Bulgaria keeps her dynasty, and Austria thinks more of joining Germany than of recalling the Hapsburgs; but Hungary is monarchical, and would have a king to-morrow if she dared; while a large and influential part of the German population remains in principle monarchical, and desires to revert to that form of government. The German Empire acquired its former great position under a kaiser, and every German is regretful of the past.

The present government of Dr. Wirth and the personality of this honest

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Swabian, are very highly esteemed by the Allied and Associated diplomatic bodies in Berlin. Chancellor Wirth is endeavoring to do his duty by the Treaty of Versailles, as well as by his own people. But he has to call upon the German people to double the state revenue in order to pay reparations; and though I am convinced that he can do it if he meets with proper support, politics in Germany are very bitter, and the parties of reaction stick at nothing. All the old reactionary forces are still in existence. The Army, the Church, and the Universities combine with the landlords and the great industrial magnates to make things difficult for a government which has no great prestige for want of past successes, and has the invidious task of sending the hat round for the Allies. The mass of the Left, and even some of the intermediate parties, have at present rallied to the Chancellor's support; and if street demonstrations count for much, the majority of the voters are for him. The Allies have abolished the Rhine customs as a tribute to him; but, owing to the opposition of France, have not withdrawn from Düsseldorf, Ruhrort, and Duisburg, as Dr. Wirth has very earnestly pleaded that they should.

The Right parties in Germany complain that the Government lacks authority, cannot represent the country with the old distinction, and is subservient to the Allies. Most of the notable leaders of the Imperialist party are getting on in years, and they probably feel that time is on the side of German Republicanism. In a few years most of the old officers will have settled down to new occupations and may retain little more than a sentimental attachment to Kaiserism. The Right probably feel that they cannot afford to wait, and they count, with some reason, upon the national pride, which revolts against the peace and the surrender to the Allied ultimatum of last May. But it seems to be the prescriptive right of this party to make colossal blunders, and the assassination of Erzberger, almost condoned as it was by many Opposition newspapers, is the last on the list.

No one can safely predict the future of German politics, which depend on events that cannot be foreseen; but that the character of the new Chancellor and the policy of his Government offer the best ascertainable chance for the gradual pacification, not only of Germany, but of Europe, will not be disputed by the closest observers of European politics.

For the reasons stated in the earlier part of this article, I do not think that very much can be expected from the meeting at Washington in the way of reduction of land forces. With respect to navies it is different, because there are only three great navies that count, and none of these is specially concerned in the enforcement of the terms of peace upon our late enemies, who have no navies at all. It is, therefore, merely a question of agreeing to a mutual stand-still in naval armaments; and this question, it would seem, should present no insuperable difficulties.

But I cannot think that such an important conference will break up without suggesting a remedy for the ills which I have briefly described. Armaments are symptoms of a political disease, but are not the disease itself. The real diseases of the world are unstable exchanges, unsound currencies, hampered trade, and the false nationalism which shuns obligatory arbitration. Cure these diseases and armaments cure themselves.

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WHAT DELAYS DISARMAMENT? [1]

BY WALTER B. PITKIN

I

EVERY civilized man wants peace. But peace has its price, payable in two installments. The first installment is disarmament. The second consists of all the consequences, political, economic, religious, and racial, which must flow from the laying down of arms. Nine tax-payers out of ten sigh for the privilege of paying the first installment at once. But are they willing to pay the balance of the bill?

This is the world's gravest question to-day. It must be faced and answered before the close of the Washington Conference. Thus far it has been evaded. Most people, who are always looking for a panacea, dream that disarmament alone will bring the Golden Age. Others, more canny, admit that the move may involve some unpleasant changes, but they belittle these. Only a few thousand bankers, international traders, and political specialists foresee some of the startling transformations that must ensue. And nobody knows all the impending upheavals.

It is these certainties and uncertainties that cause well-informed men, who have no interest in bolstering up militarism, to doubt the wisdom, as well as the possibility, of quick disarmament. They all know that the Conference will make no effort to disarm the world, but will only reduce army and navy expenses; which, as one close thinker remarked, 'will bring disarmament about as fast as a cheapening of automobiles will abolish transportation.' Many foreign observers no longer believe that even such a reduction of costs is the primary aim. They see America striving to force Japan's hand by compelling her to define her Asiatic policies under the pretext of a peace move. Lieutenant-General Sato advises the Japanese Government to send no men of the first rank to the Conference, 'but only those who are fluent in foreign languages, and sociable.' For, in common with some French critics, he thinks the whole affair will dwindle to a string of brilliant dinners and press-agent hurrahs. Behind their caustic doubts lie many hard facts too jauntily overlooked by most peace-lovers. The longer we shut our eyes to them, the longer we must wait for world peace.

The Conference faces six obstacles of the first magnitude — and heaven knows how many lesser hindrances. By all odds the greatest is the chaos in China. Next ranks the chaos in Russia, coupled with Russia's absence from the arms parley. The third is a profound dilemma in Japan's national policy; the fourth a similar one in our own, and both dilemmas aggravated by the lessons of the World War. The fifth is the still unbroken power of the militarist party in Japan. And the sixth is the sheer physical impossibility of devising

[1] The phraseology of this paper is not intended as a reflection upon the recent statement of Secretary Hughes that the subject of the forthcoming Conference is to be *limitation of armaments* rather than *disarmament*. — THE EDITOR.

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a disarmament programme that will affect equally or equitably all participants. Probably no one or two of these obstacles would suffice to thwart the Conference. The menace lies in all six working in conjunction and reinforced by a host of lesser difficulties, economic, political, and social, the whole tangle involving billions of human beings, billions in money, a hundred theories, and a hundred aspirations and prejudices of race and creed.

Is not the task too great for the mind of man? Is it not one which only a politician would rush at hopefully? Whether we think so or not, one thing is pretty clear: the organization and the membership of the Conference betray an amazing neglect of the inmost nature of the Pacific problems. To realize this, one need only recall the following facts.

The invitation to the Conference made clear that, until the nations of the Pacific reached some understanding as to their rights and policies in that area, it would be vain to move for disarmament. The stakes are too huge, the conflict of interests too acute, the disparity of ethical and political codes too gross. This view was promptly accepted by almost every statesman at home and abroad. It is axiomatic, in spite of the sentimentalists and ignoramuses who say that wars are caused by talking war, that the way to disarm is to disarm, and that America must lead the world in idealism — whatever that may mean. Let us see how President Harding applied this statesman-like principle.

All major problems of the Pacific, save that of Asiatic emigration, centre in China and Siberia. There lie, still barely scratched, the world's vastest treasuries of raw materials, the greatest forests on earth, the hugest coal-fields, stupendous iron-deposits, millions of acres that some day must yield wheat and cotton. There too swarm some four hundred million unappeased consumers of manufactured goods, a multitude greater than the combined populations of Western Europe, North America, and Australia, with Japan thrown in for good measure.

China and Siberia are richer in economic resources and in man-power than all these lands. Beside them, all the rest of the Pacific area is rather insignificant. They are the two problems of the Pacific. But neither China nor Siberia can be reckoned with at the Conference. Neither will be truly present there. Neither will be able to present or to defend its rights and policies. And there is not the remotest chance that either will like the decisions of the foreigners.

Here, then, is the comedy, and here the stuff of which tragedies are woven. Briton, Yankee, and Japanese meet to usher in world peace. They dare not discuss laying down arms until each knows what the other two are planning to do with the Far East. What each can there do depends in the long run upon the wishes of the Chinese and Siberians, unless these peoples are to be overawed by force. If thus bullied, Asia will see no disarmament, nor can America. If bullying ceases, China and Siberia will automatically settle their own destinies; for they will then have the freedom to do so, as well as the desire.

Thus the Washington Conference must choose either to disarm and leave Asia to the Asiatics, or else to run Asia and maintain immense fleets. The first alternative wrecks the policy of every non-Asiatic power. The second makes the Conference futile. Lacking the moral courage to solve this dilemma, the delegates may dodge the problem of disarmament and confine themselves to the task of trimming budgets. But even this develops painful difficulties.

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II

Look first at the chaos in China, around which all other difficulties revolve. That land is rotting, politically and socially. It is an indescribable pandemonium. Famine, pestilence, civil wars, and the alien enemy at the gates have undermined its frail structure of state. Corrupt politicians and foreign adventurers prey upon the weakened members. And the masses sink deeper into the sleep of opium, while the classes burn with a new hatred of the foreigners who contribute to the ruin.

Two governments wave their banners, one at Peking, the other in Canton. And a third is struggling to be born at Hupeh. The Peking affair is a scream. Led by President Hsu Shih-chang, a gentle philosopher and poet of renown, it is the vilest militarism in all the world to-day. Honest, noble, and unworldly, Hsu was cleverly chosen by a bogus legislature made up of the henchmen of China's two mighty war lords, Chang Tso-lin and Tsao Kun, who are busy making money at the country's expense. Hsu is not a party to their disgraceful ventures and treacheries. He protests much, and sometimes manages to thwart them for a time, in lesser affairs. But, as they control the armies and collect taxes and play practical politics with veteran skill, Hsu disturbs them little.

Only three or four of China's eighteen provinces even feign to obey Peking. In reality these do not, for they are the domains of the three war lords who created Hsu's régime. Hsu gets taxes and obedience from them only when the war lords feel like contributing either, which is not often. Last July, Chang Tso-lin, being short of change, pocketed the salt revenues of Manchuria, where he rules. The *tuchun* (military governor) of Shantung recently appropriated the post-office receipts. In three other provinces, the retiring officials were graciously permitted to take with them considerable funds from the treasury. And thus everywhere and always.

The result is chronic bankruptcy at Peking. Troops go unpaid for months. Sometimes they mutiny, as at Ichang and Wuchang, last summer, where they pillaged terribly. To check such outbreaks, Hsu has raised money by 'diverting' the educational appropriations. For nine months teachers have gone penniless, and the schools have been closed by a teachers' and students' strike. These funds being lamentably inadequate, the Government has lately pressed the Chinese Eastern Railway for a twenty-five-year-old debt, and has allowed that company to pay up with a bond issue, put out on such terms that only the Japanese would consider buying it, and they not for profit so much as for political reasons. At the same time Hsu and his Cabinet have been making desperate economies in small matters. Their auditors have found 1256 office-holders in Peking drawing two or more salaries; the ministers are reorganizing their staffs downward, and some high officials have been invited to accept half-pay. All of which does not improve Hsu's credit at the banks, as we mark in his emergency loan of a million dollars last summer, on which he was obliged to pay 18 per cent interest. The only wonder is that the financiers did not demand 50 per cent.

The Cabinet and departments are befuddled and disorganized past all belief. They appeared at their worst in the recent radio dispute. Seemingly, the Government had granted three wireless concessions to as many parties, all overlapping and incompatible. The fact was, though, that no Government granted any concession. The Ministry of the Navy entered into an agreement with the Mitsui Company in 1918.

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The Ministry of War did likewise with the Marconi Company in 1919. And last January the Ministry of Communications followed suit with the Federal Wireless Company, an American concern. The first two agreements carried plain monopoly rights, and it was this fact that caused our State Department to protest. An investigation showed that each ministry serenely ignored, or else knew nothing about, what the other two were doing; and neither President nor Cabinet checked up on the ridiculous performance. Which moves us to quote the old China trader's remark on Chinese politics: 'When you are through fighting for the Open Door in China, you'll open it and find nobody at home.'

So shaky is this rag-doll government of Peking that, before these lines are printed, it may be a thing of the past. What follows it will depend chiefly upon two men, Chang Tso-lin and Sun Yat-sen.

The Canton government is a model of neatness and strength beside Hsu's. And its founder commands respect even among his opponents. President Sun is pretty generally regarded as a patriot of high intelligence, and the vital force behind the New China. For a decade he has championed a genuine democracy, and has drawn to his side many of the best minds. Unhappily, though, the masses have not seen fit to follow the best minds — a familiar habit of masses everywhere. The ordinary Chinese has no interest in politics, which he looks upon as a somewhat shady business, less profitable than peddling opium, and less agreeable than gambling. The people who count in politics are the hordes of small office-holders, who look to it for a livelihood, the thousands of poppy farmers, who need political protection, and the corrupt mandarins and tuchuns, who subsist on *likin*, 'squeeze,' and simple 'appropriation.' Now all these worthies fear Sun, and either oppose him, use his movement for their own ends, or else hold aloof, under the pretense of favoring provincial autonomy instead of a strong central government. Many Europeans and Japanese in the treaty ports dislike Sun for reasons only a degree nicer. Some brand him as a Bolshevik and accuse him of playing Lenin's game.

This is absurd. Sun stands for the simple democracy which Americans believed in half a century ago. He thinks the ideals of Lincoln; and he is paying the price in much bloodshed and dubious progress. The Canton armies have been fighting steadily for many months, have scored brilliant victories in Kwangsi and the Yangtze districts, but still control little more of China than the northern Government does. To be sure, twice as many provinces have declared for Sun as have sided with Hsu; but with their favor goes no true control. Sun does not truly govern even his own province of Kwangtung, whose tuchun, Chen Chiung-ming, is the commander-in-chief of the Constitutionalist army recruited from five provinces. Chen levies taxes and hands over such funds as he sees fit to the Canton Republic. The Republic, as matters now stand, is nearly as poor of purse as Peking; and were Chen to reduce his bounty, Sun would have nothing to fall back upon save the contributions of Chinese nationalists abroad, the very groups who financed the revolution. There is no reason for believing that Chen will withdraw support; but it is important to keep in mind that the Republic, with all its virtues and fine aspirations, owes its very existence to an enlightened tuchun, who may break with Sun almost any day on some new political issue. Such a break may come over the issue of provincial autonomy, which finds its most ardent champions in the five provinces that support Sun.

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Provincial autonomy is a fact, and many sincere thinkers wish to make it the basis of Chinese policy. Each tuchun dominates his province and is a law unto himself, thanks to his control of troops and taxes. As most provinces are fully as large and as rich as France, a tuchun is comparable to a pre-war European potentate, but with the powers of an Asiatic despot. Several tuchuns have made millions by trafficking in opium. Others sell concessions. Not a few have levied tribute on subject-towns under one pretext or another. And all maintain their rule by force. Their armies now number about 1,700,000, or an average of nearly 100,000 active soldiers under each tuchun. Naturally the tuchuns tend to favor the division of China into eighteen nations, with themselves as lords and emperors. Why should anybody else approve? Simply, because China is too huge, too immature politically, and too inchoate, to think and act as a unit.

The political realist has often noted that this land should be thought of, not as an ordinary single country, but rather as a backward continent containing widely differing races and economic divisions, more or less like Europe of the seventeenth or eighteenth century, when there were no railroads, posts, telegraphs, or sense of community. China as a whole is surely less of a political entity than Europe was when the Treaty of Utrecht was signed. Yunnan has less in common with Manchuria than Portugal then had with Sweden; and the wider conflicts of interest between North and South are quite as acute and as stubborn as any between the popes and the emperors or the Hapsburgs and their many foes. Most important of all, the level of political intelligence in modern China is certainly lower than that of Western Europe three centuries ago. And nobody who understands the origins and nature of political intelligence believes that the Chinese can rise much faster than Europeans have risen. You do not make men good citizens by building railways through their farms. You do not produce statesmen merely by installing telephones in the offices of senators. Slow experiment by trial and error, still slower education of millions, slow crushing of superstitions, slow refinement of tastes and desires — out of such stuff is citizenship made. And this process must work from the home and the village outward and upward.

The people who dwelt between Dublin and Constantinople when the Treaty of Utrecht was signed could not have been organized into one successful State by the greatest of political geniuses. Even to-day their descendants cannot create the United States of Europe, which is the only sure salvation for that wretched continent. Geographical differences, many languages, race-prejudices, childish nationalistic fancies, and grave economic conflicts still keep the European masses ignorant, provincial, and befuddled. How hopeless, then, to expect that the eighteen provinces of China, with their 350,000,000 mediæval folk, mostly destitute of all the tools of civilization, can combine under one government, which will work even as smoothly as a backward European nation!

While this powerful argument for provincial autonomy makes headway, the vast rim of China lapses deeper and deeper into simple anarchy. Civil wars — four violent — in the past six months; famines unparalleled, pestilence, and the interminable border warfare lawlessly carried over into Mongolia by the Russian reactionaries under Semenoff and Ungern, have shattered what frail web of law and order once hung over the western and northern fringes of the chaotic kingdom. The river pirates are looting

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junks and barges again. The robbers have come down from the mountains. And in great hordes the *hunghutze* (professional Manchu robbers) are marauding across Manchuria. On the borders of Tibet bandits have baffled and beaten the soldiers of the tuchuns. Out of Mongolia, but a few months past, the rabble trailing the fanatical Living Buddha came within a day's march of the gates of Peking. Harbin, at the date of this writing, saw thousands of hunghutze drawing near. And for a year, or longer, the Chinese Eastern Railway has been attacked and plundered almost daily by these same outlaws, whom the Chinese troops dare not defy, knowing that many of them are working for certain Japanese adventurers and others for the Russian reactionaries, all clients of the mighty tuchun, Chang Tso-lin.

This red arc of ruin spans the two thousand miles that lie between Vladivostok and the frontier of Burma. It has paralyzed trade on a thousand highways and driven the boatmen from the rivers. Even between large cities travel is so hazardous that local officials forbid foreigners to attempt it, and require native merchants to take along armed guards in such numbers that only the most urgent mission can justify the cost. It is the thirteenth century on the miry roads of England; night, and a dark forest ahead.

III

While China crumbles, a plan grows in the north. If only half successful, it will shake the world before many years have gone. No outsider knows its details, for they seethe in the cunning brain of Chang Tso-lin, inspector-general of Manchuria, the power behind Peking, and the most sinister and strenuous of the war lords. Chang rules from Mukden of bloody memory, where he holds the most strategic position in all Asia. His is the rich land where Russia, China, and Japan meet in their struggle for existence. Manchuria dominates Peking, Vladivostok, the Trans-Siberian Railway, the Amur River Valley, and Korea. It is the gateway from China to Siberia, from China to Japan, and from Japan to Mongolia and world-power. Chang sits at the gate and collects toll, such as the traffic will bear.

The traffic bears a good deal, and the proceeds have gone to Chang's head. He dreams of empire. Some observers have imagined that he would be monarch of all China; but Chang is too shrewd for that; and if he were not, his shrewder Japanese backers would halt him. His vision is much more practicable, hence more dangerous. He sees a new Manchu-Mongol Empire, stretching from the sea to the core of Asia. On Manchuria and Mongolia Chang would rebuild the throne of Jenghiz Khan,and send the bill to the Japanese. He will sell to the Japanese, at their own terms, a thousand concessions; and on his coronation day Japan will occupy peaceably a wedge twenty-four hundred miles long, giving them 'interior lines' dominating both Siberia and China. In short, what 'little Hsu' and his Anfuites dreamed of doing 'for China,' Chang would do for himself and his Tokyo friends. The Japanese backed the Anfuites, and lost. Now they are backing Chang, and hope to win. And to-day the odds are strongly in their favor.

Three facts will convince you of all this. One is Chang's military power, another is his management of the Peking Government, and the third is his long series of business deals with Japanese. It must shock the American reader to learn that this clever schemer now rules an army of 300,000 well-equipped soldiers, over which the so-called Cen-

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tral Government exercises not the slightest control, although it is compelled to pay most of its upkeep. Since Hsu demobilized some 300,000 of the Peking forces last summer, Chang has become the overshadowing force; and not alone because his is the largest army in China. His strength flows largely from three immense strategic advantages: adequate food-supplies within his own lines, the superior railway system of Manchuria, and the reserves of munitions held ready by his Japanese friends in Manchuria and Korea. To all this, add a double geographic advantage: Manchuria is quite detached from the rest of China, hence not surrounded by potentially hostile provinces; and it is near the arsenals and shipyards of Japan. Why should not Chang dream of empire?

And how can the frail Hsu resist Chang's demands? Dexterous, cunning, and strong of will, the uncrowned king of Manchuria manipulates his marionettes at Peking without an effort. His technique is too elaborately celestial to report here. Judge it by its fruits. Chang milks the treasury dry, plays off one clique against another, and traffics with the Japanese 'going and coming.' Week by week he sells off China's assets and invests the proceeds in Chang. And all so quietly and suavely, that nobody quite knows what is happening until too late.

Last July Chang seemed to be desperately hard up. But of a sudden he handed over to his commissary general $2,510,000 in honest cash, albeit Mexican. This oddly coincided with his signing incorporation papers and concessions for a large Japanese development company in Mongolia; and it preceded by only a few days his shocking surrender of the Chinese Eastern Railway, through a shady bond-issue vote. Because of an old debt, conveniently overlooked for years, Chang's Peking Government was able legally to demand the payment of some 13,000,000 taels from that road; and the road could pay only with a bond issue whose terms had to meet with the approval of the Peking Minister of Finance and the Minister of Communications — both Chang's trained Pekingese. The issue was authorized in such a form that only Japanese would consider underwriting it, and they for political purposes.

At the date of writing, strong efforts are being made to block the issue. Whether they succeed or not, Chang's intentions and methods remain clear. If he is thwarted here, it will be only for a while. Legally as well as factually, no man can launch an enterprise in Manchuria or Mongolia save by Chang's leave. And Chang sees fit to favor the Japanese. Steadily since 1906 the Japanese have been pouring money into his domain. They have financed twenty-seven large corporations, mostly banks and the rest mining companies, lumber-mills, railways, and electrical plants. They show a gross authorized capitalization of 71,525,000 yen, a sum which means much more in that raw country of cheap land and coolie wages than twice as many dollars would mean to-day in our own country. Apart from its arithmetical significance, the investment acquires abnormal power from the protection against non-Japanese competition furnished by the Japanese authorities, as well as by Chang himself.

Manchuria being thoroughly in hand, Chang now prepares to absorb Mongolia. Circumstances played into his hand last spring, when the Siberian peasants and the Far Eastern Republic drove Ungern's reactionary riff-raff all the way to Urga, in Mongolia. Ungern carried on a variety of still obscure schemes, now to capture Chita, now to attack Peking through the Living Buddha. Chang saw in Peking's panic

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his own chance. Knowing, as every other well-informed person in the Far East knew, that Semenoff and Ungern were third-rate adventurers, with never a chance of wrecking the Chita Government, and that they were merely being used by a small clique of Japanese militarists as a means of bringing pressure to bear upon the Far Eastern Republic for the gaining of concessions, Chang nobly volunteered to drive the invaders off Chinese soil. It would cost Peking seven to ten millions, of course, but the job would be done with neatness and dispatch. Unhappy Hsu advanced three millions, then two more. Chang posted bulletins of his plans and progress. Months passed, and not a soldier moved. Chang had to wait till Japan was through with Semenoff. Finally, when the Japanese had kicked Semenoff out, and Ungern, his underling, had not even a broken reed to lean on, and the Living Buddha had wandered back into the windy solitudes, China's great defender marshaled a mere handful of braves. Perhaps some of them are arriving in Urga now; and Chinese history will not run true to form unless, once in Urga, they stay there as long as Chang finds backing for his Mongol empire. They may be there when the second Jenghiz Khan enters in triumph, escorted by a purely honorary Japanese army. Who knows? Mad dreams do come true. And the truth itself is often madness.

IV

What has all this to do with disarmament? Well, each tendency in China's chaos affects every foreign investor there. Each will do so much more after a disarmament programme, however modest, has been adopted. Now, the British investor in China largely shapes British policy toward China; and so too with the American and Japanese. Furthermore, disarmament hangs upon a prior understanding among the powers as to their Far Eastern policies. Plainly, then, every move toward disarmament must be determined chiefly by what foreign investors think of the drift in China. What must their thoughts be?

What if Chang has his way? Then Japan will become a colossal continental power as well as a maritime one. Her protectorate will extend first over Manchuria and Mongolia; next over Shantung; then probably over Kansu, whose tuchun is a friend of Chang, installed by Chang's cunning. The Japanese militarist party will have justified its expensive policy. The price of conquest will be collected from the conquered, and Japan's finances will be greatly strengthened. The present monopolistic policy of Japan, which has just been extended still further in Korea, will swiftly drive foreign investors out.

What if Sun Yat-sen prevails? Sun is an intense nationalist, aglow with the desire to free China from the alien. He hates Japan most, America least. In common with millions of his countrymen, he believes that the foreigner has caused most of China's woes, and that expelling the money and the political influence of all foreigners is the first step toward national regeneration. Given full power, Sun would cancel or heavily amend every foreign concession, put a quick end to extraterritoriality, restore the treaty ports to China, and finance the country from within. All of which would not encourage outsiders to drop money in Chinese ventures.

What if provincial autonomy arrives? The eighteen new nations would soon join in one or two loose confederations, but these latter would not hamper the new military kings. Forthwith, the status of innumerable concessions would become dubious, for the central government which had granted them would have ceased. All would depend upon

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the good will, the cupidity, or the fear of the local tuchun. It would be Central Europe and the Balkans over again, but poisoned with mediævalism. Civil wars, intrigues, an endless unstable balancing of petty powers, and interminable uncertainty as to to-morrow would sap the courage of the boldest foreign investor and leave the field open only to the adventurer. Probably the treaty ports would thrive, for even the dullest war lord realizes that they are the life of their provinces. But all expansion beyond their environs would halt.

To all this, one exception. Japan would profit richly by the disintegration. She would sign treaties with the new northern kingdoms, paying gladly the tuchuns' price. The technique followed in olden days by the British in dealing with the native states of India would be repeated, with modern variations and embellishments. And a quarter-century would see Japan the master of the continent.

Here are the three outstanding possibilities in China, in their baldest form. Each is little more than a possibility, as matters now stand. Chang will not have his way as sweetly as he hopes; for his countrymen understand him, and the Japanese behind him realize the danger of quick and open imperialism. Sun's foes are many and mighty, while his purse is lean. And provincial autonomy is suspect because too many militarists are shouting for it, while clear thinkers understand that China must present a united front against Japan, or go under. Over and above all these restraints tower the battleships that ride in the harbors of Manila, Shanghai, and Hong Kong. These vessels are singularly unpopular among river pirates, opium smugglers, poppy farmers, white slavers, bandit chieftains, and exploiters white and yellow. All of which suggests a leading question. What if the Washington Conference, moved by lofty idealism, — whatever that may mean, — were to persuade the three dominant naval powers to scrap, let us say, one half of their fleets, or to cease new construction? How would that noble act affect Chang, Sun, and provincial autonomy? And how, in turn, the American, British, and Japanese investors in China?

The answer is too easy. And it gives us a first clear glimpse of the obstacles to disarmament.

Cut the British and American fleets one half, whether by scrapping battleships or by suspending new construction, and you leave the coast clear for Chang and his Japanese friends to annex Mongolia and Shantung. They can and will double their speed of conquest on the day Anglo-Saxon sea-power dwindles. How so? Geography tells the whole story. From Japan's huge naval port, Nagasaki, to the mainland of Asia is less than 150 miles — an easy night's run for transports and battleships. The waters are dotted with islands which, fortified or used as bases for destroyers and submarines, make the passage fairly safe, even under heavy attack. Furthermore, the Japanese can mass in Korea and Manchuria millions of soldiers, if need be, long before a foreign power could effectively interfere. Military railways, warehouses, terminals, and other basic necessities of war, are already installed in vital points. And the farmers of Manchuria can now supply food for a sizable army. To all of which facts we need add but one, unsuspected by most Americans, perhaps, but recognized by all naval experts: neither the British nor the American fleet of to-day is strong enough to carry on a modern war anywhere in the Far East, chiefly because of the abnormally long and weak line of supplies and the distance from primary bases.

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The militarist party of Japan would rejoice at an international slashing of naval budgets, provided nothing was done to cut army expenditures and policies. Winning that, they will win Asia at a fraction of the price they had expected to pay.

After disarmament, Chang may turn the trick for Japan in three ways. He may allow her militarists to trump up a pretext for war, and he will offer only nominal resistance. Should Sun and his constitutionalists sweep the country, Chang might resort to this procedure; otherwise not. He will find it simpler to sell off the assets of China, as the Peking Government grows more and more desperate for funds; and thus, in a few years, Japanese buyers will own Manchu-Mongolia by the highly respectable right of purchase. Should this prove too slow, a third method remains. Chang may come out for provincial autonomy, after the battleships have vanished. He may retain sundry wise men, yea, even college professors, to demonstrate to a dubious world that this is China's one true salvation. The wise men will cite the famous doctrine of self-determination. And they will make out an extraordinarily strong case; for, in the long run, provincial autonomy may really be the best solution. Chang of Mukden will secede from Chang of Peking. The new empire of the north will straightway enter into close alliance with Japan. And all will be over but the *banzai*.

Suppose finally that, after naval disarmament, Sun Yat-sen wins. What then? It is hazardous to make more than two broad conjectures, as the outcome of a constitutionalist victory must be highly complex. This much is sure, though: the restored Republic could not block Japan's expansion in Manchuria and Mongolia, as it lacks railroads, finance, technical staffs, and general organization. And, with British and American navies negligible, Japan might declare war on a democratic China, on the ridiculous pretext that Sun is Bolshevist, precisely as it attacked the Maritime Provinces of Siberia. As for Sun himself, he would doubtless uproot British and American concessionnaires at a great rate, if not menaced by their battleships. And in this he would be aided by the fast-mounting hatred of the foreigner, among even the common folk of China.

Were disarmament to be followed by provincial autonomy, it is doubtful whether even the lives of foreigners would be safe in most regions. The World War shattered the white man's prestige and revealed the infamy of the Japanese militarists. China now follows Japan and India in her distrust of European civilization. The thoughts of Gandhi, the Hindu saint, and the poet Tagore are blazing up the dense valleys. The outcry against the Consortium, the thirty-million-dollar loan from native bankers to the Peking Government, last summer, and, above all, the wild enthusiasm in the south over Sun's extreme nationalism, are a few gusts that scurry ahead of the great storm which must some day break, once the restraint of naval force is withdrawn. Everybody who knows China seems to agree that, in the chaos following the creation of eighteen kingdoms, the foreign devils would suffer first and foremost.

V

Thus far we have noted only internal tendencies in China. Is there not hope that the prospect will brighten when we consider other possibilities? May not Japan, reassured by Anglo-Saxon disarmament, forsake her militant ways in Asia? And if China, no longer threatened by her neighbor, continues chaotic, may not the powers join to put her house in order, under some benev-

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olent scheme of international control?

Alas for these hopes! The militarist party is still unbroken at Tokyo, and its counsel will prevail at the Washington Conference, where it will confound its adversaries with an argument borrowed from the very advocates of disarmament. Japan can defend her Asiatic policy with the greatest lesson of the World War. Her militarists can appeal to Mr. Frank I. Cobb's vigorous and accurate statement of it, in the August *Atlantic:* —

'Nations that are rich are not defenseless. They contain in themselves all the elements of defense. They may have been defenseless in times when war was the exclusive business of professional soldiers, but all that has been changed. The elements of national defense are now the sum total of all the economic resources of the country plus all the man-power. . . .

'Economic resources can be easily and quickly translated into military resources; and a sound economic system is the essential element in any extensive military undertaking.'

Mr. Cobb correctly used this as an argument for America's disarming. Japanese war lords can use it to demonstrate Japan's need of dominating Manchuria and Mongolia, if not also a slice of Siberia. They can thus prove that their fatherland cannot even defend itself unless it acquires immense economic resources. To-day their country is perilously poor in the materials that make for strength. Her people no longer feed themselves, but import vast quantities of rice and millet. Most of her peasants make money only from silkworm culture. Unhappily, silk is a luxury whose value fluctuates widely, and imitations made from cotton already threaten its market. So a nation whose natural resources are mostly silkworms hangs by a thread. To survive, Japan must own coal, iron, copper, timber, cotton, and all the other ingredients of modern security and comfort. She will seek these even as Great Britain, France, and the United States do to-day. Failing to get them, she must join the ranks of pauper Italy and Greece. Economic expansion on a vast scale, or a surrender of national power — there is no third course!

Can any American or Briton soberly advise the Japanese delegates that they should show true moral grandeur by choosing the second alternative? And, if you once grant the right of economic expansion, where else would you have Japan expand, if not due west?

We come now to the proposed international control of China, which some observers feel would at once restore order there and hold the Tokyo militarists in check. Here is no place to debate the broader merits of the plan. We have only to note its relation to disarmament, which is as clear as sunshine. So sincerely do the Chinese hate foreign domination, that international management could succeed only if backed up by a large army and navy. The day the first alien manager entered Peking, Sun Yat-sen's strength would be doubled. To the 1,700,000 troops of the tuchuns would be added the might of armed mobs and bandits innumerable; and we should be committed to a new benevolent militarism for years to come.

This brings us to the one obstacle to world peace which lies wholly within our own gates. We have most of the world's gold, most of the free capital, immense factories, and millions of skilled workers. The unbalance of trade has ruined our foreign trade with Europe; our exports and imports declined 50 per cent in the first seven months of this year; Germany is selling textiles 60 per cent cheaper than we can; German mills are underbidding Pittsburgh in our domestic steel mar-

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ket; our automobile factories are running at 57 per cent capacity; and five million workers are idle, as winter comes on. Meanwhile, taxes refuse to shrink, and battleships are being built, while our farmers see their minute profits devoured by abnormal freight-rates and our builders touch only the most urgent contracts. There is but one escape from the deadly combination of war-debts, an over-expanded factory system, and a money glut. New markets must be tapped quickly, new consumers found, new desires created. But where and how?

Not in Europe, for Europeans are finding it hard enough to fill their stomachs; and they can undersell us at almost every point. Not in Russia, where none has a dollar save for black bread. Not in South America, whose buying power is probably less than that of Texas, in spite of the large claims of sundry bank presidents whose knowledge of that continent and its people appears to have been derived from grammar-school geographies and smoking-room tales. Where, then? There remains only the Far East. China and Siberia can absorb billions of capital, much of which, as Mr. T. W. Lamont remarked, must eventually earn a thousand per cent. They can also consume billions' worth of manufactures; and, as their standards of living rise, these billions will become tens of billions. To those lands, then, our financiers and manufacturers must look for the only foreign trade that can restore our economic balance appreciably. Their logic is impeccable, granting the premise that we must look abroad for new markets.

But how dares any American financier invest millions in such chaos, where governments totter, intriguers plot new empires, and war lords revel in civil strife? Neither Peking nor Canton can protect him, and Tokyo will not. His alternatives, then, are clear: either he must have his own country protect him with as much force as is necessary, or else he must stay out of Asia. As for the manufacturer and the exporter, he is vexed by this same dilemma and two further annoyances. He must undersell the British, Germans, and Japanese in China; and this he cannot do now save in a few monopolistic lines, such as cheap automobiles and sewing machines. And even when he can meet their prices, he cannot reap their profits, because Great Britain and Japan have exempted their nationals doing business in China from all income taxes and excess-profits taxes on their China trade. But these worries pale beside the chaos in China.

This chaos creates for the Republican party a terrible dilemma. Champion of the full dinner-pail, roaring factories, and hundred-per-cent dividends, — all excellent ideals! — it has committed itself heart and soul to the utmost stimulation of foreign trade and foreign investments. Champion of general prosperity, it aims to reduce the cost of living, especially taxes, which are nine tenths military. The first goal demands a navy. The second demands the abolition of navies. And neither a navy nor an abolished one will guarantee success in the Far East!

Is it to be marveled at that some Republicans have lost interest in the Disarmament Conference, while others are losing sleep over it?

VI

Disarm and leave Asia to the Asiatics, or else run Asia and a huge fleet. This, when all is said and done, is the alternative that delays disarmament. It may be dodged for a while, but it cannot be evaded. It will not help to emit hypocritical shrieks over the wicked Japanese, whose imitation of our political ways is the sincerest flattery. Nor

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will it serve any good end to shed crocodile tears over poor, down-trodden China, which is not a whit worse off than some of our own Southern states, man for man, road for road, town for town. Asia is Asia. It must work out its own salvation. Too far away and too huge to be controlled by us, who cannot even manage our own cities intelligently, its hundreds of millions can be swayed by us only under the compulsion of overwhelming force. They who are compelled will gain little. We who compel shall lose much in money and in reputation. Only a few exploiters, white and yellow, will emerge with riches.

Some influential Republicans understand this and are ready to accept its implications. But the majority seem still under the spell of economic imperialism, or else hypnotized by the Japanese bogey manufactured by our yellow press. And so, while they may cry for world peace and the prosperity it must bring, they thwart it by refusing to accept the consequences of disarmament. If the Conference fails, they will probably have to share the guilt with the extreme militarists of Japan.

THE FAR EASTERN PROBLEM

BY J. O. P. BLAND

I

EARLY in August, the Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Ledger* announced that it was the intention of the United States Government to 'make the settlement of the Far Eastern situation a condition precedent to the discussion of the curtailment of armaments.' If this be so, supreme importance must attach to whatever scheme of settlement is eventually framed and proposed by the State Department. Seldom, indeed, have the prospects of peace in our time been more directly dependent upon the knowledge and breadth of vision of a few statesmen. America, because of her unchallengeable wealth and resources, holds the master-key to the gates of peace and war in the regions of the Pacific. If, at this juncture, her foreign policy is based upon recognition of the realities of the Far Eastern situation (including recognition of the instinct of self-preservation which underlies Japan's expansion on the Asiatic mainland), the Conference should pave the way, at least, to what President Harding calls 'approximate disarmament,' and thus relieve the world of the burden and danger of acute naval rivalry.

At the outset it may be asked, why should America seek to make an international agreement for disarmament dependent upon the settlement of the Far Eastern question, more than upon the removal of any other potential cause of conflict? The answer lies obviously in the fact that every nation's foreign policy is inevitably inspired by the fundamental instinct of survival, which

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compels it to seek and preserve, at all costs, national security. Also, that many things have happened during the past ten years to lead public opinion in the United States to the belief that America's security is menaced by Japan's rapid rise to the front rank of world powers and by the activities and ambitions of her military party.

When, after the Russo-Japanese War, the United States played the part of host and peacemaker at the making of the Treaty of Portsmouth (1905), the general sentiment of the American nation was one of unmistakable sympathy and friendship for Japan; but since then much has occurred to change this feeling into one of apprehension and increasing antagonism. First came the Russo-Japanese Entente of 1907, followed by the definite agreement of July, 1910, which made the Treaty of Portsmouth a dead letter and definitely abrogated the principle of the Open Door in Manchuria and Mongolia. Next came the humiliating fiasco of Mr. Secretary Knox's scheme for the neutralization of railways in Manchuria; and finally, the annexation of Korea by Japan. But more significant than all these indications of Japan's activities as a world power was her increasing insistence on the principle of racial equality, combined with the assertion of rights of migration to the American continent. Thus, before the revolution in China and the great war in Europe gave Japan new and unexpected opportunities for advancing her outposts and accelerating her economic penetration in the comparatively undeveloped regions of the Asiatic mainland adjacent to Korea, the Yellow Peril (as proclaimed by Homer Lea in the *Valor of Ignorance*) had begun to loom largely on the political horizon, and public opinion in America had become definitely imbued with the conviction that Japan's ambitions must involve a challenge to Western civilization and, ultimately, a claim to the mastery of the Pacific.

The course of events during and since the great war — the elimination of Russia as an Asiatic power, the increasing chaos in China, and the swift rise of the United States to leadership in the council of nations — has served to increase the points of contact and to accentuate the economic and political differences between the two nations which confront each other across the Pacific. The racial aspect of the antagonism thus created was emphasized at Versailles, and finds expression today in a widely prevalent belief in the idea of a 'color war,' wherein the forces of Pan-Asia (and even Pan-Africa), organized and led by Japan, will challenge and overthrow the dominant white race. Mr. Lothrop Stoddard's *Rising Tide of Color*, and other works of the same kind, have given form and substance to a Yellow Peril spectre, as fantastic in its way as Kaiser Wilhelm's famous vision of China's warlike millions ranged in battle array against the pale legions of the West.

The limits of this article do not permit, nor does the occasion require, any detailed exposition of the absurdity of this Pan-Asian delusion. In propounding their scheme for the settlement of the Far Eastern question to the Washington Conference, the American State Department and the British Foreign Office will have work and to spare in dealing with the actual and immediate difficulties of the situation. The theory of profound racial antagonism is obviously incompatible with the proclaimed intention of the British and American governments to substitute a spirit of coöperation and mutuality for the intense spirit of competition in solving the problems which arise out of the political and financial disorganization of China. It is a theory that cannot be

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invoked without weakening the whole Anglo-American position in the matter of the Asiatic Exclusion acts, and stultifying their essential justification, which rests on economic, as distinct from racial, grounds.

Mr. Lloyd George has recently declared that the foreign policy of Great Britain, as a partly Asiatic empire, 'can never range itself in any sense upon the differences of race and civilization between East and West. It would be fatal to the Empire. No greater calamity can overtake the world than any further accentuation of its divisions upon the lines of race. We look confidently to the Government and people of the United States for their understanding and sympathy in this respect. Friendly coöperation with the United States is for us a cardinal principle, dictated by what seems to us the proper nature of things, dictated by instinct quite as much as by reason and by common sense.'

Mr. Lloyd George's words undoubtedly express the sentiments of the great majority of his countrymen. Every discussion of the question of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, by the Imperial Conference, in Parliament, and in the press, has served to emphasize the general opinion that the treaty should be renewed, but in a form that will give no umbrage, and evoke no misgivings, in the United States. The Australian Premier has declared that 'Australia's safety lies in a renewal of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, and that it is her bounden duty to use every means at her disposal to effect such a *modus vivendi* as will secure it in a form agreeable to the United States.' On a later occasion, Mr. Hughes expressed the opinion (which has found wide support in the British press) that, in the event of a tripartite understanding being reached between America, Great Britain, and Japan, dealing with the Far East and with disarmament, there would be no necessity for a renewal of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance.

II

As matters now stand, the first thing necessary, to remove the immediate difficulties and dangers of the Far Eastern situation, and to diminish the causes of friction between Japan and the United States, is the conclusion of an international agreement for the restoration, by concerted action, of the powers of law and order in China. Unless steps are taken, and that speedily, to this end, there can be no prospect of any permanent settlement of the Far Eastern question. American participation in such an agreement, and in an 'International Council' to carry it into effect, is a solution that presents obvious difficulties; nevertheless, it is the only one that affords practical means of carrying out the American idea of friendly coöperation, and the only way of putting an end to the chaos of misrule in China, in a spirit of genuine friendship for the Chinese people. Failing active American participation, the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, renewed under conditions consistent with the Covenant of the League of Nations, would appear to offer the only alternative solution of the problem; the only one, at all events, that would provide England with the leverage necessary to secure the future maintenance of the Open Door for trade, a revision of the Shantung question, and the settlement of other points of difference in the Far East.

Assuming that the first desideratum for the Washington Conference is a spirit of harmony and helpfulness between the representatives of those powers, whose ultimate object is the limitation of armaments, the decision to invite China's participation in the Conference, though diplomatically and

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theoretically sound, is calculated, in practice, to frustrate the ends desired. For there is already ample evidence in the press, here and in the United States, that China's representatives on this occasion will conform faithfully to their traditional policy of setting one barbarian against another, and will do everything in their power to make the Conference an arena of enmity and suspicion. All the undeniable eloquence and intelligence of that highly vocal element of Young China which professes its present belief in American institutions and ideals will be concentrated in an appeal to the chivalrous support of the American people, and this appeal will no doubt be powerfully supported by many of the missionary societies and the Y.M.C.A., which naturally sympathize with the aspirations of their pupils and protégés to become the dominant force in Chinese politics. There is already evidence that the public utterances of adroit diplomats and lawyers like Mr. Wellington Koo and Dr. Wang, and the press propaganda conducted by Putnam Weale, and other foreigners in Chinese pay, to which Professor Dewey's distinguished reputation lends additional force, have achieved considerable results in the direction indicated; that is to say, they have created an atmosphere of hostility toward Japan, and toward the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, in the United States. Something of the effect of China's propaganda and appeals may even be discerned in the dispatches of the State Department that form part of the correspondence antecedent to the establishment of the International Financial Consortium last year.

Briefly stated, the object of the American Government, as expressed in these dispatches, was to eliminate all special claims in particular spheres of interest in China and to throw open the whole country, *including Manchuria and Mongolia*, without reserve, to the combined activities of the Consortium. The British Government, at the outset, gave friendly support to this proposal; but inasmuch as it conflicted obviously with certain accomplished facts and recorded pacts, it was possible to do so only by concurring vaguely in the benevolent argument that, 'with the establishment of the Consortium, a new era was about to dawn, in which conditions have changed, and that the powers therefore propose henceforward to work together in harmonious and friendly coöperation, rather than in competition.'

The Japanese Ambassador's reply to the dispatch in which Lord Curzon supported this argument tactfully refrained from discussing the practical effects of the 'new era' upon international politics. He contented himself with reiterating his Government's reliance upon the British Government's explicit assurance that the powers would refuse to countenance any activities of the Consortium 'affecting the security of the economic life or the national defense of Japan,' a reservation capable of the widest application, and one which leaves the question of Japan's 'special interests' in the same nebulous condition as that in which it remained after the Lansing-Ishii agreement of 1917.

III

The line that China's representatives and advisers may be expected to adopt at Washington was clearly indicated some months ago by the Chinese Minister in London, Mr. Wellington Koo, well known in the United States. They will undoubtedly present a glowing picture of the Chinese Republic, successfully progressing toward Utopia by the development of liberal ideas and democratic institutions, all regardless

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of the fact that these are as remote as the planet Mars from all the realities of the situation in China. They will make eloquent appeal to the sympathies of the civilized world, in the name of Democracy, on behalf of Young China's chimerical Republic, and of its splendid programme of purely imaginary reforms. In the typical words of Putnam Weale, they will 'claim their place in the family of nations, not only on terms of equality, but as representatives of Liberalism and subscribers to all those sanctions on which the civilization of peace rests.' They will continue to describe the social activities and academic theories of a few thousand 'Western-learning' students and journalists as truly representative of the political convictions and institutions of the Chinese people.

And all the while they will complacently ignore the lamentable and notorious facts of China's actual position, the utter demoralization and inevitable bankruptcy of the Peking Government, the lawlessness and insatiable greed of the military chieftains, whose rabble armies have devastated the country for the last ten years, and the untold sufferings of the defenseless people, more pitiful to-day than ever they were under the Manchus. Above all, they will carefully refrain from admission of the undeniable truth that the political and financial ascendancy which Japan has established at Peking, and the rapid advance of her 'peaceful penetration' in Manchuria and Mongolia, are direct results of the incorrigible money-lust of the mandarin class, more flagrantly displayed by the officials of the Republic than under the old régime. They will earnestly invoke the assistance of America and England against Japan, for the restoration of China's rights in Shantung, and of her unfettered sovereignty over the Northern dependencies; but they will say nothing of the lamentable fact that, since the death of Yuan Shih-k'ai (1916), the several political factions that have struggled for mastery at Peking have vied with each other in mortgaging to Japan, in return for subsidies and loans, many rights, privileges, and concessions calculated to jeopardize their country's political independence.

Early this year, the Chinese Minister in London gave the Foreign Office an indication of the attitude to be adopted by China's representatives at the forthcoming Conference in regard to the renewal of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. They desire to protest, in the first place, against any reference in the treaty, if renewed, to 'the preservation of the territorial integrity and political independence of China,' as an implication derogatory to the dignity of China as a sovereign State, and distasteful to the sentiment of her people.

Inasmuch as the first object of their presence at the Conference is to invoke assistance for the maintenance of China's sovereign rights, this initial protest may be regarded as a face-saving device, a mild bluff for the benefit of the gallery, based on the oldest traditions of Oriental statecraft. Next, they will ask for the abrogation of the 'twenty-one demands' agreement (signed by Yuan Shih-k'ai in May, 1915, under pressure of a Japanese ultimatum), and for the restoration of China's full sovereignty in Shantung. Here we reach a crucial point of the Far Eastern question. For it is undeniable that, in these twenty-one demands, Japan availed herself of the opportunities created by the war in Europe and the demoralization of China, to regularize and consolidate her position at China's expense, in Shantung (as successor to Germany), and in Manchuria, Eastern Inner Mongolia, and on the coast of Fukhien province.

Now, it must be obvious that no satisfactory results are to be expected

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from the Washington Conference, except upon the initial assumption that henceforward Japan, in concert with England and the United States, is prepared to coöperate loyally in practical measures for the restoration of law, order, trade, and sound finance, in China. This assumption implies, not only the definite cessation of the Japanese military party's activities in Peking, but the abandonment by Japan, as part of a general self-sacrificing agreement between the powers, of all claims to 'special interests' in any province of China proper, such as those which were created by the twenty-one demands in 1915, and subsequently by the secret 'military agreement,' concluded in March, 1918, with the corrupt clique then in power at Peking.

Having discussed these questions with many of the leading statesmen and publicists in Japan, I firmly believe that the Japanese Government is prepared to welcome an Anglo-American-Japanese understanding, having as its avowed object a common reconstructive policy in China. Even before the prospect of a limitation of armaments had emphasized the desirability of such an understanding, the Japanese Prime Minister had declared (1919) his Government's readiness to coöperate in the difficult task of restoring financial and administrative order in China, with due regard to her sovereign rights. Many things have happened in the last five years to lead the rulers of Japan to perceive that persistence in the aggressive 'forward' policy of the military party can lead only to a dangerous position of national isolation, besides involving the over-taxed people in further heavy expenditure. For these and other reasons, there appear to be valid grounds for expecting good results from the Conference, provided that responsible American opinion be not misled by the specious pleadings of China's representatives, into finding in the gospel of the 'new era,' tidings of comfort and joy for all the world — with the exception, and to the detriment, of Japan.

In particular, the question of Shantung, though apparently simple enough in its broad moral aspect, will require delicate handling. China and the United States, not being parties to the Treaty of Versailles, may be justified in questioning the decision of the Allies, whereby Japan obtained the reversion of Germany's exclusive privileges in Shantung; but the fact must not be overlooked that America's representative and President was a consenting party to that decision; also that, because of it, Japan agreed to withdraw from discussion the thorny question of 'racial equality.' In originally raising that question, Japan practically claimed recognition of her right to equal opportunity in the matter of migration overseas; and President Wilson, unable to concede that claim, was fain to compromise it along the line of least resistance — that is, at China's expense.

As for the position of China in the matter, it is evident that the activities of her diplomats and publicists are inspired rather by the desire to create dissension between Japan and the United States than by genuine zeal for the integrity and independence of their country. For the men who strain so noisily at the Shantung gnat are the same as those who quietly swallowed the camel of the secret military agreement (to which I have already referred) — a pact concluded by their Government, of its own accord, with Japan, which made Peking, for all practical purposes, a subsidized dependency of Tokyo.

IV

Two fundamental facts must be faced at the outset by the Conference if the Far Eastern problem is to be solved

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in a spirit of mutuality and helpfulness. First, that China's military weakness, financial chaos, and internecine strife now constitute the root-cause of the problem. This fact requires no demonstration for anyone who has studied the situation. Second, that Japan is impelled, by acute economic pressure, either to seek new outlets for her surplus population overseas, or to endeavor to secure such a position of economic advantage in the undeveloped regions of the Asiatic mainland, adjacent to her frontiers, as shall enable her to maintain and increase her industries, and thereby feed her people, at home.

Japan's imperative need of expansion is, indeed, an undeniable and constant factor in the Far Eastern problem. Morally speaking, and from the political idealist's point of view, it is, of course, lamentable that any race or nation should expand at the expense of another; nevertheless, *pace* the 'new-era' doctrine, the struggle for supremacy and survival between races has not ended with the Treaty of Versailles, and the ideal of self-determination must always prove to be an empty phrase when confronted with the elemental instinct of self-preservation. Japan has expanded into Korea, and is thence expanding northward and westward, impelled by the same instincts and impulses as those which have peopled England's colonies and doubled the territory and number of the United States.

America's naval programme affords more convincing testimony to the realities of the situation than all the acts of the apostles of pacifism. The conflict between benevolent idealism and the stern facts of existence is as old as the hills; and despite humanitarians and vegetarians, the inexorable law remains that all life on this planet exists and persists at the cost of other lives. Charm they never so wisely, it will need more than the eloquence of the idealists to convince responsible statesmen that this instinct and the economic pressure behind it can be exorcised by invoking a new era of universal altruism. The philosophers have not yet found the stone which will satisfy a people that cries for bread.

Considered in this light, the crux of the Far Eastern discussion will probably be found to lie in the question of Japan's claim to 'special interests' in Manchuria and Mongolia. In seeking the abrogation of the twenty-one-demands agreement of 1915, China asks, in fact, that Japan should vacate the 'leased' territory of the Liaotung peninsula, including Dairen and Port Arthur, at the date named in the original Russian lease (that is to say, in March, 1923), and that the ninety-years' term — subsequently conceded in compliance with the twenty-one-demands ultimatum — should now be annulled. But no good purpose can be served by ignoring the truth that the original 'lease' of the Liaotung peninsula by China to Russia was never anything but a diplomatic fiction, a politic device whereby the face of Li Hung-Chang was partially saved. Common sense, if not common justice, compels recognition of the lamentable truth, that China's sovereign rights in Manchuria and Mongolia were virtually doomed when Russian diplomacy concluded the original 'lease' compact with China's complaisant rulers. By that compact, Japan's economic existence and national security were threatened with dangers so imminent, that war between her and Russia became inevitable.

The development of a position of economic and political ascendancy by Japan in Manchuria and Mongolia — euphemistically described in the Lansing-Ishii agreement as 'special' interests — became equally inevitable when,

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by the Treaty of Portsmouth, Russia handed over to her conqueror the leased territory of Liaotung and the South Manchurian railway. China not only consented to this arrangement, but by certain secret clauses of an agreement voluntarily concluded between her Government and Japan in December, 1905, she deprived herself of valuable rights, specifically reserved for her by the Treaty of Portsmouth, in regard to the economic and industrial development of Manchuria. By pledging herself not to build any railways which might compete with the South Manchurian line, she made it possible for Japan to veto (as she subsequently did, in partnership with Russia) all British and American enterprises in that region. To-day, Japan's privileged position and paramount influence on the mainland to the north and west of Korea is regarded by the nation, not only as one of vital necessity, but of indisputable right — a right established at the cost of two victorious wars, and subsequently developed by means of concessions freely granted by China's rulers in return for money loans. To suggest (as was done by Lord Curzon and Mr. Lansing in the Consortium dispatches of 1919) that Manchuria and Mongolia are actually integral 'provinces' of China, to be regarded and dealt with internationally in the same way as the eighteen provinces of China proper, is to ignore the basic realities of the situation, not to mention elementary geography and history.

Mongolia, as a dependency, stands toward China in precisely the same relation as Tibet. It is not easy to understand upon what grounds Great Britain, after having required China to abandon her claims to effective sovereignty over autonomous Tibet, can profess to regard Mongolia (which has asserted its independence of Peking) as a 'province' of China. Nor can any valid process of reasoning justify England or America in supporting China's contention that Japan should now surrender, or greatly modify, her claims to 'special interests' in Manchuria. The arguments and attitude of Japan's representatives at Versailles clearly demonstrated their determination to insist upon recognition of those interests, as an equitable *quid pro quo* for our Asiatic Exclusion acts and all that they imply. The same determination was unmistakably manifested in the negotiation and conclusion of the Lansing-Ishii agreement in 1917.

To sum up. If England, America, and Japan now concur in recognizing the critical condition of affairs in China, and unite, in a common purpose of good-will, to restore her stability of government and to protect her sovereignty, the resources of diplomacy should be capable of devising a practical and equitable solution of the Far Eastern problem. Frank discussion of the existing situation should entail, *pari passu* with reasonable recognition of Japan's established position in Manchuria and Mongolia, the simultaneous restoration to China, by all the powers concerned, of 'leased' territories in China proper, the withdrawal of all foreign garrisons and post-offices from the eighteen provinces, and the abandonment therein of all claims to spheres of influence and concessions, which conflict with the sovereignty of China and the principle of equal opportunity.

Given such an agreement, concerted measures for the restoration of the Central Government's authority and fiscal machinery, for the effective disbandment of the *tuchuns*' irregular forces, and for financial reorganization, might be profitably discussed with China's representatives. But, pending the application of such remedial measures, it is foolish and futile to talk of restoring the unfettered authority of

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the Chinese Government in Manchuria and Mongolia, for the simple reason that there is no effective government in China. Under existing conditions, the rapid economic development of these dependencies, which has resulted from Japan's railway and mining enterprises, has proved of immediate benefit, not only to China's revenues, but to large numbers of Chinese workers and settlers, who have poured into the country from Shantung and Chihli, attracted by good wages and the prospect of immunity from the lawlessness that preys upon all forms of productive industry, as the result of chronic misrule under the Chinese Republic.

A word, in conclusion, with the political idealists who would have us believe in the impending federation of the world by virtue of Christianity and faith in the blessings of Democracy. It were well for the peace of mankind if they could be led to realize the simple truth that the impact and influence of the West have tended to destroy the cohesive and self-sufficient qualities of China's patriarchal system of government, without supplying anything of practical value in its place. A venerable civilization, probably the wisest, and certainly the oldest, that humanity has produced, is now in danger of perishing, as so many others have perished, by contact with our machine-driven, armor-plated culture, in combination with soulless international finance. Time will show whether the process of disintegration wrought by these disruptive influences can possibly be arrested by a new policy of harmonious coöperation, for China's good, between the friendly powers, so as to preserve her independence as a nation and to restore peace and prosperity to her people. Reduced to simple terms, this is the real Far Eastern question, which awaits the deliberations of the Washington Conference.

ARE WE GIVING JAPAN A SQUARE DEAL? II

BY E. ALEXANDER POWELL

I

THE key to Japanese militarism and imperialism is to be found in the dual government that exists in Japan. There is the constitutional government — the Cabinet, the Diet, consisting of the House of Peers and the House of Representatives, and the administrative bureaucracy — with which the world is familiar. But there is also an invisible government, an unseen empire, composed of a clique of military men and men with military affiliations, headed by the Genro, or Elder Statesmen, with the General Staff of the Army as its instrument. Of the two governments, the latter is by far the more powerful. Japanese policy, particularly in foreign affairs, is invariably shaped by this unseen government, its wishes generally being translated by the constitu-

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tional government's actions. The two régimes, whose interests are by no means always opposed, are of necessity more or less intermixed, like interlocking directorates. For example, many officials of the permanent civil bureaucracy — that is, the bureau chiefs and their staffs — are drawn from the militaristic clique, which is identical with the unseen government, with which, as might be expected, they work in harmony.

At the head of the Japanese State stands the Emperor, generally spoken of by foreigners as the Mikado ('Honorable Gate,' a title comparable with Sublime Porte), and by his own subjects as Tennō, or Heavenly King. The present Emperor, Yoshihito, is the one hundred and twenty-second of his line, according to Japanese history, which reckons from 660 B.C. when Jimmu ascended the throne. But as written records do not carry us back further than A.D. 712, the reigns and periods of the very early monarchs are more or less apocryphal. Still, the fact remains that Japan has been ruled by an unbroken dynasty ever since the dawn of her history, in which respect she is unique among all the nations of the world. By the Constitution of 1889 the Emperor combines in himself the rights of sovereignty and exercises the whole of the executive powers, with the advice and assistance of the nine Cabinet ministers. He alone can make war, declare peace, and conclude treaties. But between the Cabinet and the Crown stands a small body of men, the survivors of those by whose genius modern Japan was raised to her present high position among the nations. They are known as the Genrō, or Elder Statesmen. At the present time only three remain — Field-Marshal Prince Yamagata, Marquis Okuma, and Marquis Matsukata. These three old men are the real rulers of Japan.

Now let me make it clear that the Elder Statesmen are neither appointed nor elected. Indeed, there is no such office as that of Elder Statesman *per se*. You will find no mention of them in the Japan Year-Book or other works of reference. They are not officials, though they hold the reins of power, though by virtue of their rank they have seats in the House of Peers. They are private citizens who, because of their experience and sagacity, are the trusted advisers of the Emperor, as they were of his father before him. They are so firmly intrenched in the confidence of the Emperor and great nobles; they are the embodiment of traditions so indissolubly linked with the history of the Empire; the social, political, financial, and military interests which they represent are so powerful; that all attempts to dislodge them or seriously to weaken their influence have met with failure.

The invisible government of which the Elder Statesmen are the head and brains is not a modern development; it goes back into Japanese history for centuries. For nearly a thousand years Japan has had a nominal government and another unacknowledged government, the latter more or less cloaked and independent of check or control, existing side by side. This unseen empire dates from the period of the Shogunate, during which the Emperor was the titular ruler and the Shogun the actual ruler of Japan. When the Shogunate was abolished in 1868, and the unification of the country under the Emperor Mutsuhito begun, the task of reconstruction was undertaken by the *daimyo*, or feudal nobles. They became the officials of the new government and directed the transformation of Japan into a modern state. Their descendants fill those offices to-day.

When it is remembered that the present officeholders are almost all members of the ancient military clans,

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it is not difficult to understand the ascendancy of the militarists in Japanese politics. For example, nearly all the members of the military clique belong to the Chosun clan, while the navy clique is recruited from the Satsuma clan. The acknowledged leader of them all, the uncrowned ruler of Japan, is Prince Yamagata, himself a soldier and a field-marshal. The Emperor, feeble in health and mind, in spite of the profound veneration in which he is still held by the great mass of his subjects, is a ruler only in name.

Of the nine members of the Cabinet, two — the Minister of War and the Minister of Marine — are not answerable for their actions to the Premier, but are responsible only to the Emperor — which, translated, means the Elder Statesmen. As a result of this anomalous situation, these two ministers can, and frequently do, defy the Premier and block legislation. In fact, a former Prime Minister resigned because he was unable to find men for these portfolios who would consent to carry out his policies. As the members of the Cabinet are appointed by the Emperor, instead of, as is the custom in most European countries, by the Premier, it is self-evident that no one could obtain the portfolio of war or of marine unless he was *persona gratissima* to the militarist party. This closest of close corporations is still further bound together by family ties, the present Minister of War, Major-General Giichi Tanaka, being a son-in-law of Prince Yamagata.

It is this curious relic of feudal times which is responsible for those failures to keep her agreements which have done so much to lose for Japan the confidence of other nations. Japan's failure to abide by her promise to evacuate Siberia upon the withdrawal of the American and other Allied troops provides a case in point. This commitment was made to the United States and her European allies by the constitutional Government, as represented by Premier Hara. I have good reason to believe that, in making this promise, the Government was entirely sincere and that it fully intended to carry out the evacuation. But the unseen government — by which is meant the militarist party — wished Japan to remain in Siberia, for reasons of its own. It wanted territory in that region, — territory rich in mines and forests, — and here was an easy way to get it. I do not know precisely what procedure was followed by the militarists, of course; but I imagine that it was something like this. Prince Yamagata, speaking with the authority of the Emperor, informed his son-in-law, the Minister of War, that the occupation of Siberia was to be continued; whereupon the Minister of War, presumably without the consent of the Premier, and quite possibly without his knowledge, instead of withdrawing the Siberian garrisons, reinforced them. It thus being made impossible for the constitutional Government to keep the agreement it had made, Premier Hara, in order to 'save his face,' as they say in the East, was forced to explain his failure to withdraw the troops by asserting that it had been found necessary to retain them in Siberia temporarily in order to guard Japan from Bolshevist attacks. Result: loss of confidence by the other powers in Japan's promises.

The effect on foreign opinion of such usurpation of power by the invisible government is recognized by the liberal element in Japan; as witness a recent editorial in the *Yomi-Yuri Shimbun:* —

'It is regrettable that the declarations of the Japanese Government are often not taken seriously. The Powers regard Japan as a country that does not mean what it says. The most important reasons for this will be found in

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the actions of the militarists, whose utterances are the cause of the Government's attitude being misunderstood abroad. Unless the militarist evil is stamped out, a hundred declarations disavowing territorial ambitions will not be able to convince the Powers.'

The militarists placed the Government in almost as embarrassing a position in Korea last year as in Siberia. Premier Hara, stirred to action by the excesses of the Japanese troops, issued orders that the military forces in Korea should be subordinated to the civil authorities; but the military, backed by the unseen government, virtually ignored these orders, the newly appointed Governor-General, Baron Saito, being unable to enforce his commands where the military were concerned. Should the Prime Minister resent such attempts to block the policy of the Government, and appeal to the Emperor, he would really be appealing to the Elder Statesmen, who, as I have explained, stand between the Emperor and the Cabinet. Or, should the Diet attempt to put a check on the militarists by refusing to pass the army appropriations, it would have no effect on the situation, for in such a case the budget holds over from the previous year. Having direct access to the Emperor and to the funds of the Imperial Household, which is the richest in the world, the militarists never lack for money. Indeed, when all is said and done, it is they who hold the purse-strings. It will be seen, therefore, that the Progressive Premier, Mr. Hara, is in a trying and none too strong position. The military party and the forces of reaction typified by Prince Yamagata have too much power for him. The Premier, speaking for the Government and through the Minister of Foreign Affairs, makes commitments to other powers. The unseen government ignores these commitments and leaves it to the Premier to explain as best he can. There you have the real reason why Japan seems so often to violate her treaty obligations. She is not insincere in making them. The men who make them are not the men who break them.

This continued exercise of irresponsible authority by the military party is the most important and the most dangerous factor in the whole Japanese question. Until the invisible and irresponsible powers behind the throne are suppressed in favor of the constitutional Government, there can be no real hope of a satisfactory understanding between Japan and the United States. A democracy like ours cannot do business with a government that is masked; we must know with whom we are dealing. If Japan sincerely desires the friendship of the United States, then she must give valid assurances that the declared policies of her Government will henceforward be binding on her military, as well as her civil agents.

II

Although close observers have of late detected a noticeable change in the attitude of the younger generation of Japanese toward the Emperor, who is no longer venerated as he has been by past generations, and although the strength of the anti-militarist party is steadily increasing, to talk glibly, as certain American visitors to Japan have done, of Japanese militarism being on its last legs, is to reveal profound ignorance of the actual conditions. If the system of unseen government were merely transitory, it might readily yield before the growth of education and enlightened opinion. But it is not transitory. Its tentacles reach deep into the traditions of the Empire. It would be strange, indeed, if the militarists were not dominant in Japan, for the whole history of the nation is

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punctuated by wars, feuds, and revolutions; it climbed to its present position as one of the Great Powers on the guns of its battleships and the bayonets of its soldiers; it has always been ruled by military men. The militarism which pervades the nation is vitalized, moreover, by Japan's obsession that she is hemmed in by a ring of enemies. The truth of the matter is that the great majority of Japanese look to the militarists as the saviors of the Empire.

Although the Japanese are gradually becoming more democratic in their tendencies, let us not delude ourselves into thinking that the disappearance of militarism is a probability of the not far distant future. That it will eventually disappear is as certain as that dawn follows the dark. But it may take a generation, or more. That the militarists will remain in the ascendant during the lifetime of the Elder Statesmen there can be little doubt. Not until the grip of those aged dictators has been relaxed by death is the power of the militarists likely to wane. Nor is there any certainty that it will wane then; for in recent years their power has been immensely strengthened by a force far mightier and more sinister than that of the Elder Statesmen. I refer to the force of organized capital, of Big Business. As Mr. Nathaniel Peffer, one of the shrewdest and best-informed students of Far Eastern politics, has shown, it is Big Business that has reinforced and is keeping in power the unseen government — the military party.

Only recently has modern industrial Japan awakened to a realization of its own strength. But it is now fully alive to the almost unlimited power, the endless possibilities, to be realized by the great business interests of the country joining hands and working together for a common purpose. One who could trace, through the political structure of the Empire, the ramifications of the great industrial and trading companies would be in a position to analyze Japanese politics, domestic and foreign. Those policies of the Japanese Government which are usually attributed by foreigners to the ambitions of the militarists are in reality due to the machinations of the capitalists. Here you have the key to the annexation of Korea, to Japanese aggression in Manchuria and Siberia, to the unreasonable demands made on China, to the opposition to the restoration of Shantung. All of those regions are immensely rich in natural resources; they offer unlimited possibilities for profitable exploitation. And it is Japanese Big Business which proposes to do the exploiting. So, in order to obtain control of the territories which it proposes to exploit, it has joined forces with the land-hungry militarists. It is the most sinister combination of high politics and Big Business that the world has ever seen.

Dominating Japanese business and finance are a few great corporations: Mitsui, Mitsubishi, Suzuki, Okura, Sumitomo, Kuhara, Takata, Furukawa. So much larger than the others that they are in a class by themselves are the Mitsui and Mitsubishi companies, owned respectively by the Mitsui and Iwasaki families. Indeed, it is a common saying in Japan that no one knows where Mitsui ends and the Government begins. Their tentacles sink deep into every phase of national life — commercial, industrial, financial, political. They own banks, railways, steamship lines, mills, factories, dockyards, mines, forests, plantations, insurance companies, trading corporations. They and the leaders of the unseen government are as intertwined by marriage, mutual interest, and interlocking directorates as President Wilson boasted that the Treaty of Versailles was intertwined with the Covenant of the League of Nations.

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Each of these great companies, according to Mr. Peffer, has its political, financial, or family alliances with the leaders of the unseen government. Marquis Okuma, one of the Elder Statesmen, is related by marriage to the Iwasakis, who, as I have said, own the great house of Mitsubishi. The same house is connected with the opposition party through its leader, Viscount Kato, who is Baron Iwasaki's son-in-law. Another of the Elder Statesmen, Marquis Matsukata, is adviser to one of these political dynasties. The late Marquis Inoue, who held in turn the portfolios of agriculture and commerce, home affairs, finance, and foreign affairs, was closely connected with the house of Mitsui. The late Field-Marshal Terauchi, at one time Prime Minister of Japan and one of the foremost leaders of the military party, was equally close to Okura, a relationship which explains that house's success in obtaining army contracts and concessions on the mainland of Asia. And so with the highest military men of the Empire and the leading statesmen of both political parties. Each has his relationship to some great financial house, to some captain of industry. Big Business uses these affiliations with the militarists to obtain for its schemes the support of the unseen government, which is enormously strengthened by the affiliations of the militarists with Big Business. It is like a cross-ruff at bridge.

III

'Japan's future lies oversea.' In those four words is found the policy of the military-financial combination that rules Japan. The annexation of Formosa and Korea and Sakhalin, the occupation of Manchuria and Siberia and Shantung, are not, as the world supposes, examples of haphazard land-grabbing, but phases of a vast and carefully laid scheme, which has for its aim the eventual control of all Eastern Asia. Ostensibly to solve the problems with which she has been confronted by her amazing increase in population and production, but in reality to gratify the ambitions of the militaristic-financial clique, Japan has embarked on a campaign of world-expansion and exploitation. Convinced that she requires a colonial empire in her business, she has set out to build one as she would build a bridge or a dry-dock. The fact that she had nothing, or next to nothing, to start with did not worry her at all. Having once made up her mind that the realization of her political, economic, and territorial ambitions necessitated the acquirement of overseas dominions, she has permitted nothing to stand in the way of her getting them. In other words, wherever an excuse can be provided for raising a flagstaff, whether on an ice-floe in the Arctic or an island in the Pacific, there the Rising Sun flag shall flutter; wherever trade is to be found, there Yokohama cargo-boats shall drop their anchors, there Osaka engines shall thunder over Kobe rails, there Kyoto silks and Nagoya cottons shall be sold by merchants speaking the language of Nippon. It is a scheme astounding by its very vastness, as methodically planned and systematically conducted as an American presidential campaign; and already, thanks to Japanese audacity, aggressiveness, and perseverance, backed up by Japanese banks, battleships, and bayonets, it is much nearer realization than the world imagines.

In China, Siberia, and the Philippines, in California, Canada, and Mexico, in the East Indies, Australia, and New Zealand, on three continents and on all the islands of the Eastern seas, Japanese merchants and Japanese money are working twenty-four hours

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a day, building up that overseas empire of which the financiers and the militarists dream. The activities of Japan's outposts of commerce and finance are as varied as commerce and finance themselves. Their voices are heard in every Eastern market-place; their footsteps resound in every avenue of Oriental endeavor. Their mines in Siberia and China and Manchuria rival the cave of Al-ed-Din. The railways that converge on Peking from the north and east, the great trunk-line across Manchuria, and the eastern section of the trans-Siberian system are already in their hands. They work tea-plantations in China, coffee-plantations in Java, rubber-plantations in Malaya, cocoanut-plantations in Borneo, hemp-plantations in the Philippines, spice-plantations in the Celebes, sugar-plantations in Hawaii, prune-orchards in California, apple-orchards in Oregon, coal-mines in Manchuria, gold-mines in Korea, forests in Siberia, fisheries in Kamchatka. Their argosies, flying the house-flags of the Toyo Kisen Kaisha, the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, the Osaka Shosen Kaisha, and a score of other lines, bear Japanese goods to Japanese traders on all the seaboards of the Orient, while Japanese warships are constantly a-prowl, all up and down the Eastern seas, ready to protect the interests thus created by the menace of their guns.

In regions where Japanese banks are in control and Japanese settlers abound, it is seldom difficult for Japan to find an excuse for aggression. It may be that a Japanese settler is mistreated or a Japanese consul insulted, or that a Japanese bank has difficulty in collecting its debts. So the slim cables flash the complaint to Tokyo; there are secret consultations between the militaristic leaders and the chieftains of Big Business; a spokesman of the unseen government rises in the Diet to announce that, in Siberia or China, Japanese interests have been endangered or Japanese dignity affronted; the newspapers controlled by Big Business inflame the national resentment; the heads of the invisible government, speaking with the authority of the Emperor, issue the necessary orders to the Ministers of War and Marine; and before the country in question awakens to a realization of what is happening, Japanese transports are at anchor in her harbors and Japanese troops are disembarking on her soil. Before they are withdrawn, — if they are withdrawn, — Japan usually succeeds in extorting a concession to build a railway, or to work a coal-field, or to underwrite a loan, or a ninety-nine-year lease of a harbor which can be converted into a naval base, or the cession of a more or less valuable strip of territory — and so the work of building up an overseas empire goes merrily and steadily on.

Now this steady territorial expansion — or, rather, the aggressive militarism that has produced it — has naturally aroused suspicion abroad of Japan's intentions. In less than a quarter of a century the area of the Empire has grown from 148,000 to 261,000 square miles. And virtually every foot of this great territory has been won by the sword. We have seen Formosa and the Pescadores filched, as spoils of war, from a helpless China. We have witnessed the rape of Korea. We have observed Manchuria become Japanese in fact, if not in name. We have watched first Southern and now Northern Sakhalin brought under the rule of Tokyo. We have seen the Rising Sun flag hoisted over Kiaochow, the Marshalls, and the Carolines. We have noted Japan's reluctance to withdraw from Shantung or to permit the neutralization of Yap. We have watched the armies of Nippon pushing deeper and deeper into Siberia

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instead of withdrawing altogether, as the Tokyo Government had promised. Let the honest-minded Japanese ask himself, then, if, in the face of such aggressive imperialism, we are not justified in our suspicion and apprehension.

Not a little of our suspicion of Japanese imperialism is directly traceable to the circumstantial stories told by Americans returning from the East, particularly army and navy officers, of Japan's secret designs against the Philippines. In substantiation of these stories they point to the temptation offered by the great natural wealth of the islands; to the alleged alarming increase in the number of Japanese settlers, particularly in Mindanao; and to the geographical fact that the Philippines form a prolongation of the Japanese archipelago. (Were you aware that Taiwan [Formosa], the southernmost Japanese island, can be seen from the highlands of Luzon on a clear day?) That the Philippines would be an objective of Japanese attack in the event of war between the United States and Japan is a foregone conclusion. What Japan's attitude might be were we to withdraw from the islands, leaving the natives to paddle their own canoe, is, perhaps, open to question. But of this I am convinced: as things stand to-day Japan harbors no designs whatsoever against the Philippines. Look at it from the standpoint of common sense. Why should Japan embark on a war with a rich and powerful country like the United States, in order to seize the Philippines, — which, as she doubtless realizes, she could not permanently hold, — when, without the risk of war, she can help herself to even more valuable territory much nearer home? It is quite true that Japan is opposed to the fortification of the Philippines, which she would regard as a threat against herself, just as we are opposed to and would probably prohibit the establishment of a fortified Japanese naval base on the coast of Mexico. While on the subject of the Philippines, here is an interesting bit of secret history. Viscount Kaneko told me that, some years prior to the Spanish-American War, Spain approached Japan with an offer to sell her the Philippines for eight million dollars gold, and that Japan declined the offer on the ground that the islands were too far away for her to administer satisfactorily and that their climate was not suitable for Japanese to live in.

Another reason for our distrust of the peacefulness of Japanese intentions is to be found in the fact that, at a time when other nations are seriously discussing the question of disarmament, Japan announces a military programme which calls for an army with a war-time strength of close to five million men, thereby making her the greatest military power on earth, and a naval programme designed to give her eight battleships and eight battle-cruisers, each to be replaced by a new vessel every eight years. Japan asserts that these vast armies, this powerful armada, should not be interpreted as a threat against ourselves. But, we naturally ask, against whom, then, are they intended? Surely not against her ally, England, or against revolution-torn Russia, or against prostrate Germany, or against decrepit China. Leaving these out of the question, who is left?

But there are two sides to every question. Let us look for a moment at Japan's. Is it not fair and reasonable to judge her by ourselves? What should we say if the Japanese charged us with planning a war against them because we are increasing our naval strength? We are building a navy for national defense. Japan is building one for precisely the same reason. Defense against whom, you ask? Well, if you wish to know the truth, defense against

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the United States. For, grotesque as such an assertion may appear to Americans, the majority of Japanese are convinced that we are deliberately trying to force a war upon them. As evidence of this, they point to the discriminatory and humiliating treatment which we have accorded to Japanese in the United States; to our opposition to Japan's legitimate ambitions on the mainland of Asia; to our blocking the insertion in the Covenant of the League of Nations of a clause recognizing Japanese racial equality; to our refusal to recognize the Japanese mandate for the former German possessions in the Pacific; to our unofficial but none the less active support of China in the controversy over Shantung; to the strengthening of our naval bases at Cavite and Pearl Harbor; and finally, to the long succession of sneers, gibes, and insults indulged in by American jingoes, anti-Japanese politicians, and certain sections of the American press. Viewing the situation without prejudice, it seems to me that Japan has as good ground for her suspicion of us as we have for our suspicion of her.

IV

Finally, we come to the most pressing, the most delicate, and the most dangerous of all the questions in dispute between the two countries — that of Japanese immigration into the United States. Now I have no intention of embarking on a discussion of the *pros* and *cons* of this question. But, because I have found that most Americans have of it only an inexact and fragmentary knowledge, and because a rudimentary knowledge of it is essential to a clear understanding of the larger question, our relations with Japan, it is necessary for me to sketch in briefest outline the events leading up to the present immigration situation.

Under the administrative interpretation of our naturalization laws, Japanese aliens are ineligible to American citizenship. But down to the summer of 1908 there was no restriction on Japanese immigration. In that year, however, the much-discussed 'Gentlemen's Agreement,' whereby Japanese laborers are excluded from the United States, went into effect. That agreement is not in the shape of a formal treaty or undertaking. The term applies simply to the substance of a number of informal notes exchanged between the then Secretary of State, Elihu Root, and the Japanese Ambassador in Washington. Under the terms of this agreement we announced that no Japanese could enter our ports from Japan or Hawaii without a proper passport from their own government, and Japan promised in turn to give no passports to laborers. There has been no charge that Japan has failed to keep both letter and spirit of this agreement with absolute integrity. In fact, the Japanese Foreign Office has at times leaned backward in its endeavor to keep faith. But the labor elements in California, unable to meet Japanese industrial competition and jealous of Japanese success, continued their anti-Japanese agitation, being aided by politicians seeking the labor vote; and in 1913 a law prohibiting the purchase of land by Japanese in that state was placed on the statute-books of California.

But there were certain loopholes left by this law which made it possible for agricultural land to be leased for three years by Japanese; for land to be purchased by corporations in which Japanese were interested: and for land to be purchased by American-born children of Japanese parents. To block up these loopholes the Oriental Exclusion League circulated a petition to place an initiative act — known as the Alien Land Act — on the ballot, in 1920. To bolster up its arguments in

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favor of this act, it called attention to the rapid increase of the Japanese birth-rate in California. This increase in the birth-rate was due, it was claimed, to the custom followed by many of the poorer Japanese settlers in California of having pictures sent to them from Japan of eligible girls, to whom they were married *in absentia*, these so-called 'picture brides,' being thus legally married, having the right under our laws to join their husbands in the United States. The more picture brides, the more children, and the more children, the more land passing under Japanese control; for the Japanese circumvented the prohibition against their holding land by purchasing in the name of their American-born children, who were automatically American citizens and of whom the parents were the legal guardians. Japan, in order to remove another source of controversy, in February, 1920, ceased to issue passports to 'picture brides.' But this did not satisfy the anti-Japanese element in California, which succeeded in having the adoption of the Alien Land Act put to a popular vote. This act — perhaps the most stringent measure ever directed against the civil rights of residents in the United States — provides for the prohibition (*a*) of land-ownership by Japanese; (*b*) of leasing of agricultural lands by Japanese; (*c*) of land-ownership by companies or corporations in which Japanese are interested; (*d*) of land-ownership by Japanese children born in the United States, by removing them from the guardianship of their parents in such cases.

At the elections in November, 1920, this measure was carried by a minority of the registered voters and by a three-to-one vote of those who expressed an opinion on the subject. The vote stood 668,483 in favor and 222,086 opposed.

There you have the Japanese immigration situation up to the minute.

Now, the point I wish to emphasize is this: the Japanese are not clamoring for the removal of any of the present restrictions on Japanese immigration. They consider these restrictions offensive and humiliating, — that goes without saying, — but they concede our right to decide who shall enter our doors and who shall stay out. Not for a moment, however, have the Japanese accepted our assertion that our exclusion of them is based on economic grounds. They know, and we know, that the cause of their exclusion is racial. No one realizes more clearly than the Japanese that, in excluding them from the United States, we have virtually proclaimed them an inferior race. I repeat, however, that they concede our right to exclude whom we please. But what they do not concede, what they will not agree to, is the right of the United States, or of any state in the United States, to discriminate against those Japanese who are lawfully resident in this country. To attempt to deprive those Japanese dwelling within our borders of the personal and property rights that we grant to all other aliens is so obviously unjust that it scarcely merits discussion. The Japanese have excellent grounds for believing that such discriminatory legislation is unconstitutional; they know that it constitutes an open defiance of justice and equity. They feel — and their feeling is shared, apparently, by the 222,000 Californians who voted against it — that such legislation makes ridiculous our oft-repeated boast that we stand for the 'Square Deal.'

The bitterness of Japanese resentment over the immigration question is not entirely due, however, to wounded racial pride, but quite as much, I think, to the rudeness and lack of tact which have characterized the anti-Japanese campaign in California. For it should

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be remembered that in no country is the code of social courtesy or consideration for aliens so rigidly observed as in Japan. In dealing with the Japanese nothing is ever gained by insults or bullying. Politeness is the shibboleth of all classes, and the lowest coolie usually responds to it instantly. Is it to be wondered at, then, that the Japanese are irritated and resentful at the lack of courtesy and ordinary good manners which we have displayed in our handling of so peculiarly delicate a matter as the immigration question?

It may be that local conditions justify the wave of anti-Japanese hysteria which is sweeping the Pacific Coast. It may be that the people of the Western states can offer valid reasons for their constant pin-pricking and irritation of Japan. But I doubt it. I am no stranger to California, — I have lived there, off and on, for years, — nor am I ignorant of the relations between labor and politics in that state. That is why I refuse to become excited over the threatened 'conquest' of California by a little group of aliens which comprises only two per cent of the population of the state, and which owns or leases only one and six tenths per cent of its cultivated lands. The Californians assert that their anti-Japanese legislation is a matter for them to decide and does not concern the rest of the country. Therein they are wrong. For in the unwished-for event of war with Japan, it would not be a war between California and Japan, but between the United States and Japan. Therefore, in its treatment of the Japanese, it behooves California to take the rights and interests of the rest of the country into careful consideration. So, because we must all share in the responsibility for California's treatment of the Japanese, let us make certain beyond doubt or question that that treatment is based on equity and justice. Under no conditions must racial prejudice or political expediency be permitted to serve as an excuse for giving the Japanese anything save a square deal.

From talks that I have recently had with many of the leading men of Japan, including the Prime Minister, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, the Minister for War, and the President of the House of Peers, I am convinced that an understanding can be reached with the Japanese Government over the immigration question, — and, indeed, over most of the other questions pending between the two nations, including that of Yap, — provided we approach Tokyo in a courteous manner and with at least an outward show of sympathetic friendliness. My conversations with the Japanese leaders showed me that they have a much clearer understanding of our difficulties and perplexities than most Americans suppose. It might be well for us to remember that the Japanese Government is itself in an extremely trying position, and that its leaders are extremely apprehensive of the effect on Japanese public opinion of any settlement of the immigration question which might be interpreted as an affront to Japanese racial pride or national dignity. But of this I can assure you: Japan is genuinely, almost pathetically, anxious for American confidence and good-will, and, in order to obtain them, she is prepared to make almost every concession that her self-respect will permit and that a fair-minded American can demand.[1]

[1] For many valuable suggestions and for many important data incorporated in this article I am deeply indebted to the Hon. Roland S. Morris, former American Ambassador to Japan, and to Nathaniel Peffer, Esq., correspondent in the Far East of the New York *Tribune*.

(The End)

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ENGLAND AND THE WASHINGTON CONFERENCE

BY HERBERT SIDEBOTHAM

THERE has been little public discussion in England of the problems of the Washington Conference; but on that account people have been thinking the more. Six months ago it used to be said that all roads in English politics led to Dublin, so strongly did people feel that on a just settlement of the Irish problem depended the health of the whole State. In regard to Ireland, the British Government has done everything that it could do to bring about a settlement; and whether it is reached or not rests with the Sinn Fein leaders rather than with England. At any rate, we have done enough, it is hoped, to prove the sincerity of our desire for peace, and to disprove that strange legend of England as a nation besotted with Imperialism and caring nothing for the liberty of mankind, so long as her own interests are served. From this point of view, the negotiations with Sinn Fein, whether they succeed or fail, will serve to strike the keynote both of our policy and of our reputation at Washington.

This is not a Liberal government in the party sense; but in the real sense, especially in the domain of foreign affairs, it is perhaps the most liberal government that England has ever had. Let Americans compare the ease with which a great, humane, liberal idea gains acceptance in official circles now, with the passive obstinacy it used to encounter in the past, and they will realize that this is no idle boast.

Observe, too, how interest and sentiment unite from the most diverse quarters to make Washington the focus of every political orientation just now. Is relief from heavy taxation the dominant desire in the British electorate? It can look nowhere for hope except to the success of Washington in producing some effective scheme of disarmament; for, apart from economy in armaments, the anti-waste compaign is only a succession of cat-calls. Is the conscience overborne with a sense of the horror and wickedness of war? We cannot escape the sense of impending tragedy except by settling before they become acute the political differences in the Far East, which, left alone, are even now shaping themselves toward another great war. Does this man long for the power and opportunity to sweeten the toil of the poor? He too must fix his hopes on Washington, for the expenditure on war is the greatest of obstacles to all political schemes for promoting domestic happiness. Or is that man's principal interest in the personalities of politics? For him, too, Washington will provide one of the most moving of dramas.

By his offer of peace to Ireland, Mr. Lloyd George has proved that war has not dulled the edge of his Liberal faith. If, in addition, he can in conjunction with American statesmen settle the problem of disarmament, which has defied the efforts of good-will for generations, his power is assured for the rest of his life, and the policy of England will be Liberal for another generation, or more. Mr. Lloyd George knows that, and the spur of ambition will speed him in the same direction as the

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conscience of the people. America need have no fear that our politicians will not take the Washington Conference seriously. They are desperately in earnest about it, and they have every reason — of ambition, of expediency, and of principle — to work hard for success.

America has been led to propose the Conference for reasons that are parallel to, but not identical with, those which lead us to support her effort so warmly. She has, like us, economic reasons for desiring a reduction in the expenditure on armaments, though they are less strong than with us. America has not passed the limit of her taxable capacity (or so it seems to us here) so far as we have done. On the other hand, her political reasons for desiring a settlement with Japan which shall avoid the occasion of war are stronger even than ours. In no conceivable circumstances, should we go to war against America on the side of Japan; our risk of war lies in the remote contingency of our intervention if America were really hard pressed; for we could not afford to let America be defeated any more than America could have afforded to let us be defeated in the late war. And it is safe to say that, if Japan knew that that would be our attitude, there would be no risk of war between her and America. We hold the keys of peace between America and Japan, and America must allow us to use them in the sense that we think would be most effectual for the purposes of peace. If we were to denounce the alliance with Japan, the danger could be met only by a military alliance between England and the United States, by which we should bind ourselves to provide an army for the defense of China against military aggression by Japan. That is a prospect that is agreeable to neither of us. As neither of us wishes to engage in difficult and dangerous operations in China, let us rather use the instrument that we have to hand in the Japanese alliance, and, by associating Japan with our policy, prevent the occasion of war from ever arising. It would be a great mistake on the part of America if she were to make the abandonment of this alliance the test of our friendship with her, for that would be to precipitate the danger we are both anxious to avoid. But if America were to say, 'Make this alliance the means of preserving peace and the interests that we have in common,' that is a test that we should accept with alacrity, because we are sure that we can satisfy it.

The main motive, however, of President Harding's invitation to the Conference at Washington is not the outcry against excessive taxation or the fear of war with Japan, but a view of world-policy with which England has a very close sympathy. America fears that, if expenditure remains at its present height, not only will the expansion of commercial enterprise be checked, but an irresistible popular movement will arise for the repudiation of debts. There are people in England who fear it too, and on that account Lord Birkenhead is believed to be anxious to democratize the House of Lords and to give it some control over finance, in order to prevent a chance Labor majority in the House of Commons from measures of confiscation.

A second motive with America is that she has made the discovery that the world is, in the economic sense, all one. Nations live on each other's prosperity, and the first condition of healthy exchange of commodities is a healthy state of the exchange in money. We had just made up our minds that the 'economic man' of the Manchester school did not exist, when lo, a very big economic man comes into life. America is that man; and she is interested in the political and economic health of Europe because (apart from humane reasons) without it her own foreign trade

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must languish. So true is it that nations, however wealthy and prosperous, cannot live alone.

And, lastly, America, dissatisfied with the political arrangements made at the Paris Conference for preserving the peace of the world, knows that she cannot rest in an attitude of mere negation, but that, if she rejects those arrangements, she must substitute something better for them. That arises from her discovery that the political as well as the economic world is one; indeed, that you cannot separate politics and economics any more than you can separate the head from the tail of a coin.

America is coming into world-politics, not from choice but because she must — that is the first and most important meaning of the Conference. England welcomes the decision, not because she thinks that America will support any particular views of hers, but because she will be a new arbiter in European affairs, who, whether she agrees with us or not, will at any rate speak our idiom. That idiom is the idiom of the Common Law, which we share. Its main characteristic is the view that the State is, after all, only the sum of the individuals that compose it, and has no separate abstract entity, which has rights of its own; and it follows that it resents the conception of foreign politics as a game of the chancelleries, to be played in secret, with human lives as its pawns. It insists that the test of foreign policy is not the welfare of an abstraction called the State, but the sum of happiness among the individuals who compose it.

The Paris Conference was far from realizing that ideal, and, so far from composing the differences between nations, has exhibited in sharp conflict two opposing conceptions of foreign policy: the French conception, which holds that one state is strong by another's weakness, prosperous by its depression, secure by strategic combinations and alliances, and the Anglo-American conception, which believes in the family of nations and in a concert of powers based on law and justice. At Paris this conflict could be resolved only by compromise, for, in the face of the enemy, our first duty was at all costs to maintain, at any rate, the semblance of unity. It is nothing to be surprised at that such compromise has aroused dissatisfaction; the wonder rather is that so much promises to be durable. But now the conditions are different. The Paris Conference was governed by the conditions of war; the Washington Conference will be held in an atmosphere of peace — a state, however, not of tranquil acquiescence on the part of the peoples, but of clamant demand that they shall cease to be ridden by the nightmare of the omnipotent State exacting toll of life and treasure from its citizens.

The more one thinks of the work of the Washington Conference, the more one realizes that it must develop into a revision of a great deal that is in the Treaty of Versailles. The article that I wrote for the July number of the *Atlantic Monthly* insisted that no effective disarmament was possible except on the basis of certain political settlements. It was not, therefore, surprising that, for the reasons then advanced and doubtless for many others, President Harding's invitation to a disarmament conference was also an invitation to survey some of the problems that make for swollen armaments by the political friction that they engender. But no survey of political conditions can be restricted artificially to one part of the world, even though that part be a hemisphere like the Pacific. For every political settlement implies a political philosophy, and in laying down conditions in the Pacific, we create a presumption in favor of similar conditions,

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similar guaranties of the peace, elsewhere. Besides, one main motive of the invitation to the Conference was America's conviction that the world was economically, and therefore politically, one.

One can now distinguish three main divisions of the work of the Conference. These are: —

1. To determine the conditions on which America will be able to take her part in maintaining the peace of the world.

2. To settle certain political problems in the Pacific, more particularly in relation to China.

3. On the basis of this political settlement, to bring about a measure of naval and military disarmament.

Some observations, necessarily general in character, may be offered on each of these divisions in the work of the Conference; more particularly in relation to the policy that England is known to approve, or is likely to advocate there.

It was a great disappointment to England that America could not see her way to join the League of Nations; but her reasons were intelligible, and were not, in enlightened English opinion, referable to mere selfish desire to maintain her old isolation. Nor does it lie with Englishmen, who used to speak of their own 'splendid isolation' from the quarrels of Europe, to reproach America, at the other side of the Atlantic, with her detachment on many matters which seem to us of vital importance. In fact, the Covenant of the League, like many other things done at the Paris Conference, was a compromise between two logical alternatives. Your League of Nations could be one of two things. Either you could give it executive power, or you could deny it that power. In the former alternative, your League, if it was to be effective, would have to be a super-state, with an army and navy of its own. In the second alternative, your League would be a purely advisory and administrative body.

The actual League sought to reconcile the objections to either alternative by combining them in one scheme. and, as usual in such cases, it succeeded in combining their faults without combining their advantages. It was criticized, and in America very successfully, because it impaired national sovereignty and committed the people beforehand to a policy which it might not approve when the time came. On the other hand, the League had very little real power, and when any definite action had to be taken in connection with the settlement, it always fell to the national governments (until the last reference of the Silesian problem to the arbitration of the League), and the League showed itself quite unable, unassisted, to curb the egoism of French policy in Europe. These objections to the League as at present constituted are fully realized by the British Government; and, on the other hand, much of the advocacy of the League principles is avowedly hostile to, or at any rate critical of, the present Government.

President Harding is credited with a project for setting up councils of a purely legal character and without executive power, to deal with specific regional problems. He will not find the British Government unsympathetic, for these regional Areopagi, consisting of representatives of the powers concerned, will not necessarily supersede the World-League, but will enable America to pull her weight in the regeneration of the world and in the prevention of future wars. That is an object hardly less important for America herself than for the rest of the world.

The danger in the second part of the programme, namely the political settlement of Pacific problems, is that their nature and difficulties lend themselves

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to the operations of intrigue. It was for this reason that Mr. Lloyd George proposed a preliminary conference between the powers directly concerned, namely, the United States, Japan, and Great Britain (including Canada and Australia), to explore the ground and to come to provisional definitions of policy; and it was a matter of very great regret to the British Government that the proposal was not approved. Possibly, the objects of the proposal, namely to expedite business and to forestall intrigue, may be achieved in some other way; nor, if they are attacked in the right spirit, are these political problems insoluble. The view strongly held by the British Government is that the best prospects, both of a political settlement and of enduring peace in the Pacific, are to retain the alliance, but with modifications, so as to limit it strictly to the objects of policy agreed upon at the Conference. To repudiate this alliance would be to force Japan to seek another ally and to bring about the system of alliances and counter-alliances which was the basis of European militarism. The logical corollary of a repudiation of the alliance would be an Anglo-American military and naval alliance for the defense of China against the attack that Japan, freed from the obligations of her treaty with us, would probably make. If America were to propose such an alliance, it would have some strong advocates in England; but one does not so read present political tendencies in America; and, that being so, our alliance with Japan will be an understructure to the settlement made at the Conference, not lightly to be removed.

To the long discussion in the July *Atlantic Monthly*, by the present writer, of the problems of naval disarmament, it is not necessary to add anything here. The more ambitious the project is, the more likely it is to succeed; and nothing less than the neutralization of the Pacific outside certain limits should satisfy the Conference. The basis of naval disarmament should be partly political and partly legal, and should include certain reforms in the laws of international law at sea. On the other hand, the *rationale* of military disarmament is financial. There is no common divisor possible except that of finance, with a universal reduction of military budgets by one half, two thirds, or three fourths, or whatever proportion may be arranged, allowances being made for the military costs of administering a mandate.

But this is a vast and complicated subject and may demand a whole article to itself. One thing, however, can be promised. When the proposals for reduction of armaments come to be discussed, England will not be among the laggards but among the most drastic of pioneers, and the most probable criticism of her will be that she wants to do too much and to go too fast.

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JAPANESE AND AMERICAN NAVAL POWER[1]

BY HECTOR C. BYWATER

I

In discussing the forthcoming Conference at Washington and the issues to be raised there, the Japanese newspapers, with very few exceptions, assume that under no circumstances whatever will the Imperial Government consent to abandon the so-called 'eight-eight' programme of naval construction, because, as they insist, it represents the irreducible minimum of naval strength needed by the Island Empire for its own security and that of its overseas interests. The *Chuo*, a semi-official organ, denies that Japan entertains any fresh scheme of naval expansion, and adds: 'All that we wish to do is to complete a national defense programme which was decided on long ago. For our part, we see no necessity for restricting our naval armaments; nor, indeed, is there any margin for curtailment.' It would, however, be a mistake to interpret these press utterances too literally. From recent speeches by the Foreign Minister, Count Uchida, and the Minister of Marine, Admiral Kato, it is clear that official Japan does not regard the eight-eight programme as sacred, and would be prepared to consider its revision, in the event that the other great powers agree to make corresponding reductions in their own navies.

In his address to the Gubernatorial Conference held at the Home Office, Tokyo, on May 4, Admiral Kato made the following significant statement: 'The Japanese Government indorses the theory of disarmament in principle, and is ready to support any concrete plans for the carrying out of disarmament proposals.' At the same time he took occasion to explain that the eight-eight programme was in no sense a new scheme. It originated, he said, as far back as 1905, and was based upon the experience gained in the war with Russia. Previous to that war the Japanese Navy had been organized on the principle of a 'six-six' squadron, that is, a main battle-fleet consisting of six battleships and six armored cruisers, with a proportionate complement of ancillary vessels. But the engagements fought in the Yellow Sea in August, 1904, and in the Sea of Japan in the following year, showed this fleet to be too limited in numbers to carry out its tactical functions with full effect. It was consequently decided to increase the strength of each armored squadron by 25 per cent, thus making the tactical unit a battle-squadron of sixteen capital ships, half to be battleships and the other half armored cruisers.

Such a squadron was actually formed soon after the war by utilizing the armored ships captured from Russia; but as most of these vessels were obsolescent, the practical fighting value of the first eight-eight squadron was considerably below its paper strength. Admiral Kato argues, therefore, that the construction programme on which Japan is now engaged signifies nothing but an attempt to make up for the deficit

[1] Mr. Bywater, a British naval writer of note, speaks as a friendly, but absolutely neutral critic. — THE EDITOR.

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caused in the eight-eight tactical scheme by the withdrawal of obsolete ships. Germany, it will be recalled, used the same argument to justify her intensive building under the successive *Flottengesetze*, which enabled her to 'replace' small and ancient coast-defense ironclads by super-dreadnoughts of the most powerful type. Used in this connection, 'replacement' is therefore something of a euphemism, though it would be unfair to criticize Japan for borrowing a convenient word, which has been employed by other powers in justification of new naval programmes. And, as a matter of fact, the Japanese navy as it exists to-day does include a fair number of capital ships so old and weakly armed that their only rôle in action would be that of defenseless targets.

To attempt to explore the extraordinary financial intricacies of the eight-eight programme would be a thankless task, but its significance in terms of naval tonnage is more easily explained. The Japanese battle-fleet consists at the present moment of ten ships of the dreadnought type, including battle-cruisers, and only one of these ships (the Nagato) comes within the scope of the eight-eight programme. This means that 15 more dreadnoughts remain to be completed, five of which are already under construction, leaving ten ships yet to be laid down.

Let us now turn for a moment to the American battle-fleet. At this date — September — it comprises 20 dreadnought battleships completed, with 15 additional capital ships in various stages of building or completion. In ships of the line available for immediate service, it thus outnumbers the Japanese fleet by two to one; and the position, superficially regarded, is so entirely in favor of the United States, that the idea of Japan's attempting to contest the supremacy of the Pacific may seem absurd. Of that, more anon. The point to be noted is that, as regards capital ships still in the building stage, — that is, ships which incorporate the very latest ideas as to armament, protection, and other military characteristics, — the two powers are absolutely equal.

The international naval view, which may possibly be exaggerated, is that ships designed before the battle of Jutland are so inherently inferior to those designed subsequently, that the result of a duel between a pre-Jutland ship and a post-Jutland ship would be a foregone conclusion: in other words, that the post-Jutland type of capital ship has rendered all her predecessors totally obsolete. That there are grounds for conceding this claim in large measure will be denied by no one who is conversant with current developments in naval architecture, ship-protection, ordnance, and so forth; and the fact that pre-Jutland and post-Jutland are labels which are coming to bear much the same meaning in naval circles as that which attaches to pre-dreadnought and post-dreadnought is sufficient to indicate the importance attributed by students of naval warfare to the line of demarcation between ships dating from these respective periods. While it might be straining a point to assert that all capital ships belonging — as the vast majority do — to the pre-Jutland era would be useless in any future sea fight, it is unquestionably true that naval opinion has lost confidence in these vessels and is ready to consign them to the scrap-heap as soon as they can be replaced. As we have seen, Japan and the United States are both at work on large programmes of post-Jutland capital ships; and it is at these programmes we must look, not at the respective fleets of older ships, if we wish to form a true estimate of relative naval strength in the Pacific a few years hence.

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II

Of the 15 big ships authorized by the eight-eight programme, only one has been completed to date. This is the Nagato, commissioned in December, 1920, and at present the largest and most powerful battleship in the world. With a displacement of 33,800 tons and a speed of 23 knots, she is 1200 tons heavier and two knots faster than the Maryland, America's first post-Jutland vessel, which is now performing her trials. Both ships carry a main battery of eight 16-inch guns, and may be classed as equal in fighting power, though the Nagato's superior speed might give her an advantage in certain conditions. A sister to the Nagato, the Mutsu, is practically ready for sea, and will join the flag before the close of the year. The next two battleships of the eight-eight programme are the Kaga and Tosa, laid down last year and due for delivery in 1922–23. They will displace nearly 40,000 tons, and are credited with a battery of twelve 16-inch guns, which is identical with that to be mounted in the American Indiana class. Next come four battle-cruisers, the Amagi, Akagi, Atago, and Takao, all of which are expected to be in service before the end of 1924. These vessels are approximately of the same size, speed, and armament as the six American battle-cruisers now building.

Of the eight remaining capital ships to be built under the eight-eight scheme no definite information is available, save that four of them will be battle-cruisers. As these vessels have not yet been begun, their designers, having had the advantage of studying current developments abroad, will be able to endow them with tactical qualities on the very latest principles. Two of the battleships to be laid down next year, the Owari and the Kii, are reported by Japanese papers to be designed for an armament of 18-inch. If true, there would be nothing surprising in this, for Japan has always had a partiality for very heavy guns, and was, in fact, the first power to arm her cruisers with weapons which had previously been carried only by battleships.

In this connection attention may be drawn to an important circumstance that is almost invariably overlooked in making comparisons between the present and future standing of the Japanese and American navies. Whereas all the 16 capital ships authorized by the American three-year programme are already under construction, and their essential characteristics known, only half of the 16 capital ships for which provision is made under the Japanese eight-eight project have been actually begun. The remaining eight may therefore prove to be vessels of unprecedented dimensions and fighting power, in which case all estimates of future comparative strength based on the principle of 'counting noses' would be vitiated. This is not by any means an improbable contingency, for on three occasions since the dawn of the Dreadnought Era, Japan has enjoyed for a time the distinction of possessing the most powerful capital ship afloat, namely, the battle-cruiser Kongo in 1913, the battleship Fu-so in 1915, and the battleship Nagato in 1920.

Of course, it may be argued that the conventional method of appraising relative strength by the formula of battleship tonnage is no longer admissible, seeing that the primacy of the big ship has been impeached by authoritative critics, such as Admiral Sir Percy Scott. This, however, is not the place to discuss the present status of the battleship in the naval hierarchy, nor is it necessary to do so, in view of the fact that the three leading navies of the world have all decided to perpetuate the battleship as the chief tactical unit. Then,

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again, it is conceded, even by members of the 'anti-mastodon' school, that the great armored ship may still prove valuable, if not indispensable, when war has to be conducted in so vast an arena as the Pacific, however much her value for operations in the restricted waters of the North Sea or the Mediterranean has been depreciated by the evolution of submarines and aircraft. Consequently no excuse is needed for basing an estimate of naval power in the Pacific on the dimensions of the respective battle-fleets.

At the same time, it would be a great mistake to ignore the many other types of ships represented in every modern and well-balanced fleet. Light cruisers, destroyers, submarines, and auxiliaries are essential components, and the absence of any one of these types would mean a corresponding reduction in the efficiency of the fleet as a whole.

Japan, it must be confessed, has shown a keener sense of proportion than the United States in developing her ship-building policy. She has never committed the error of putting all her money into battleships, and neglecting to provide the satellites without which the big ship is a more or less blind, groping, and vulnerable Goliath. Since the year 1904 the United States has authorized only 13 fast light cruisers, whereas Japan, in the same period, has provided 27. The disparity becomes still more pronounced when it is remembered that throughout this period the United States has possessed more than twice as many battleships as her rival.

This omission to build an adequate number of fast scouting vessels imposes a severe handicap on the American fleet even in time of peace, and would undoubtedly be a matter of grave concern in the event of war. As the three scouts of the Birmingham class, completed in 1908, are now obsolete, and as the first of the ten new scouts building under the 1916 programme is still uncompleted, the fleet at this moment does not dispose of a single fast cruising ship, and is therefore dependent for reconnaissance duties on its destroyers, which have neither the fuel-endurance nor the seaworthiness to perform such work efficiently.

Japan, on the other hand, is reaping the fruits of a wiser policy. Irrespective of certain older ships, which are too slow to work with a modern fleet at sea, she has 10 fast cruisers completed, 4 building, and 12 about to be laid down under the eight-eight scheme. From these figures it may be inferred that she attributes to the fast scouting cruiser an importance secondary only to that of the capital ship, and the experience of the World War suggests that she is right. That conflict had not been in progress a month before the principal naval belligerents discovered the urgent need of fast cruisers, and forthwith proceeded to build them in large numbers. Between the outbreak of war and the Armistice Great Britain had laid down no less than 40; and Germany's effort in the same direction was limited only by the exigencies of her huge submarine programme. It was one more case of history repeating itself; for Nelson a century earlier was always calling out for 'more frigates,' and finding himself hampered at every turn by the lack of speedy scouts to keep in touch with, and bring intelligence of, the enemy. Under modern conditions the functions of the light cruiser have expanded, and although certain of her duties may in future devolve upon aircraft, she is, and will remain for many years to come, a most necessary adjunct to the battle-fleet.

III

After their wonderful records of service accomplished during the World

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War, it would be superfluous to emphasize the unique value, in their different spheres, of the destroyer and the submarine. There are some critics who hold that neither type would find in a Pacific campaign so many opportunities for useful work as they found in the late struggle, which was fought, for the most part, in narrow seas and within easy reach of fuel stations. This holds good so far as the destroyer is concerned. For the rough-and-tumble work of patrol, submarine-hunting, and convoy escort, the medium-type destroyer of 1000 tons or thereabouts proved adequate for all practical purposes, and was therefore rapidly multiplied by nearly all the belligerents. America, in particular, created a record in mass-production by building 270 destroyers to a standard design; and thanks to this sudden spurt, is now amply provided with destroyers of a staunch, fast, and well-armed type. She can muster, in round numbers, 300 boats, all of modern design. The Japanese total is barely one third of this at present, but it will rise to 150 when the eight-eight programme is complete, not counting half a hundred older boats that are still good for many years of subsidiary service. Japan, however, has not adopted the system of standardization in building up her destroyer flotilla. Her method is to build boats in groups of 10 to 20, each group an improvement on its predecessor, with the result that her latest classes are larger, more heavily armed, and have a wider range of action than the American 'flush-deckers.' In effect they are small but very fast cruisers, of 2000 tons or more, steaming 36 knots at full speed, and mounting a battery of five 4.7-inch guns. Twenty boats of this design are known to be under construction, and in all probability a certain number of the 40 new destroyers for which funds have been voted will prove to be even larger and more heavily armed. On the whole, therefore, the American margin of superiority in destroyers is less than the bare figures seem to indicate.

The relative position in submarines is less easy to define, owing to the intense secrecy in which the Japanese naval authorities have always shrouded this branch of their service. It is doubtful whether anyone outside the Tokyo Navy Department knows either the exact number of underwater craft that Japan has available at the present moment or how many she has on the building slips. All that can be said with certainty is that most of the statistics and other data relating to the Japanese submarine flotilla which appear in foreign naval textbooks are unreliable, notwithstanding the fact that they are derived in some cases from official sources in Japan. The eight-eight scheme provides for an establishment of 80 submarines, all of which are to be ready for service by the end of 1927; but this total includes only 'first-line' boats of the latest design and largest dimensions. By the date in question Japan will probably have an additional 50 or 60 boats of older and smaller types, which would, however, be quite effective for short-range operations and coast defense. A careful analysis of information that has reached the writer from a well-informed quarter shows Japan to have ordered from 90 to 100 submarines of all types since the year 1903. At least 45 of these boats have been completed, leaving about the same number still under construction or contracted for. To these must be added an unknown number of new boats to be built under the eight-eight programme. By far the major proportion of the boats built or ordered in the past five years are of the ocean-going type, planned with a view to long-distance cruising.

In deciding the characteristics of

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their latest submarines the Japanese naval constructors have been influenced by the design of the surrendered German U-boats, particularly those of the submersible cruiser class. Of the 10 boats begun in 1919 (numbers 27 to 36), each displaces 1100 tons, and will have a surface speed of 17 knots. Cruising at economical speed, they will be able to cover a distance of 11,000 knots without replenishing their oil-tanks. A larger type, of 1250 tons, armed with one 5.5-inch rapid-fire gun and four torpedo tubes, was begun last year; but even this will be eclipsed by the huge submersibles reported to have been ordered during the current year — with displacement of over 2000 tons, a speed of 18 knots, and a battery of two 5.5-inch guns and six torpedo tubes. The Minister of Marine is anxious to increase the submarine programme to 150 boats, all to be in service by 1926; but apparently he has not yet gained parliamentary sanction for this scheme. Nor is it likely that the Japanese industry would be capable of producing so many large submarines by the date in question. Even as it is, the Government has been compelled to place contracts for many sets of submarine engines with European firms.

The American submarine flotilla now consists of 154 vessels, only 63 of which are officially classed as ocean-going, the remainder being 'coastal' boats, with a nominal cruising endurance up to 5000 knots, though many of them could not traverse half that distance on one load of fuel. Hitherto American naval policy has differed from the Japanese in assigning to submarines a rôle that is mainly defensive, underwater craft having been regarded more as instruments for coast-defense than as vessels competent to operate on the high seas, either independently or in coöperation with the battle-fleet. There is, however, reason to believe that this view has lately been modified, and that most, if not all, of the new American submarines will be found equal to foreign contemporaries in cruising range, seaworthiness, and other essential qualities. Their studies of the strategic problems of the Pacific have apparently convinced American naval officers that a very extensive cruising radius is absolutely indispensable in the case of every type of vessel liable to be employed on war service in that ocean. Acceptance of this proposition naturally involves a substantial increase in size, which applies as much to the submarine as to the battleship. While, therefore, the coastal boats that constitute so large a percentage of the American submarine flotilla might prove valuable enough for the defense of continental and oversea harbors, they would count for little in an offensive campaign, which is generally admitted to be the only form of strategy open to the United States in the event of war with Japan.

No one can predict the part that air-power is destined to play in future naval wars, and least of all in a war waged in the Pacific, where so much would depend upon circumstances impossible to foresee with any clearness. If, for instance, the Philippines and her other insular possessions in the Western Pacific remained in America's hands, she could employ her air-power against Japan with possibly decisive results. It is, however, a somewhat formidable 'if,' as will become manifest when we turn to the strategical outlook. So far as *matériel* is concerned, American resources for the conduct of aerial warfare at sea are far superior to those of Japan. Without entering into detailed comparisons, it is enough to say that the United States has more than twice as many efficient naval aircraft as Japan; and, if military machines are included, the American preponderance becomes as three to one.

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Japan has not yet succeeded in producing a counterpart of the remarkable NC flying boats of the United States navy; and, in fact, there is positive evidence that her aviation services, both naval and military, are in a backward state. The 1918 programme made provision for 140 new naval airplanes, all of which were to be ready for use in five years' time. Since, in their present stage of development, even the largest airplanes have a relatively limited radius of action, it is clear that they could not participate to any marked extent in a Pacific campaign unless supported by aircraft-carriers. This, however, is a type of vessel in which both navies are sadly deficient. The United States will shortly have two such ships, the Langley and the Wright; but as their speed is not more than 15 knots, they would be too slow to accompany the battle-fleet, and might prove more of a hindrance than a help if attached to it. Japan is even worse off, possessing as she does only one old and slow ship of limited carrying capacity; but the Hosho, a new aircraft-carrier of high speed, is under construction and will join the fleet next year.

IV

The personnel factor, it need hardly be said, is of supreme importance in relation to naval efficiency. Only the test of war could determine which navy has the most highly trained and efficient officers and men; but there is no reason to suppose that any marked difference exists between American and Japanese seamen in respect of *morale* and professional keenness. Both services have an unbroken record of victorious warfare, and both are imbued with the glorious traditions that inspire men with an iron 'will to win.' Japan is in a particularly advantageous position by virtue of her large establishment of trained personnel. She has sufficient officers and men to provide a full complement for every vessel that would be mobilized in case of war, and, in addition, a reserve force numerous enough to man every new warship and auxiliary that could be placed in commission. This means that the whole of the effective strength of the Japanese navy could be mobilized swiftly and secretly, and dispatched to the war zone without a week's delay.

The American navy, on the other hand, is hampered by the chronic shortage of personnel. Judging from recent experience, the first hint of war would flood the recruiting bureaus and fill the training camps to overflowing; but the fact remains that competent naval officers and bluejackets cannot be improvised. Two years is a very narrow estimate of the time required to convert a civilian into a useful rating on board a modern man-of-war. What proportion of the United States active fleet could put to sea on the outbreak of war, fully manned with trained officers and men, is a secret known only to the Navy Department; but external evidence suggests that the figure would be considerably below the total paper strength of the United States navy.

In the Pacific, as in other possible theatres of war, strategy is merely the handmaid of policy. Previous to the war with Spain the United States had no commitments in the Pacific beyond her own territorial waters, and was consequently under no necessity to maintain a powerful naval force in that ocean; for geography had imposed insuperable barriers between her Western littoral and a would-be invader from the East. But with the acquisition of the Philippines and other Pacific islands formerly held by Spain, the position underwent a fundamental change. The frontiers of America were thrust forward many thousands of miles, and

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the task of defending them by sea-power, hitherto so very simple, developed into a problem the complexity of which does not even yet seem to have been completely visualized. If it were possible to rule out these islands, the American people might feel supremely confident as to their naval position. But no one familiar with the American temper ever supposes that the Philippines would be tamely surrendered to the Japanese or to any other invader. Their retention would therefore compel America to concentrate her naval effort in the Western Pacific, where she does not as yet possess a single first-class naval base, and possibly to fight a decisive action at a distance of nearly 7000 miles from her home coast. She has one asset of great value in the Isthmian Canal, which would enable her to transfer naval force from the Atlantic to the Pacific with the minimum of delay; but against this must be set a host of disadvantageous conditions, which cannot be fully realized unless the student has before him a large-scale map of the Pacific.

Assuming war with Japan to be a possibility of the future, three propositions may be advanced without much fear of contradiction. (1) The Western seaboard of the United States is absolutely safe from serious hostile attack, and a military invasion would be a sheer impossibility. (2) In the event of war, the Philippines are practically certain to be seized by Japan unless a powerful American fleet arrives in the Western Pacific within a fortnight after the declaration of war. (3) No such fleet could be sent unless it was sure of finding a secure base, with a submarine-proof anchorage, abundant stocks of fuel and other requisite supplies, and facilities for carrying out repairs, including those necessitated by heavy damage sustained in action. If these propositions are examined with the aid of a good map, they will be found to contain in a nutshell the strategical problems which the American naval command would be called upon to solve in case of war in the Pacific.

Distance and base-power are the dominant factors in the situation. It is nearly 7000 miles from the American coast to the Philippines, and no fleet dare venture so far in war-time without being assured of finding ample supplies of fuel when it reaches its destination. A few years hence, provided that the plans of the Navy Department are allowed to mature, a well-defended base will have been established at Guam. It will then be feasible for the American battle-fleet to steam across the Pacific and undertake warlike operations against an Asiatic power, using Guam as its advanced base. There is some talk, also, of extending the dockyard at Cavite; but professional opinion is rather averse to this plan, holding, as it does, that the Philippines, exposed as they are to successful invasion by the Japanese, should not be reckoned among the assets upon which the American navy could rely in the event of war. The development of Guam, though apparently now determined upon after many years of hesitation, will be a task of several years' duration, and until it is completed, the American fleet will be practically debarred from waging warfare in the Western Pacific.

Unless they are far less intelligent than we have any right to suppose, Japanese naval officers must clearly perceive the immense strategic importance of Guam; and, this being so, it is reasonable to assume that they would make strenuous attempts to seize the island in the very first stage of a conflict with America. With Guam in their hands, they would have the Philippines at their mercy. Whether under these circumstances the American battle-fleet would advance into the Western

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Pacific would depend far more on considerations of policy than of strategy. From the latter point of view it would be courting disaster to leave the nearest friendly base (Hawaii) nearly 5000 miles behind and venture into an area teeming with enemy submarines, where there would be no harbor of refuge for a damaged ship, no means of replenishing depleted bunkers, and scarcely any possibility of striking an effective blow at the enemy. A cruise of this nature would be a more desperate adventure than the voyage of the Russian Baltic Fleet, and we may be sure that it would not be countenanced by any responsible American strategist.

The Japanese themselves have never disguised their confidence in the impregnability of their position *vis-à-vis* the United States. A war with that country, they predict, would begin with her expulsion from the Philippines and the summary destruction of such American naval forces as were present in the Western Pacific. Japan, having seized the Philippines, would revert to the defensive and calmly await developments. If her opponent so far flouted the rudiments of strategy as to dispatch a fleet to the war zone, relying on a 5000-mile line of communications with Hawaii, the Japanese would resort to a war of attrition by means of submarines and mine-layers working from numerous bases in the South Sea Islands and off the coast of Japan. Then, when at length the American fleet, harassed and weakened by incessant submarine attacks and with its stock of fuel reduced to a low ebb, proposed to return home, the Japanese battle-fleet in full strength would sally forth at the psychological moment and repeat the triumph of Tsushima on a magnified scale. Such, at least, is the sanguine expectation of those who would control the Japanese forces in time of war.

But it is usually in war-time that the unexpected happens, and the whole history of the recent world-wide struggle constitutes a warning against taking too much for granted. The German plans took cognizance of every foreseeable circumstance, and by all the rules of logic they were assured of success; yet it was precisely because of circumstances that were not and could not be foreseen that the plans were brought to shipwreck. On the surface of things, a war with Japan in the near future would confront the American naval leaders with a problem so difficult as to be well-nigh incapable of solution. There are, however, several alternatives to the more obvious line of American strategy indicated above; and the very fact that Japan, while professing so much confidence in her present naval position, is feverishly building new fighting ships and coastal defenses, suggests that she is not altogether easy in her mind as to the issue of a conflict with the United States. The risks and uncertainties of war are potent factors conducing to the maintenance of peace, in the Pacific as elsewhere. With the terrible lessons of the world struggle still fresh in memory, it is inconceivable that any nation would go to war except in defense of its most vital interests. There is happily no tendency in responsible quarters to exaggerate the differences now existing between America and Japan, and certainly no suggestion that they are grave enough to justify a resort to arms.

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ON A HORSE-AND-CARRIAGE

THE farmer's boy is bringing it over for you this morning. You know that it is coming because you can hear the quick click-clack of the horse's hoofs as they slow up on the hard cement road; the creak and grind of the wheels against the sides as they turn in the driveway; the softened thud of hoofs and squeak of springs as the carriage rolls over the grass and comes to a stop below the terraces beside the well. To improve his time, the lean horse droops his head forward and crops, crops, crops at the short, burned grass, takes a step or two, and, munching a delicious, salivary quid, turns to look at you as you approach. When a cow does this, you hesitate. Horses are very different from cows.

I am sorry, indeed, for those who have not had, or have by chance forgotten, all the sensations of using a horse-and-carriage. You back the horse away a little, and turn the front wheel out more, so that you can step up between the wheels; you raise your foot and fit it neatly to the little corrugated iron square; you step, and feel the springs give toward you, and are a little nervous for fear the horse will start while you are in mid-air. A second later, and you are safely established on the burning leather seat. No procedure on earth is attended by a more characteristic sensation than that of settling one's self in a carriage. The rough texture of the upholstery exhales the leathery, stably, but somehow clean, smell of sleek horses and hay and harness; the axles squeak a little in spite of the grease which you so carefully avoided in stepping over the wheels; and when you have unknotted the reins from the whip-handle, and arranged them in parallel lines along the horse's back, and flapped them once and clucked a little, the horse starts forward, straining to gain impetus up the grassy slope; and the wheels grit on the gravel and then run smartly out on the macadam road behind the metallic click of the horse's shoes as he settles into a trot. There is a feeling of soul in the motion, because a horse has breathing power which cannot be expressed in a chemical formula and a muffler cut-out. He steps briskly along, *trot*-trot, *trot*-trot, shaking his mane from time to time and indulging in those ecstatic little horse-heaves and whiskings of tail that cut the coarse horsehairs across your face.

There does not seem to be much room for a simple horse-and-carriage on the double-plated, reënforced edition-de-luxe expanse of state highway. It is annoying to jolt off and on the high little margin-edge, in order to make room for the touring-cars and motor-trucks charging to and fro. There is a country road ahead on the left, and you aim toward it, steering carefully in, ploughing through a sandy curve at a slow walk, and on up over a rise to a soft dirt road which is dark underfoot in shady spots and white with dust for long sunny spaces. *Trot*-trot, *trot*-trot, *trot*-trot — the delicious smells of the countryside are all around you, delicate trailing of wild grapevines, the tang of meadows where daisies and Queen Anne's Lace run riot, intervals of hay *couchant* and buckwheat *rampant*, with serried rows of corn-banners filing rank on rank between stone-wall divisions.

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It is summer: breath of sweet air, simmering noises of insects, shrill locusts high in the foliage, heavy bees wading from milkweed to clover, and a vast range of motions surging through the seeming stillness, the vibrations of hummingbirds, the shimmering of heat-waves over the grass-fields, and, above, the vast piling of the clouds. You sniff great healthy, dusty sniffs, and watch the horse's little pointed ears twitch, now forward, now back, in response to noises that you cannot hear, while his shabby flanks rise and fall under the leather trappings.

And why do I insist upon a carriage behind your horse? Does it spoil the picture of my summer day to see yourself sitting primly upright in a wagon, with all the commonplaceness of its wagging shafts, its blistering varnish, its twinkling wheels, and its cheerful rattle? Would you have preferred yourself a sporting equestrian, with artful crooks to your fingers and elbows and scientific set to your shoulders and a pressure to your knees, a tailored habit, a stock, a crop, and a series of paces, trots, and canters? If so, please step aside. I cannot paint you thus. This horse has never heard of a riding academy, and as for being ridden, the farmer's boy has tried racing him bareback to the pasture once or twice, and has rubbed his ribs with straddling off and on, and torn his mane with hanging to it. Is that what you call riding? He has a very small opinion of it: he prefers people at a distance, behind a dashboard if possible; and as for pulling a wagon behind him — why, it is always easier to draw than to carry, as anyone will tell you.

And now are you content to stay where you are, with my horse-and-carriage, to jog on and on through the countryside in your clouds of dusty glory, with your heavenly hosts of swallows darting among the haycocks? Ah, you find it very delightful, or you are not the person I take you for. And where are you going? Does it matter? Perhaps to the yellow farmhouse yonder, for a basket of peaches and a jar of cream; perhaps to the white farmhouse under the hill, for the week's crisp laundry and the tiger-kitten with the pink nose, which they have promised you.

WIGS AND TEACHERS

One day, a number of years ago, I, a teacher, had the pleasure of becoming honorary member of a college class. The next morning I received an advertisement which has ever since kept my curiosity awake. It was the announcement that I might buy wigs at reduced rates. Now, why, I pondered, was it intimated to me that a wig would be a good investment? Was it a personal or a general suggestion? Should I look more youthful in a wig, or was I expected to take part in theatricals? The matter was never settled to my satisfaction until recently, when I read the personal papers of my great-great-grandfather, who died in 1808. He was one who 'most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm by erecting a grammar-school.' For forty years he was headmaster of this New England grammar-school, preparing scores of boys for college. Please note that he was *head*-master. Among the papers was a hair-dresser's bill which ran thus:

1784, *Aug.* 17. — To shave & dress wigs 14 times @ 4d per time = £ 0—4—8;

and so on, from 1784 to 1791, in which year grandfather's 'White Bush Wig' was dressed 48 times — £2 — 12 — 0.

Never before had I thought of wigs in relation to teachers — as an adjunct to authority, as a source of dignity, as a sign-*capital* of power. In fact, as regards the schoolroom, only one form of headcovering (not the teacher's) has

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been pointedly distinguished. I began to speculate about the wig as mental furniture in the annals of the intellectual life. Lawyers, in England, still maintain their prestige by wearing the wig. In Edinburgh, tourists flock to the advocates' library, where they can see the young advocates strolling up and down, crowned, not by laurels, but by false, gray hair. Why did teachers abandon wigs to the legal profession? Probably the lawyer's habit of splitting hairs makes it essential for him to have access to an unlimited supply.

Royalty, too, once wore wigs; Roman emperors and Egyptian potentates found them serviceable; Louis XIV revived the fashion, preparing the way for wigs — bag, bob, tie, bush, scratch; curled, dyed, powdered, beribboned.

In the great epoch of Wigs and Whigs, even the author of *Robinson Crusoe* wore a wig! The hair-dressers of the day evidently vied with one another for custom. One literary *perruquier*, who wished to allure both sacred and profane had a sign in his shop-window: —

> O Absalom, O Absalom,
> O Absalom, my son!
> If thou hadst worn a peri-wig
> Thou hadst not been undone.

After all, the fashion of wearing wigs, ridiculous as it seems to us, is only one manifestation of the eternal impulse to cover the head, to conceal it from the eyes of others. Protection from enemies (especially phrenologists), warmth for this poll-ar region of the human body, decoration — all were desired. Anubis (as pictured in the dictionary) wore a head-dress, fur-side outside; the oriental veil, the monastic cowl, the Turkish fez, the anonymous ringlets of modern times, belong with the wig as a sort of surmounting *alias*.

Woman especially has been instructed to be covered, for her hair is a deadly snare to the observer. The peasant woman in Italy, to-day, wears her blue or saffron-colored shawl over her head; the Breton girl has the most immaculate white muslin cap, according to the style in her village. I have suspected that the short story of Samson's hair might be interpreted more accurately. Delilah undoubtedly desired a new head-dress. Women are driven to expedients in every age when pocket money is scarce. But to-day the girl of America listens in wrath to a passage which I am fond of reading to my students, yearly, telling —

> How he, Simplicius Gallus, lefte his wyf,
> And hir forsook for terme of al his lyf,
> Noght but for open-heeded he hir say
> Locking out at his dore upon a day.

As a result of my reflections, I think favorably of grandfather's white bush wig. Was there not secrecy and safety in this intellectual ambush? His pupils could not see through his mental processes. The very thought inclines one to revolt against the open mind. I shall ignore the fashion of my own day; I shall not dye 'at the top'; I shall add, to my stature, a fair-haired counterfeit.

PIES — AN ESSAY

At our house pies were a real occasion fraught with happiness, and everything was as it should have been. Mother, distant far-away pretty mother, descended into the kitchen with a large red-checked gingham apron, which flowed all over her pretty shoulders and gave size and matronly proportions to her otherwise slim figure. Her face became flushed with the happiness of manual labor. And I watched her with ecstasy as she handled the huge old range, dexterously shutting a draft here, opening one there, until the stove glowed in pride and a red heat of anticipated pleasure. Mother allowed none of the servants in the kitchen when she descended to make pies. That was what made the day one long day of satisfac-

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tion — revealing mother to me intimately, personally, as I saw her upstairs.

You who have never had far-away artist mothers can never know the long lonesome days that glide into each other endlessly. You can never know how ravenously I watched and listened and smelled during these fragrant, spicy hours.

After the fire-building came great bowls from the pantry; and together mother and I searched the dark, damp cellar for apples and jars of fruit. I clung to her hand and felt well-nigh to bursting as I thought how brave my pretty mother must be; for, while I was peering furtively at the dark places for spiders and black, crawly things, mother walked lightly and assuredly, clasping her hand firmly over mine when she felt me start. How I loved her for that!

When we came back laden with apples and jars of fruit, I always climbed up on cook's huge, old chair right next to the tables — something I never dared to do on other days, even when cook was in her most engaging mood. I watched mother empty jars swiftly; plums and pears and peaches splashing gayly into saucepans. It seemed to me mother's hands never looked daintier or more beautiful than when she took a pinch of this brown spice or a pinch of that yellow, softer stuff from the spice-jars. She hesitated and studied about each pinch. One would think she was hesitating over the browns in one of her great pictures.

Soon the saucepans were bubbling merrily on the stove, sending out cinnamons and spices from Araby, and mother was in the most delicious part of the pie-making — mixing the crust! I never asked to help roll. I did not want to miss one fraction of a minute watching the delightful process in mother's hands.

Gradually the whole room, the whole world, seemed to be a rolling pie-crust. Back and forth it rolled, twisting gracefully, squeezing out from under the rolling-pin, farther and farther across the table. The whole room seemed suddenly to have become quiet, watching mother. The fire crackled less noisily, and the saucepans lowered their bubbling to a gentle simmer. They were watching mother and listening to her humming snatches of the 'Marseillaise' and gently thumping and coaxing endless pie-crust into delicate crusty sheets. Once in a while, she would pause and would smile happily, dreamily at me. I squirmed restlessly then, for I thought with a pang that to-morrow she would be my far-away mother again.

I watched her pour the saucepans full of spicy fruit into deep cavernous crusts. I watched her fit the top crusts over the pies, closing the steaming fruit into a prison of juicy fragrance. I watched her — oh, endlessly! It seemed to me I never could watch her enough on these rare, glorious days when I really owned a real mother.

As the brown crusty smell of baking crust mingled with the fruit and spices and filled the air with warmth and fragrance, my mother gathered me into her arms. She drew up cook's old rocker, and we traveled back together to other days, when mother was a girl, back to a tiny house in Southern France where there were sisters and sisters and sisters, and nobody ever got lonely, and mother's face grew very young and gay; gay, wet curls fell over her eyes as she told about the grapes to pick, and the work to be finished before a day was called a day; as she told me of spankings and great holidays. We laughed recklessly! The young, pretty artist-mother of mine was warm and tender. How I loved her, and how I longed for all days to be filled with large juicy pies and a warm regular mother!

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Frank Tannenbaum leading a mob up Fifth Avenue, and Frank Tannenbaum graduating with distinction from Columbia University, have attracted diverse expressions of opinion. We quote an interesting editorial from the New York *Globe*.

The shopworn adventure of the poor boy who became rich has been outdone by Frank Tannenbaum, although the latter's career has hardly begun. Mr. Tannenbaum got into the public eye in 1914, when, by leading an orderly little mob into a church, he called attention to the pitiable condition of the unemployed. The method he used did not appeal favorably to those who look upon churches as places of worship, but it opened the eyes of many people and the hearts of a few. As for Tannenbaum, he found lodging on Blackwell's Island for a year. His history since then throws light upon America during one of the most eventful lustrums in its annals. In 1914 most newspaper readers probably considered him a dangerous radical, although in that golden pre-war age the man in the street, instead of going into hysterics, merely smiled in a superior and rather convincing way at the antics of the little band of Utopians.

Two years later, Tannenbaum was working in a shipyard and trying to stir his fellow workers to greater efforts to counteract the ravages of the German submarines; two years after that, he was in the army, and by his patriotic zeal had earned the rank of sergeant; a year later he had resumed his studies at Columbia University; and this week finds him graduating with 'highest honors in history and economics,' a Phi Beta Kappa key in recognition of a brilliant record in his studies, and a scholarship which will enable him to take an advanced degree.

There is another moral in this story than the mere conversion of a 'radical' to 'liberalism.' This is that youth, enthusiasm, and a degree of ignorance sufficient to make a youngster a noisy and irrational objector to the existing order may cover up the most admirable qualities and the highest abilities. Probably Mr. Tannenbaum has found out that if the world is to be made better, it must be done by prolonged hard work and painstaking preparation; but probably he does not regret that, before this was quite so clear to him, he flung his gauntlet blindly in the face of what he thought injustice and a cruel indifference to human suffering.

* * *

George Herbert Palmer, Professor Emeritus of Philosophy, has for nearly two generations been a famous teacher at Harvard University. Discussing popular fallacies about the Puritans, he writes not uncharacteristically: 'We should remember that something like ten per cent of mankind are constitutionally sour. How unfair it is to pick out that ten per cent of Puritans and make them representative!' **Vicente Blasco Ibanez** first attracted to himself the attention of Spain by a political sonnet which won him applause and imprisonment. More than thirty years later, though long since famous in his native country, he attracted the attention of the world by his *Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*. Born in Valencia, of Aragonese parents, he is now living in Paris. Editorial writer, printer, investigator, and practical philosopher, **Arthur Pound** lives in Flint, Michigan, where the Buick, Chevrolet, and other familiar types of cars are made, and where there is detailed opportunity to study the effect of automotive machinery on human character.

* * *

Wilbur C. Abbott has been a member of the History Department of Dartmouth, University of Michigan, University of Kansas, University of Chicago, Yale, and now, Harvard. He is a professor among professors — and something more. **DuBose Heyward,** a poet of North Carolina, makes his first appearance in the *Atlantic*. **William Beebe** is a household word in the *Atlantic* Dictionary. **Emma Lawrence** (Mrs. John S. Lawrence) is a Bostonian whose first story appeared in the *Atlantic* two months ago.

* * *

Rufus M. Jones, the author of many valuable studies of the Quaker faith, is Professor of Philosophy at Haverford College, and editor of the *Friends' Review*. **Edward Carrington Venable,** a member of the Flying Corps during the war, lives in Baltimore. **Anne Winslow** (Mrs. E. E. Winslow) is a contributor new to the *Atlantic*.

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Lieutenant-Colonel Charles à Court Repington saw early and brilliant service in India, Afghanistan, Burma, the Sudan, and other British outposts of Empire. Subsequently he was Military Attaché at Brussels and The Hague. After leaving the army, he became military critic of the London *Times*, where his articles (we quote from his most bitter critic) 'are almost models of their kind; clear, sprightly, telling — almost classical journalism.' Leaving the *Times* under dramatic circumstances, he joined the *Morning Post*. Every reader who has followed the war is familiar with his subsequent record, and all students with his *Diaries of the First World-War*. To all interested in Colonel Repington's adventurous and dramatic life, we recommend his autobiography, published under the title of *Vestigia*. His competence to discuss the present subject will not be called in question. **Walter B. Pitkin,** who has devoted much time to the study of the Far East, writes in the belief that 'American readers have heard too much about the Open Door in China and too little about soy beans in Manchuria, coal in Shensi, cotton in South China, and a hundred other concrete matters that cannot be disposed of by fine generalities.'

* * *

J. O. P. Bland knows China, if anybody does. For years he was Secretary to the Municipality for the Foreign Settlements in Shanghai, and representative in China of the British and Chinese Corporation. More recently, he has served as a distinguished correspondent of the London *Times*. A world-traveler and carefully trained observer, Mr. Bland may be definitely classed as a realist in his discussions of political and social questions. **E. Alexander Powell** has corresponded for the papers round the world and back again. A veteran in the service, he has devoted a great deal of time to investigating the questions centring on the western shores of the Pacific. **Herbert Sidebotham,** who succeeded to the post left vacant by Colonel Repington, under dramatic circumstances, as military critic of the London *Times*, has just severed his connection with that paper. **Hector C. Bywater** is a British naval critic, of recognized attainments. At the *Atlantic's* request, he writes this judicious and important comparison of the relative strength of the American and Japanese navies. Admiral Sims gives, in another column, a highly interesting estimate of Mr. Bywater's views.

* * *

News from Russia is more voluminous than authentic. Our readers will be interested in this record of the actual experiences of a Russian lady, whose name, for prudence' sake, we do not reveal.

PETROGRAD.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

We are alive, but our existence can hardly be called living. We are buried alive: no news from the outside world, no new books, papers, or magazines. 'They' have their own publications, in which they can lie to their hearts' content. I never read them.

We suffered from hunger and cold, especially in the winters of 1919 and 1920. I had the scurvy, but am better now. This last winter we suffered less, but our life is still hard to bear. We subsist on rations which are distributed to us, and consist of black bread of inferior quality, smoked herring which I cannot swallow, frozen potatoes, and sometimes meat; also a little butter and a few apples; no genuine tea, coffee, or cocoa. We depend mostly on porridge (cereal) and a few other things such as we can buy; for although it is illegal to trade, almost everyone 'speculates.' We cannot keep servants, and do our own work. I don't find that so very hard, but it *is* hard to witness Russia's complete annihilation; that is painful, indeed. A country without trade is dead.

You would not recognize Petrograd — it is depopulated. The former millions have shrunk into hundreds! No traffic in the streets, no *izvoshzhiks;* most of the horses have been killed; only a few wretched conveyances, which are so crowded that an old woman like myself dare not venture to use them.

We live in a wild country, among savages who rule by terror. Lies, devastation, famine, contagious diseases, and privations of all kinds are common.

They are not organizers, but destroyers. The greater part of the forests have been cut down, but still we have no wood to keep us warm. A great many wooden houses have been demolished, and hardly a summer home remains standing. It will be a desert soon. It is impossible to describe the misery we have suffered. One has to live in the midst of it to understand. The despotism of the Tsars was nothing in comparison. We cannot move, we cannot go anywhere without leave, and to obtain leave is well-nigh impossible. One must negotiate for weeks, and even months; and at present the railways can hardly be said either to be

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safe for travel or to function satisfactorily. (Les chemins de fer sont presque annihilés; ils sont depuis longtemps dans une position catastrophique.)

It is three years since we have been able to buy any wearing apparel or footwear. Nothing is obtainable, not even pins and needles. I am old and need but little, and what I have may last me until I die, but the young people are almost destitute — *dans une position incroyable.* Everything has been stolen from our country-house, even our library — and we had been collecting books for fifty years! The trees in the park on the estate have been all cut down; everything has been desolated (*saccagé*); but we only share the general fate.

Wells could not have been allowed to see much, as he was 'conducted' most of the time, and saw only what they chose to show him. He may have heard the truth, however, from Pavlof [the well-known professor of physiology, who received the Nobel Prize].

We are in almost total ignorance as to what happened in the years 1918, 1919, and 1920.

Although the salary of —— as Professor is fifty thousand rubles a month, the money has no value and prices are monstrous. An egg costs a thousand rubles, a pound of bread three thousand, a pound of butter seventeen thousand, and a pound of meat ten thousand and more.

Cherish no illusions about our higher schools, universities, or polytechnic institutions: they are not flourishing, they are only shadows of their former selves. There are few students, and those who atttend cannot study with any degree of comfort. The buildings are not heated, and it is impossible to study in a temperature of six degrees below zero [*Réaumur*]. There is neither water nor gas in the laboratories.

It is the same everywhere. In such conditions you would not think that life was possible!

* * *

One used to believe that the names of the great and celebrated should not suffer abbreviation. According to the following letter, however, the Plague of Abbreviation is no respecter of rank.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Your article on the Plague of Abbreviation called to mind some correspondence with a brother clergyman, who always signed himself 'yours in the faith of O.B.L.' It took me a good while to find out what O.B.L. really meant.

Yours truly,

FRANK DURANT.

It took us a good while, too.

* * *

Old *Atlantics* are carefully kept. Note this curious instance.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

While walking in the Adirondack Mountains, I came across an old log-cabin and went in to investigate. I found in a crevice a magazine. Judge my surprise when I discovered it to be an *Atlantic Monthly* published in 1867, two years after the Civil War. Although the cabin is almost a ruin, the print is in first-class condition and also the paper, although it has lain here for fifty-four years. I think it is a unique find, and if you are interested, write to

PATRICK H. FOESSLER.

* * *

'Our Street,' we agree, is open to further discussion, and to friendly traffic of every sort. For this little thoroughfare, not less than 'Main Street' and 'The Drive,' is found on the road-map of every American town. And for some of us it is the familiar road toward home.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Never before have I wished to usurp the editorial prerogative — but why could n't there have been more of 'Our Street'? Why could n't the *Atlantic* have sent it back with a request for a little more detail, a little wider vista, perhaps for a larger, more comprehensive canvas? For there is more of it, a great deal more of it, in spite of Masters and Mencken and Sinclair Lewis.

Let me confess that for me 'Our Street' is making the most effective assault possible upon the so-called realists — it is so real, and at the same time so permanent, like Truth and Progress and Human Charity. Its reality and its fine permanency speak to me every day through all my windows and my open doors, with the wafted odors of my neighbor's baking and the strong young voices of her children. We are plain people, working-people all, with barely a college degree to go around. But there are no fences between our houses; our green corn and our new biscuits find their way to more than one table; when one of us gets to hear Rachmaninoff, he brings the programme home for the rest to see. We exchange paper patterns and opera records and *Atlantics;* for how could one have all these things at once? And quite often we go shopping for a new dining-room rug and come home with books.

Periodically, usually in the spring, some of us wonder if we should n't try to find a house on the Drive — for the children's sake, you know. But somehow we never do. The soil seems to suit us, here on Our Street, and moving might very well destroy in us something native and natural to that homely environment.

I have heard, somewhere, the story of a Quaker who overtook a man traveling with a van-load of household goods.

'Is thee moving, Robert?' asked the Quaker.

'Yes, and I'm glad to get away from that town,' the man replied. 'Those people are a poor lot; not a decent soul among them.'

'Friend,' said the Quaker, '*thee* will find the same wherever *thee* goes!'

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Very likely for some folk heaven itself would have its Main Street.

Yours sincerely,

ELAINE GOULD.

* * *

These rumors of Archæology in the Backyard make us long unseasonably to spade the garden.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Upon my return to-day to the little khaki tent on a big New Mexican ranch which constitutes my temporary home, I had the exhilarating experience of reading Mr. Moorehead's article in your September issue. May I be allowed a comment or two?

I, too, am an archæologist, and one of the younger school that went 'West, South, or abroad.' Each one of us, when he reached the parting of the ways, chose that American culture which interested him most, as the subject for his life-work. The entire New World is roughly divided into large geographical areas, each of which was once the home of some distinct civilization. In nearly every case, these old civilizations differ one from the other as widely as ancient Egypt from Babylon in its prime. Each archæologist, in attacking the many and varied problems in his own area, soon becomes a specialist, and, as such, becomes incompetent to judge of the detailed problems of other areas. However, all of us have a sufficient knowledge of the general problems of American archæology to appreciate those of another area. When all is said and done, we are one in our desire to extend the history of the American Indian backward in the realm of time.

Mr. Moorehead has mentioned public interest in archæology. I quite agree with him that this interest should start at home. If, however, the antiquities of one area of our country have received a modicum of attention in excess of another, the men working in that area are to be congratulated. Even at its best, the interest our public takes in the history and archæology of its own country is discouragingly small. It is our great dream that some day the public as a whole will awaken to the great fund of romance and history that now lies hidden in the ruins, not only in one area, but in all parts of the country. The slogan 'See American First' should be changed to 'Know America First,' in all that the change of the verb implies. A better knowledge of Indian history, and also of the remnants of that race still living, would certainly do much more good than harm.

These few sentences are not to be construed as a criticism in any way. They are simply in the form of a footnote. I congratulate my friend, Mr. Moorehead, and also the *Atlantic*, upon this article, which gives promise of a better, saner interest on the part of the public in our work, because it is a serious article, put before the right kind of a public.

Sincerely yours,

CARL E. GUTHE.

Here is a note which will appeal to bibliophiles — and bibliophilistines, too.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I had an experience in one of our bookstores that may interest Mr. Newton. I inquired for Frank Stockton's *The Lady, or the Tiger?* The salesman replied, 'I am sorry, madam, but we have *neither*.'

Yours sincerely,

EDNA L. TAYLOR.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

* * *

The following inquiry suggests that the corporate octopus may still need an additional tentacle or two.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Will you please advise me concerning the possibility of my having a poem accepted by the Atlantic Monthly Company? Do you buy them from companies or from individuals? If from individuals, would you ignore the work of an unknown writer?

Very truly yours,

——— ———.

By way of defining the policy of the magazine, we may state that, if any excellent company poems should ever come our way, we should doubtless accept them without inquiring too curiously into their authorship.

* * *

This question is a poser, but we think the Apex wins.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Here's a new situation, and I want you to answer this all-important question.

This morning's mail brought the new *Atlantic*, which I am always anxious to peruse. The family washing had to be done. The ancient axiom 'Duty before pleasure' again held sway, but I changed it.

Descending into the laundry, laden with the washing, surmounted by the *Atlantic*, I started my labors and then, while the Apex Electric Washing-Machine chug-chugged the clothes to snowy whiteness, I laughed over A. Edward Newton's 'Twenty-five Hours a Day.'

Here is the question: Would the above situation be a better 'Ad' for the *Atlantic* than for the Apex Electric Washing-Machine Co.?

You tell!

Sincerely,

HELEN DORCAS MAGEE.

* * *

Will any *Atlantic* reader in possession of letters from the distinguished painter, Abbott H. Thayer, be so good as to communicate with Mrs. Abbott H. Thayer, Monadnock, New Hampshire. All originals will be carefully returned.

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